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FEB 23,
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HOW FREE ARE THE SEAS? by Colonel E. M. HOUSE

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Into a heavy mixing glass, put 1 lump of Sugar, 2 dashes Angostura Bitters and 2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters. Crush Sugar. Add 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey and cracked ice, and stir. Now into chilled cocktail glass put 1 dash Absinthe (or Pernod). Roll Absinthe about glass and throw away. Into this glass strain mixture from mixing glass, squeeze twist of Lemon Peel on top, and serve.

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FOUR ROSES

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FEBRUARY 23, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 8

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
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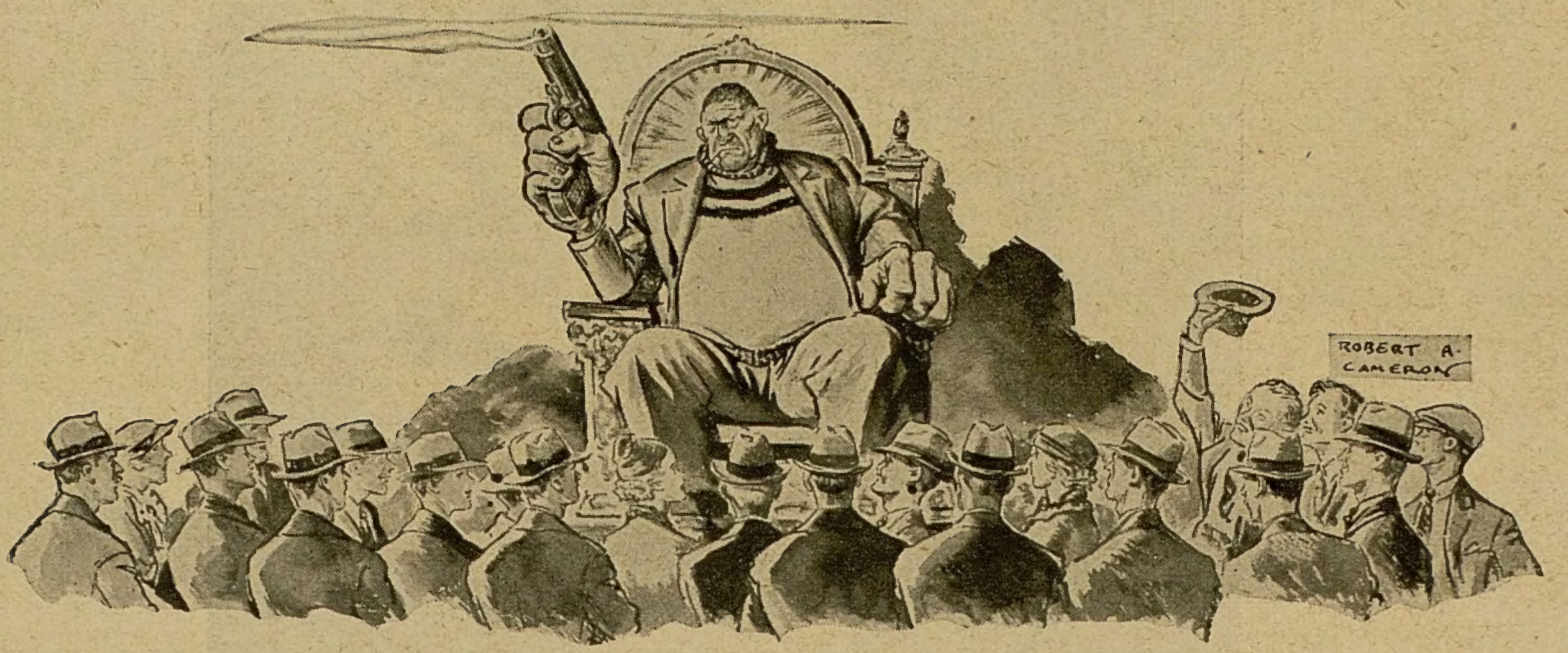
OUR HABIT OF GLORIFYING CRIMINALS



AT this writing the great criminal circus is about half over. Already more than two weeks have been spent in taking testimony. Hauptmann, accused as the villain of this great drama, is pictured daily in various positions. In some of these photographs he appears happy, satisfied and carefree, although doubtless such an expression was assumed to deceive the public. Lindbergh, the victim of this terrifying situation, spends days in the stuffy air of the courtroom listening to the minute details of this unspeakable tragedy which must have driven both him and Mrs. Lindbergh near to insanity.

Why is it necessary to give such prolonged attention to such a criminal trial? The evidence that Hauptmann received the ransom money seems conclusive beyond all doubt. To prove he was the one to whom the ransom should be paid, it is said he presented the sleeping garment of the murdered infant. Witnesses who can furnish such proof could undoubtedly submit their testimony in a few hours.

And what more evidence is needed to prove Hauptmann's guilt?

Suppose we were to acknowledge that he did not kidnap and murder the Lindbergh baby—that his only part in the crime was the receipt of the ransom. That guilt alone should entitle him to the extreme penalty of the law. Every participant in this dastardly crime should be executed.

But the Lindbergh trial promised a great three-ring circus—an exhibition par excellence. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of dollars are spent in telegraphing and publishing the details of this human degeneracy. Then, there are opportunities of attorneys to stretch out the evidence day after day, week after week. In the limelight of glaring publicity, every sentence, every change of expression is described in detail in the public press.

No one can question that this description of criminal details is to a certain extent a glorification of the guilty parties. Unquestionably there are some degenerates—mad lovers of publicity—who would commit a crime of this kind merely to shine in the limelight of such blatant publicity.

A similar trial in any of the European countries would probably not require more than three or four days for a decision.

Public curiosity has been so thoroughly aroused by this tragedy that the smallest details are eagerly consumed by the general reader. We cannot question that this tendency greatly to prolong criminal trials adds to the attraction of criminality, tends to make crime more intriguing.

A detailed description of the characters in such a drama, no matter how horrifying it may be, seems to rouse the sympathies of some people; and the difficulties of the prisoner are sometimes expressed in such detail that the sufferings of his victims are given but little consideration.

When one gives some thought to the mental torture the Lindberghs had to endure because of this barbarous crime, it is difficult to understand how any normal person can sympathize with Hauptmann.

If this man is convicted, let us hope that it will not be necessary for weeks and months to elapse before the penalty is exacted. That is another cause that undoubtedly adds to the crime wave—the prolongation of the period before carrying out the sentence of the court. There is always the hope that something will intervene to enable the guilty parties to escape.

Punishment for crime should be swift and certain. That would do much to discourage lawlessness.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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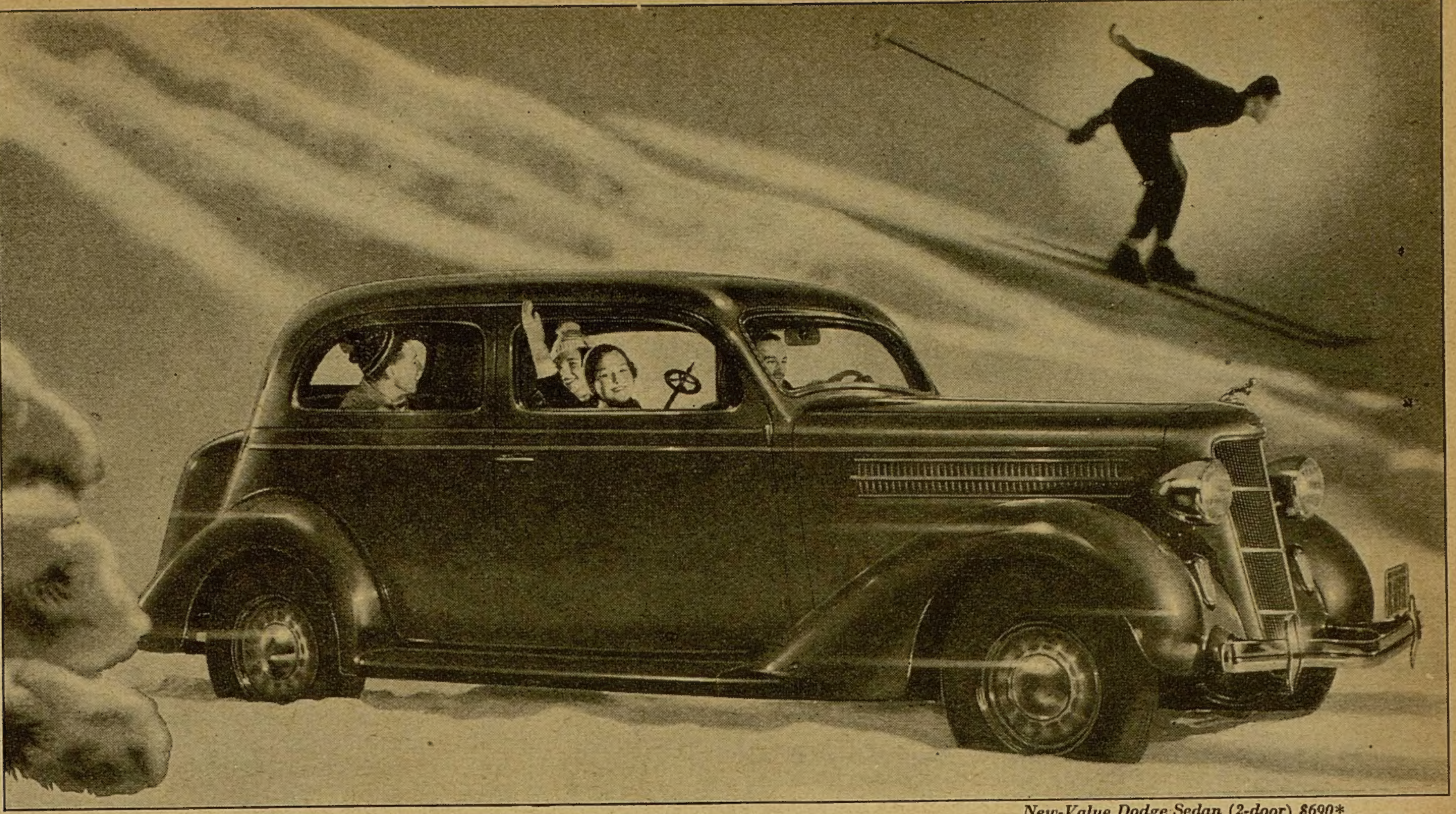

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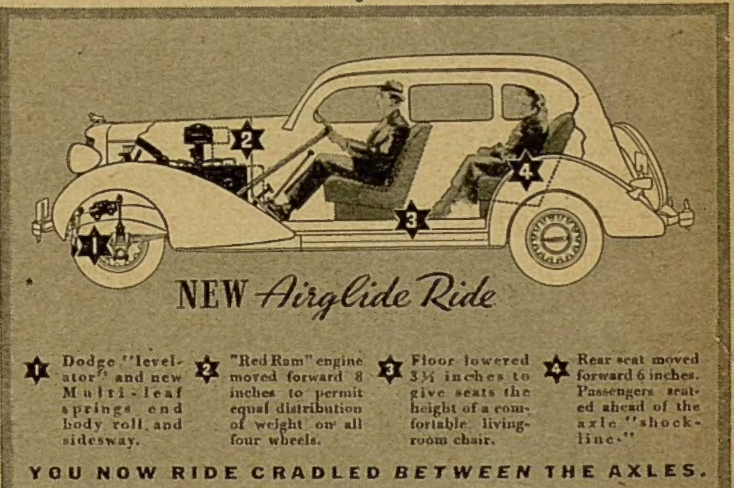

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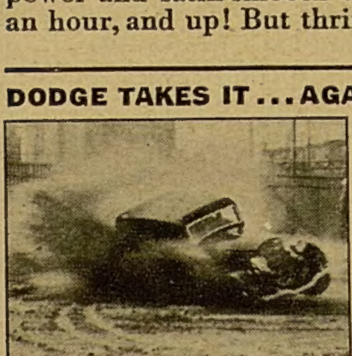

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HOW FREE ARE THE SEAS?

A Revelation of the Part the Question Has Played in Some Crises of Recent History . . . It Must Be Answered, Says One Who Knows, or We Face Another War

by Colonel EDWARD M. HOUSE

Contributing Editor of Liberty for Foreign Affairs

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TWICE America has gone to war for the Freedom of the Seas: in 1812 with England, in 1917 with Germany. It was the bone of contention between us and Great Britain during the World War. Repeatedly we were close to an armed conflict with England over the question between 1914 and 1917. In every armament discussion the Freedom of the Seas looms large. Unless that ghost is laid once and for all, a clash of arms between the United States and a foreign power is only a question of time.

There has been considerable discussion of late whether the United States should solve the question by surrendering certain rights as a neutral on the seas. It seems to me that this point of view, which flies into the face of American tradition and history, is hardly tenable. The rights of neutrals are few enough. To give up any of these rights would be distinctly a step backward. The problem should be solved by giving neutrals more rather than fewer rights.

It may be advisable to limit the rights of Americans to travel on the passenger boats of belligerent nations. It may be feasible to withdraw the protection of the American flag from any ship carrying munitions of war; and it may be advisable to bar our harbors to armed merchantmen. It may be politic at times not to insist on the exercise of all our neutral rights; but I cannot believe that we should ever, under any circumstances, formally surrender the rights themselves. If Great Britain, Japan, and other maritime powers are unwilling to acknowledge voluntarily our right to traverse the seas without regard to their quarrels, then we should build a navy strong enough to enforce our claim to the Freedom of the Seas.

I am particularly interested in the problem because the Freedom of the Seas is, so to speak, my child by adoption. The idea itself is as old as sea-borne commerce. More than three centuries ago, Grotius, one of the world's greatest authorities on international law, coined the term "free sea"—*mare liberum;* but in translating the term into English, President Wilson gave it new currency and made the Freedom of the Seas one of the pillars of his edifice.

The Freedom of the Seas is the right of any merchant ship, no matter under what flag it sails, to pass without hold or hindrance, in peace or war, anywhere on the high seas, once it has crossed the three-mile limit. This freedom does not necessarily frustrate the blockade as a weapon. The blockading power may still stop an enemy ship from leaving its own territorial waters. It may ring in the enemy on the surface of the ocean, in the skies, and underseas within three miles of the coast, but once the ship has crossed that barrier it must pass unmolested.

Farsighted Englishmen see eye to eye with Americans in this matter. They realize that the Freedom of the Seas is infinitely more to their advantage than to ours. For England depends for her daily food upon sea-borne traffic, which can be cut off, whereas no enemies can prevent our trains from bringing the grains we need for our sustenance from the interior to the coast.

During the war, English statesmen now admit, England was almost brought to her knees by the German submarine blockade. She met the peril eventually by utilizing the convoy system with the aid of the United States. There is no guaranty that she will be able to do so in the next war. The next war will produce new and dreadful weapons of undersea warfare, not to speak of the peril of an aerial blockade. It is no longer sufficient to demand the Freedom of the Seas; it will be necessary to add a corollary governing aerial navigation, assuring to airplanes and airships, once they pass a clearly defined limit, the Freedom of the Air.

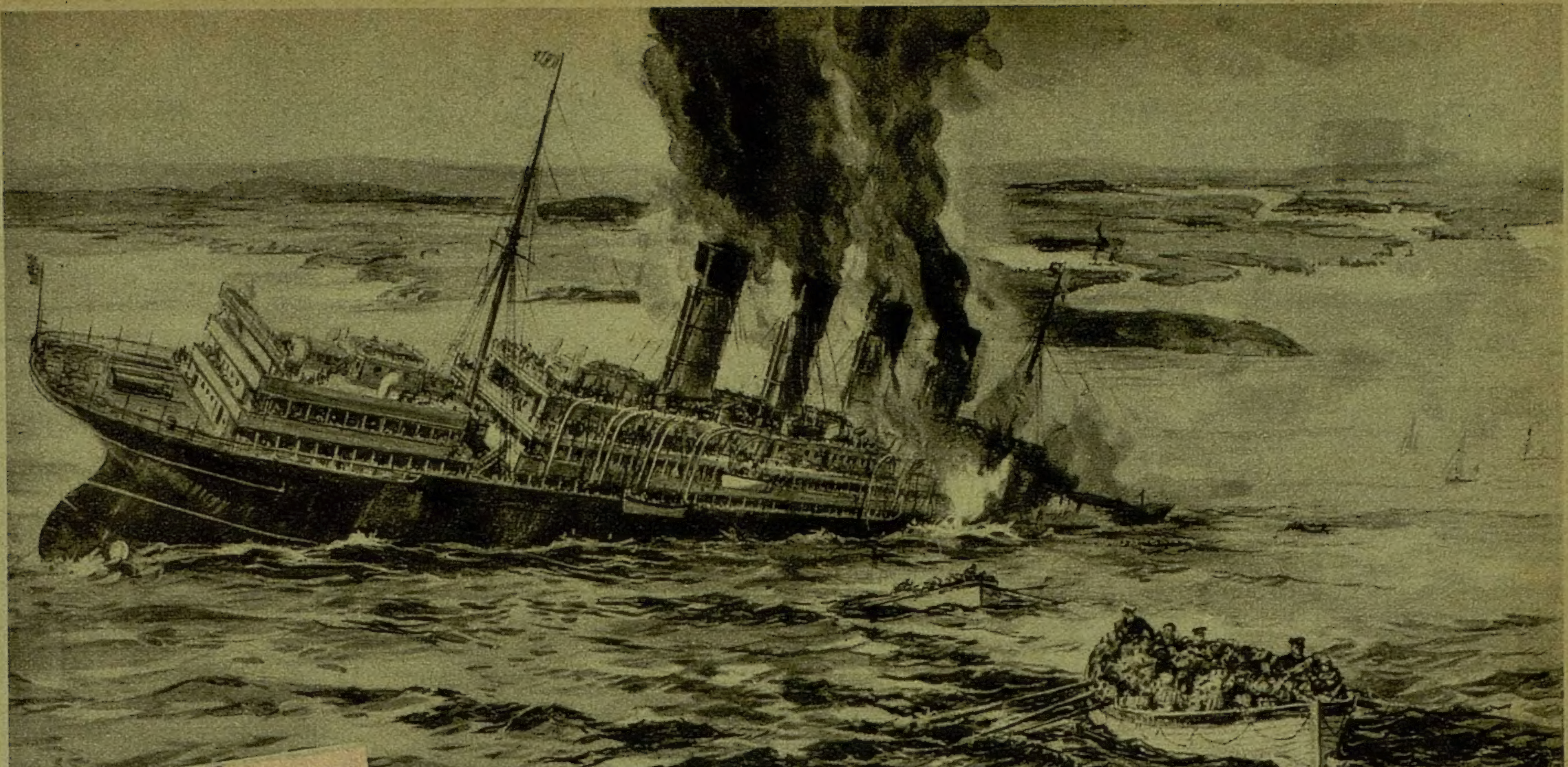
The success of the British blockade of Central Europe was a more powerful factor in bringing about Germany's defeat than all the armies entrenched around her besieged fortress. The recognition of this fact has strengthened British feeling against a liberal revision of sea laws. The task of establishing a new sea code devolving upon us will be more difficult, because we shall have fewer partisans in Great Britain.

The Freedom of the Seas is the most forceful argument that can be made concerning the impossibility of a great commercial nation like the United States remaining aloof from international complications.

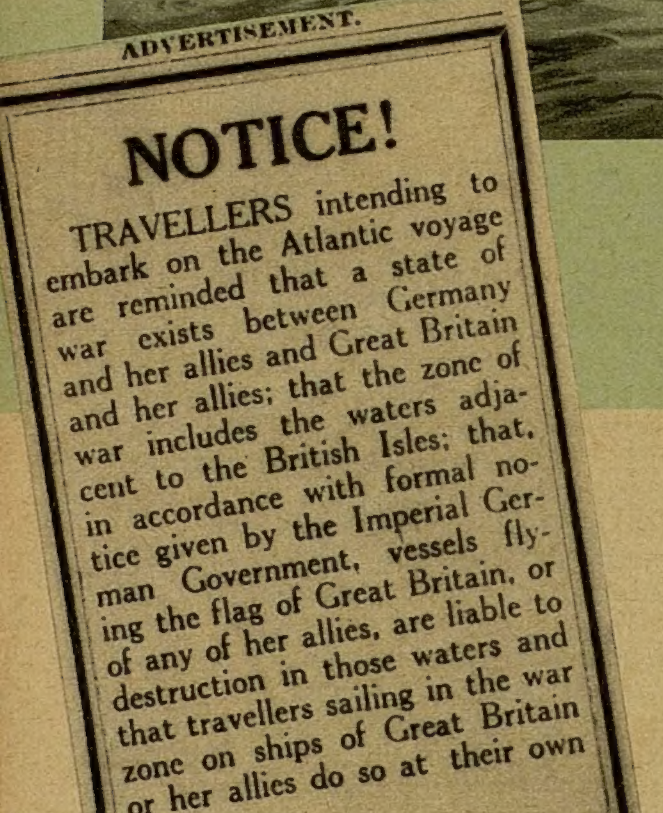
We became involved in the World War against the will of a majority of our people, and clearly against the earnest desire of President Wilson. For a long time it was a question of whether we would be against the Allies or against the Central Powers. Both sides flagrantly disregarded the rights of neutrals in the face of our constant protests. Great Britain was as indifferent as Germany. Both broke long-established rules of sea traffic. But Great Britain's foreign affairs were guided with more wisdom; her necessity was not so pressing. Like Germany, she strained our patience to the breaking point, but, unlike Germany, she did not go beyond it.

Before the war began, Germany was easily master of Continental Europe. Her army was the most powerful military machine the world had ever seen. And yet Germany lacked something that was hurtful to the pride of her rulers.

Great Britain held the seas. With her dominating navy she was as clearly mistress of the European waters as the Central Powers were of the land. Backed by many influential men, a movement started in Germany to build a navy as strong as that of Great Britain. Admiral von Tirpitz was foremost in this group. Until Germany decided to vie for the trident, the threat of a general conflict in Europe was not alarming. Peace was clearly in the hands of Germany and Great Britain. Since both had practically all they desired in earthly possessions, there was no adequate reason for either to seek more by force of arms. Then, too, they had much in common. There was a close affinity between their ruling



From a drawing made in 1915 by an English artist



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IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.

The Lusitania's end interrupted Colonel House's efforts for "a new deal on the high seas." At left: The German Embassy's warning, published before she sailed.

houses, and a kindred outlook on the future of civilization.

But when Germany expressed her determination to increase her strength on the seas so that it would be equal to her land forces and in keeping with her expanding commerce, a change came in the situation—sinister and foreboding. It was then I asked President Wilson to permit me to visit Europe as his emissary in order to place before the powers involved the consequences of their actions.

My efforts were to prevent war, not to assay the right and the wrong of the questions leading to it. If Germany had taken the position that the situation demanded a revision of the laws governing the seas, which would permit immunity of private property in time of war as in time of peace, the sympathy of the United States would have been wholeheartedly with her. Together they might have forced Great Britain to do what some day she will be compelled to do.

But the Germans, under the advice of their Admiralty, took the mistaken view that what they needed was a navy strong enough to cope with that of Great Britain, and to act in the same arbitrary way should they be able to command the seas as they commanded the land. It was an impossible undertaking and necessarily led to disaster. The attitude they assumed and the policy they adopted caused neutrals, including the United States, to sympathize with their enemies.

Unhappily, my visit proved fruitless. My negotiations with the Kaiser and his cabinet were more or less satisfactory. I was in London discussing the matter when the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated. The Great War followed. But I still clung to the idea of a revision of sea laws.

AFTER the war had gone on for some six months President Wilson asked me to return to Europe, and I went, not only to the Allied countries but to Germany as well. I proposed to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg that a way to peace might be found through a new maritime sanction which would permit merchantmen to sail the seas in wartime as well as in peacetime without seizure or search.

The suggestion was not new. It coincided largely with the proposition favored by the British government at the Hague Conference in 1907 for the abolition of contraband, and by the American government for the immunity of private property on the high seas at all times. Unfortunately, my plan, leaking out through Dr. Dernburg, was regarded in England as a German proposal. This seriously handicapped my discussion with the British government when I returned from Berlin to London.

By using to the utmost whatever powers of persuasion I possessed, and by exerting every pressure within my command, I finally wrung from the British government the promise to regard the proposal on its merits without regard to the fact that it seemed to bear the trade-mark "Made in Germany."

But again fate intervened. In the midst of our discussion the Lusitania was sunk. That was a cruel deed. It was not merely a crime but a folly. It was such a monumental mistake for the Germans to make that many suspected that the British deliberately led the Lusitania across the path of the submarine which sank her.

Be that as it may, the torpedo that struck the Lusitania paralyzed for the time being our efforts to bring about a new deal on the high seas. The subject did not come to the fore again until the Fourteen Points were enunciated. The Freedom of the Seas was one of them.

When President Wilson sent me to Versailles to represent our government in the armistice negotiations, he insisted that since the Central Powers had accepted them as a basis for peace, the Allies must agree to their inclusion in the terms of settlement. After an emphatic refusal by the Allies, they finally agreed to a reservation that the Freedom of the Seas was open for discussion. Our debate on the subject was somewhat acrimonious and is not a pleasant memory. However, it was finally decided that since there were various interpretations of the meaning of the Freedom of the Seas, the problem should be reserved for later discussion.

Photo © U. & U.

Colonel and Mrs. House back from Europe in wartime after his negotiations toward Freedom of the Seas.

At the Peace Conference President Wilson took the position that it was not necessary to push the issue to a conclusion, for the reason that soon all nations would be members of the League of Nations and there would be no neutrals. No one then could have foretold the bitter controversy in the United States over League membership, which resulted in our making a separate treaty with Germany.

SINCE we are not members of the League, we must find some device for working out our contention that private property at sea should be immune, and we must get the world to accept it. Many Englishmen both in and out of the Admiralty have urged the Freedom of the Seas under the impression that no nation would benefit as much as Great Britain. Rear Admiral Allen, now retired, who was one of the ablest men in the service, said:

"If we can only bring about a revision of the laws regulating the seas, laws which can be agreed to by all the great maritime powers, that will be a very great advance toward the prevention of war. Then it will be possible to make better progress toward a reduction of naval armaments. Every year that goes by, Britain becomes more dependent on sea-borne trade for her food and raw materials. Every year that goes by, the sea-borne trade of Britain, due to the progress of science, submarines, mines, aircraft, poison gas, etc., becomes more vulnerable."

At the second Hague Conference (in 1907) Great Britain made the following proposal:

"In order to diminish the difficulties encountered by neutral commerce in time of war, the government of His Britannic Majesty is ready to abandon the principle of contraband in case of war between the powers which may sign a convention to this effect. The right of search would be exercised only for the purpose of ascertaining the neutral character of the merchant ships."

"My government," said Lord Reay, chief delegate of Great Britain, ". . . remains firmly convinced that in the present condition of world commerce and of human knowledge the exercise of the right of seizure results only in hampering neutral commerce without giving belligerents compensating advantages and bringing the former eventually into the war. It is, therefore, with the firm conviction that the time has come to remove the dangers which I have pointed out, that the British delegation has the honor to propose that contraband be abolished and that neutral commerce be restored to the freedom which it requires."

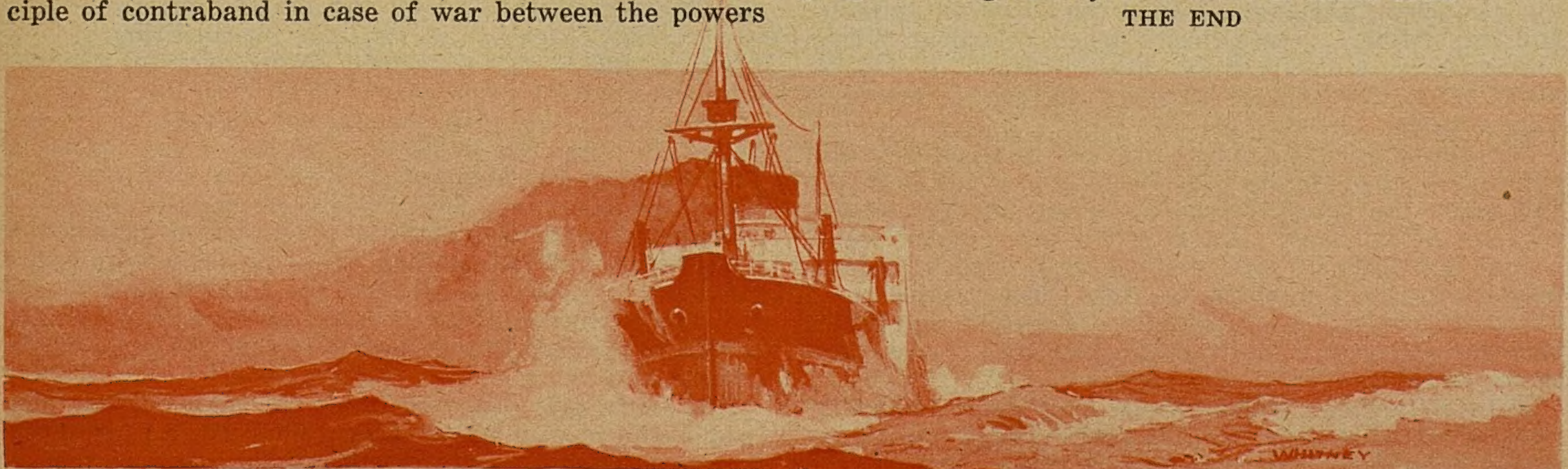
AFTER that the question becomes enmeshed in a net of technicalities, with the result that the governments involved did not clear away the difficulties and nothing definite came of the long discussion. England must be given credit for taking a very advanced stand, and one wholly contrary to her attitude since the World War.

If the Freedom of the Seas had been settled in 1907, the world would not now be footing the bill for the World War. Germany would not have wished to increase her fleet to the point where it became a menace to Great Britain, because free seas would have given her access to her colonies and to world trade. Even if she had, the Freedom of the Seas would have enabled the British Admiralty to look at her attempts to rival the British navy with philosophic composure.

My contention, then and afterward, was that Lord Reay was right. He went the whole way and made no distinctions between cargoes destined for purposes of war and cargoes intended for the civilian population. During the World War the German submarines violated all precedents and sea laws, slender as these laws were. The British navy showed the same contempt for maritime law, an attitude which would have involved England in trouble with the United States if Germany had not been the more flagrant offender.

Until private property at sea is made immune, the dangerous differences which have risen time and again when other nations were at war are bound sooner or later to involve the United States in a conflict as destructive of lives and of wealth as the great conflagration which swept the world from 1914 to 1918. Unless the inviolability of private property at sea is written into the law of nations, our dead who fought in the World War have fought in vain. The adoption of this principle will constitute the greatest forward step of civilization in centuries. On the seas as well as on land, the law of the jungle must give way to a more civilized code.

THE END



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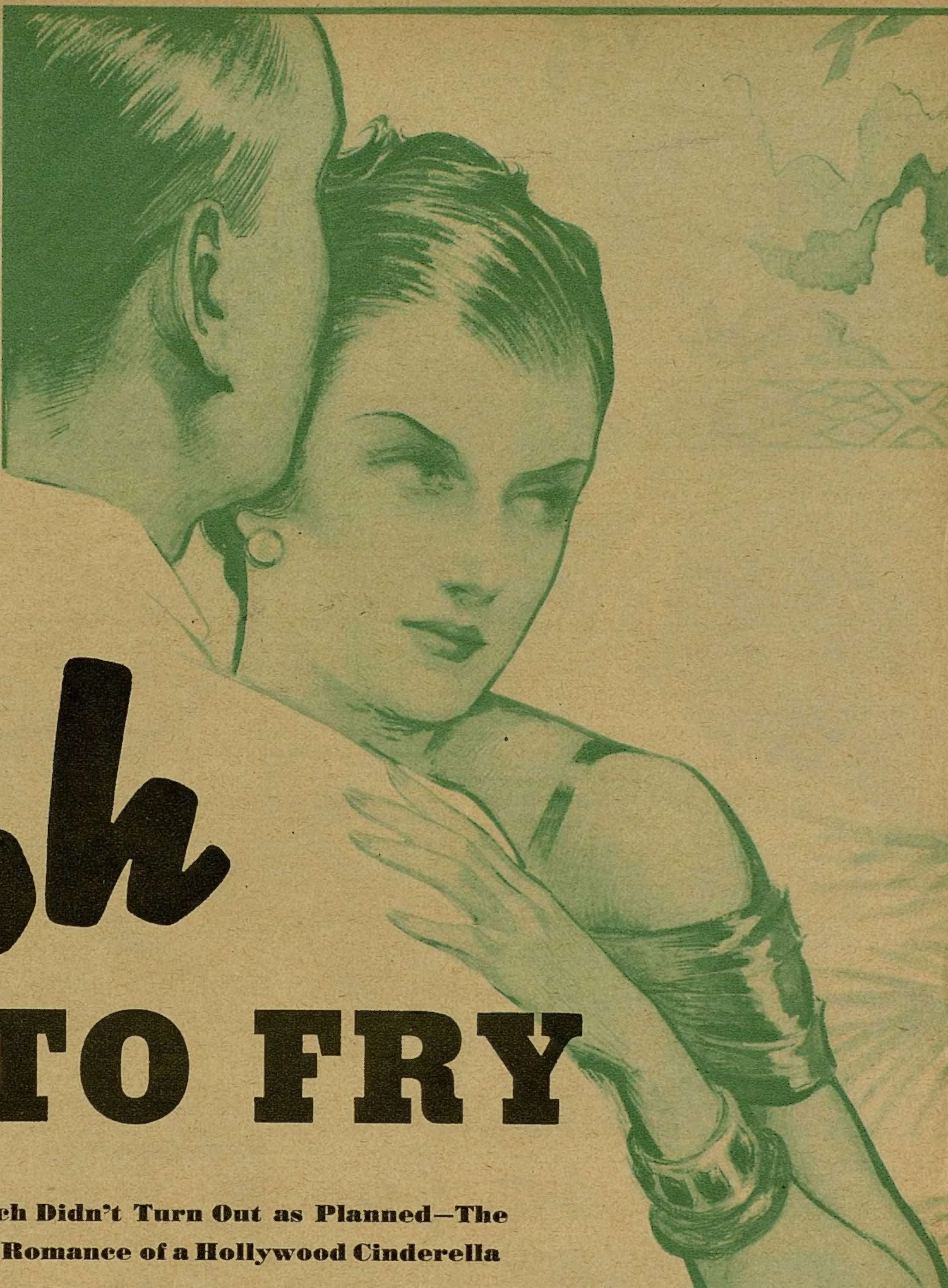


Dave gave her hand a sudden squeeze. "There!" he said. "That's the prince."

Fish TO FRY

A Tale of a Plot Which Didn't Turn Out as Planned—The Joyously Up-to-Date Romance of a Hollywood Cinderella

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

"DON'T ask me to believe," implored Justine Keyes, sinking into a chair across the desk from Murray Moss of the Union Casting Bureau, "that you've actually got work for a gal!"

She smiled on Mr. Moss as one smiles on an unopened letter known to contain money. Because Mr. Moss did, of course, have work for her. Otherwise he wouldn't have phoned her to rush right over. It might even be something better than a café patron on the Rue de la Paix—her last job—or an anonymous member of the Ox Ridge Hunt—her next to last. She hoped it would amount to more than one day's shooting. The way things were, it better had amount to more!

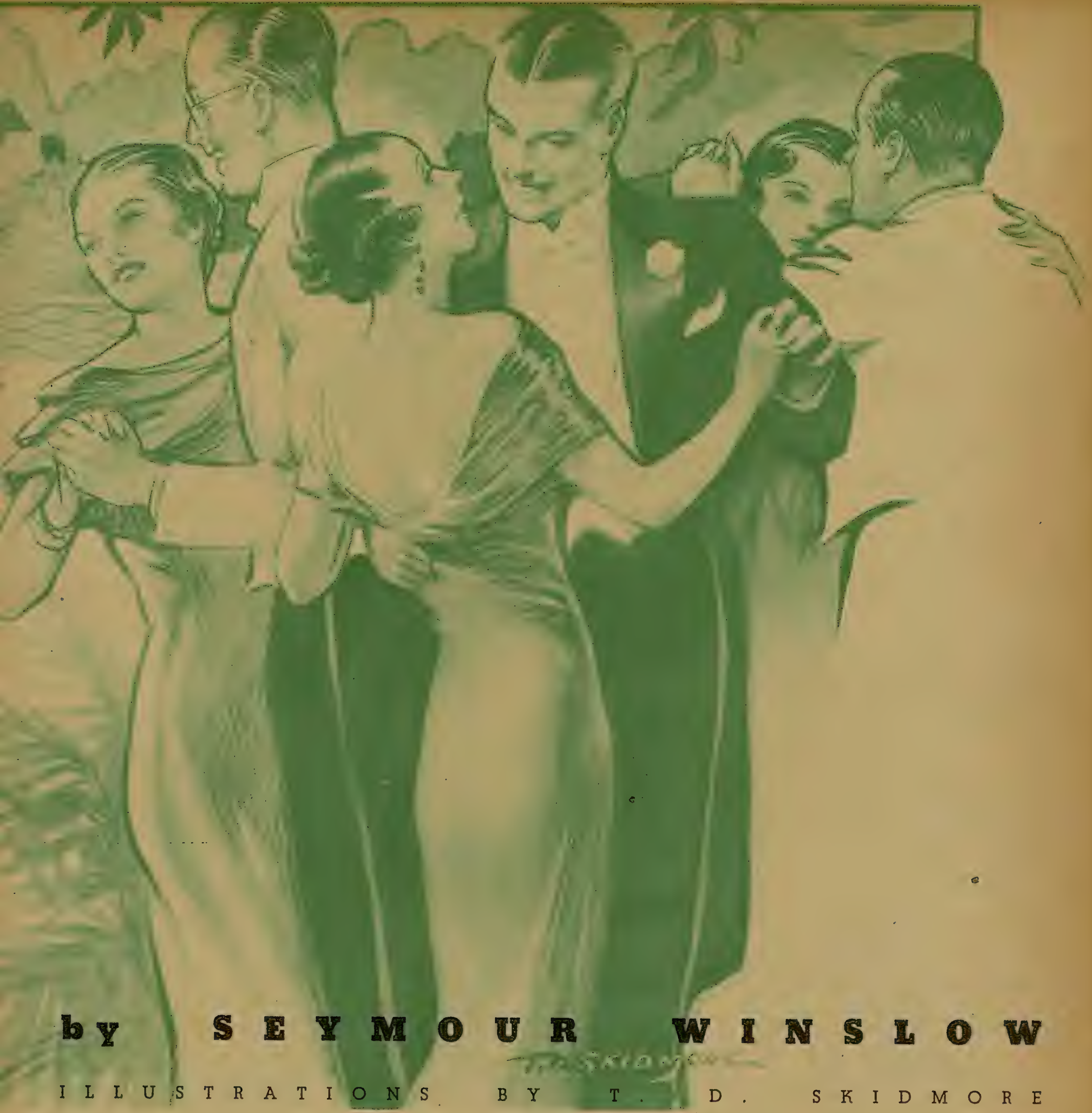
"A fill-in, Miss Keyes. An emergency." Mr. Moss was as staccato as backfire. "Now help me out, please, by not wasting a second of my time."

It was four o'clock on a warm January afternoon, and Mr. Moss still lacked eighty-two units of a Bedouin rabble of four hundred for R-G-K; he had yet to select an entire carful of Bronx Express passengers for Bilder Brothers; and he didn't know where to start looking for five inhabitants of the planet Mars, requisitioned by Genius Pictures, Inc. With no emotion except mordant worry, Mr. Moss fixed weary driven eyes on one of the eight most beautiful girls in Hollywood and demanded:

"Tonight. You're free tonight? Good. The part calls for evening wear. Chic. Smart. Wrap, gloves, everything. All it is—"

Justine had to interrupt: "Wait! I've got two evening dresses—hot-society and s. s. and g. Say which."

"Hot-society. Very. The pay is twenty-five dollars. The call is for ten tonight. Evening make-up. Just the



by SEYMOUR WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

one scene. Got it?" Mr. Moss seemed about to herd her out of the office.

"No! I'm all mixed up. You said a part. What part? And what studio?"

Twenty-five dollars for an evening's work was all right! Justine began a mental parceling out of the money. Ten at least toward paying back loans from Bette and Connie; three—no, six—for stockings; then there was about a thousand dollars' worth of work for the cleaners.

"A part, yes. Sort of. But no studio. Not picture work at all. Something special. Listen." Mr. Moss bent forward and told off the points by slapping two fingers of one hand into the palm of the other. "A man wants a girl to take to a party. In Pasadena. At a private home. He'll call for you and bring you back. All you got to do is go with him. No other obligations. Dance. Be a lady. Have a good time. Act rich. I'm doing this for a young friend. Son of an old friend. So you don't need to kick back so much as a nickel commission to me. Collect from my cashier tomorrow morning. All set?"

"I suppose so. But it sounds like something pretty far from picture work." Justine felt a chill of disappointment.

"It is. Very far. But if you were known at all in pictures you wouldn't get the job. This place is on Orlando Drive." Mr. Moss paused to let that sink in. "And to Orlando Drive picture people are poison. But this boy wanted a girl whose looks would absolutely stop 'em. So, ten o'clock." Mr. Moss started away toward a door beyond which could be heard the mutterings of a potential Bedouin rabble.

"The whole thing sounds like a gag," protested Justine.

"Who's this masked marvel or whatever that I'm to go with?"

"The name is Tatham. David Tatham, Jr. Now what else?" Mr. Moss, his hand on the knob, begged her with patient eyes to let him go.

"Well, the business has a smell of Hollywood, even if it is Orlando Drive, Pasadena," Justine commented.

Mr. Moss came back to the desk. "Will you believe me when I say that young Tatham doesn't even live around here? Tatham—you know the name. On fruit crates at your market. Tatham, Sr., is the big grower. Young Dave Tatham wants a very special girl—for a very special private dance. She must be unknown to his crowd. And naturally she must be unknown in pictures. And she must be a lady."

"And so you thought of me. Well, that's something."

"I didn't think of you. I handed him three or four dozen photographs to look at. He picked you. You ought to feel flattered."

Justine gathered her bag and gloves. "Oh, I do. I feel like a picture bride."

"Look—don't get any ideas like that in your head! So far as you're concerned, this is just a job. My guess would be that the boy's got fish to fry. I don't know what."

"And I'm to be cook's helper, I suppose." She rose to go. "Isn't there any studio work at all any more?"

But Mr. Moss didn't hear her. He was again among his Bedouins.

IT meant she must have at least a shampoo, set, and manicure. It was almost eight when she got back to the bungalow in El Capitan Court the monthly deficit on which she shared with Bette and Connie. She had spent two dollars and fifteen cents out of a fortune of four dollars. Anyhow she would be really wealthy next morning. Twenty-five dollars! It was better than extra's pay.

A long bath. Then a bowl of canned soup. There probably would be supper served at the party—that would count as a meal. One can sometimes save money by looking ahead. At nine Justine got out the glassine bag containing her two evening dresses. At sight of the crisp organdie—the s. s. and g.—she felt a twinge of nostalgia. She wished she were wearing it tonight. It was so like the one she had had such a grand time in at the University of Illinois prom the year before. But Murray Moss had specified "hot-society." She did hope this David Tatham didn't turn out to be a smart aleck. Or a lush. Or a limpwit.

As she sheathed herself in the sleek and perfect ice-green, she remembered that one of the tight pleated flounces at the bottom of the skirt had been ripped the last time she wore it. She slipped it off and stitched up the place while Bette and Connie lolled on the bed and mused aloud on the aloof ways of Pasadena.

"Once," related Bette, "I drove along Orlando Drive heavily disguised as a sight-seer. Little did I dream I would ever know any one who went there socially."

"If inferiority to Pasadena is measured by film footage," Justine commented, "I wish I were a lot lower."

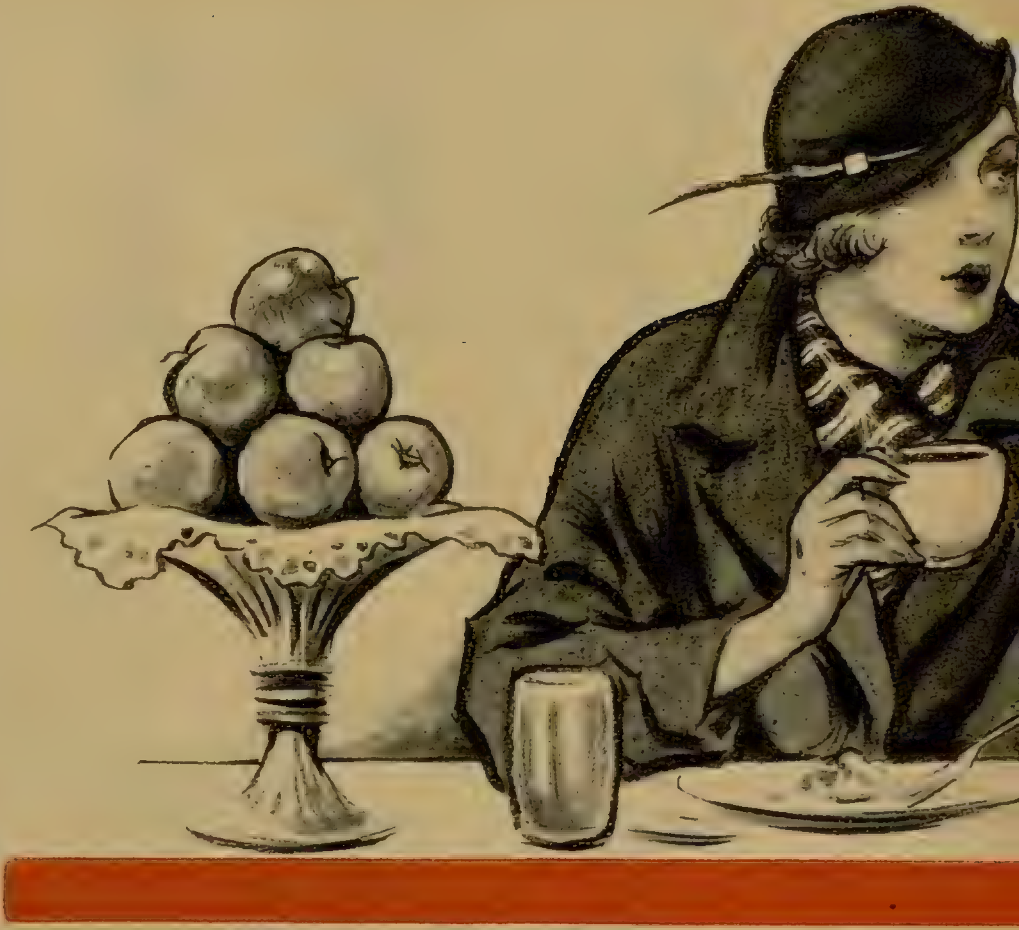
The bell rang. A boy handed in a florist's box.

"Why, the man must be prescient," said Justine, pinning on a green orchid corsage that just matched the dress. She felt, for the first time, like a girl going to a party instead of hired help.

Opening the door to David Tatham a little after ten, Justine had the fleeting sensation of time having turned back. There stood exactly the sort of boy she might have opened the door to a year before and said: "Hello, Geg. Are we pushing right along?" Or, "Hi, Dode. Make it stop raining, can't you?"

She said, "Hello," and felt it should have been "Hello, Dave. My, you look nice." He did, too—his silk hat in his hand, smart white muffler, good-looking evening coat. His tan suggested polo.

"Hello," he said. "I did get the right place, after all." Dave Tatham glanced at the orchids, then gave a quick interested look over Justine from top to toe. "Say, I just happened to hit it with those flowers." He laughed. "This all takes me back to blind dates when I was a soph. Never had any luck till now, though."



A man took the stool beside Justine and said: "What are you running away from, Dusty?"

"You should have used the picture-in-advance system. What's your school?" Justine asked him.

"Stanford. Finished in June. What was yours?"

"Illinois. But I didn't stick for an A. B." That it was a matter of family funds would be incomprehensible, she supposed, to a Tatham of Tatham Citrus Properties, Inc.

Dave Tatham was fun. He talked her language. As he held her wrap for her she asked: "Closed car? Or will I get blown?"

He looked at her hair. "You simply must not get blown. If I hadn't brought a coop I'd go out and get one."

At the curb he helped her into what no one except the heir to a citrus empire could refer to as a "coop." Next they were moving down Hollywood Boulevard, seemingly not in contact with the ground; then turning off into the hills to hit Los Feliz Boulevard.

DAVID TATHAM cleared his throat two or three times, then came out with: "I suppose we'd better get a few things straightened out before we surge in on the crowd over at the Coburn place."

"Our stories should certainly match," Justine agreed. "To start with, what's the girl's name?"

"Girl?"

"There is a girl, isn't there? Murray Moss opined, distractedly, that you had fish to fry. That usually says girl."

"Well, say I've got fish to fry, then. The girl's name is Polly." He pronounced the name bitterly, and was silent for a while. Then: "I'm crazy about her. But of course that's no reason I should expect her to hold dates open for me, even though I come way down state here just to see her. Mostly for that, anyway. I dig up company errands that will take me to L. A. This time it's to hire a couple of hundred Mex fruit pickers. You see, the Tatham family seat is up San Simeon way."

Justine had a vision of a palatial seaside ranch. "A pretty depressing place, I suppose, when the heart's in Pasadena."

This Polly Coburn, Justine guessed, was working the old elusiveness racket with the object of meeting young Dave Tatham right down at the end of a long church aisle. Just why an Orlando Drive Coburn should bother so much to whip into line a Tatham of the Citrus Tathams, she couldn't tell.

T. D. SKIDMORE

Dave Tatham pointed to the speedometer. "See that—sixty-seven-fifty-odd miles. Well, about six thousand of it represents five weeks' chasing up and down the coast between our place and Pasadena."

"It must be love," Justine sighed.

"But, you know, if I were a girl and cared at all for a fellow—oh, well—hell! Now about tonight.

"A couple of weeks ago this party began to loom. Naturally, I've been seeing myself as preoccupation number one with Polly. But, taking nothing for granted, I phoned her from the ranch to stand by for a long dreamy lunch today. And I'd swear she said she was for it."

And she probably did, thought Justine. It was this girl Polly who had the fish to fry. The car, driving down the main street of Glendale, continued past a sign pointing a turn to Pasadena. "Isn't that—" Justine began, peering out.

"We're early," Dave said. "Thought I'd swing up along Foothill Boulevard."

Justine sank back. She felt she could ride forever in this car through the California night without ever wanting to go to parties, not to say studios.

"Speak on," Justine encouraged him.

"I romped up her steps, a halloo on my lips, when the sun curtains of the patio parted to disclose Polly with a pair of striped pants. I mean to say, all this chap looked like to me was a pair of striped pants. But what does he turn out to be but a prince—the kind you can shake out of almost any palm tree in Los Angeles County."

"No casting-office waiting room is complete without three or four of them," said Justine. "And there on the patio you learned that a great vagueness existed about this lunch date? In short, that you were to eat alone?"

"Far from it! I was asked—nay, urged—to sit in. By the prince, mostly. To give the fellow credit, he was really very polite. But at this point I lost my poise and went infantile. Let on I'd only come there to break the lunch date, if you can believe it." He laughed at the painful recollection. "Mental mutterings of two can play at that game, my proud beauty. What a fool!"

They swung southward. Ahead and below stretched a black-velvet earth sparkling with a million jewels. The lights of a half dozen cities spangled the plain. Through a lane of deodars the car glided toward Pasadena.

"No self-recriminations," Justine counseled. "A sound ego is important in these emergencies." She liked this Dave with his decent and unschemed reactions.

"Probably so. At any rate, I spoke out to say I'd like to bring a very special person to this party tonight—and would it be all right? I saw myself swarming in there with a perfectly gorgeous girl that nobody knew, and she and I letting on to feel almost subtropical about each other. Says Polly, 'Oh, so glad! And I'm sure your friend will not be one to mind coming without an invitation.'"

It was the scratch of a claw! A moment before Justine had been able to think of this whole thing as a bright semi-adventure. Suddenly it all seemed detestable.

Up to now she had done serviceable self-respecting things to earn needed money—modeling apparel in a shop, selling silk hosiery from door to door. And now? Why, not even taxi-dancers had to submit to the cattiness of a Polly Coburn. But she'd hired herself out for twenty-five dollars. She'd have to go through with the job.

"NOW as to the minutiae," she pursued. "Where did we meet? Am I spending the winter, or stopping off on a round-the-world cruise?"

"Met about a year ago, say. Were you ever in Berkeley?"

"Once. Sorority national convention. Two years ago."

"Not Omega Pi?"

"Certainly Omega Pi!"

"Why, I went to their convention formal at the St. Francis!"

"And I didn't! Had to rush off home before the last night."

"Thought sure we were going to meet there, for a minute!" He added, "I wish we had."

Justine wished so, too. "And you're Dave. I'm Justine."

"Justine? Seems sort of standoffish."

"Well, Dusty, then. Are you at all hard hit, or just giving me a whirl?"

The car crept along beneath fronded pepper trees. "The fact is, Dusty," said Dave seriously, "I like you a lot. I mean, I'm ashamed of myself for dragging you into this. But—well, for the purposes of the plot I'm on the verge of tender madness. What you do, just forget about the play-acting. Have a good time if you can. Oh, maybe throw me a seductive look once in a while." He added: "What a dumb thing we're doing, really!"

She touched his arm. "It's not too late to call everything off. I've had a good time already, just getting dressed up—and riding around."

"No. What I want now is to see you smack 'em dizzy. That's what you'll do, too. Probably come out of it with a million dates." His voice held a disgruntled note.

He swung the car in between two high gateposts and followed a winding drive between formal flower beds to the steps of a Spanish-mission castle.

The women's cloakroom was filled with well dressed girls all talking at once. It was like being Mata Hari, Justine thought, in the enemy's camp. She caught quick inquiring looks from a dozen women.

As she descended the stairs Dave detached himself from a group of men in tail coats or white mess jackets.

"Dusty, you're an ace," he said admiringly. The words were spontaneous.

They took places in a reception line that extended through the doors of a great drawing-room, with a fountain in the center, to the entrance of a ballroom beyond. Justine caught sight of a slim girl in white, with smooth black hair, receiving her guests. Polly, she conceded, was an authentic beauty.

"I begin to see," Justine told Dave, "the compulsion for rolling up all that mileage." She felt a little dashed. For some reason she hadn't thought of Polly Coburn as so beautiful. Smart, yes. Expensive, of course. Polly was both. And stunning besides.

As they moved ahead, Justine got a nearer glimpse of Polly Coburn—full face this time. Somewhere, at some time, she had seen Polly Coburn before! She was sure of it! But where? Where? And when? Dave was saying, "This is Miss Keyes, Polly." As Polly spoke, Justine knew that she had talked with her, too. And as

Polly's eyes met hers, Justine knew that Polly felt the same vague recognition.

"I'm so glad you came, Miss Keyes—and without bothering about a formal invitation. This erratic"—she smiled, putting a hand on Dave's arm—"was so abominably late in telling me that you were"—she paused—"available."

In her eyes Justine saw the reflection of quick scurrying thoughts ransacking memory.

Dave said quickly: "Lucky for Miss Keyes that she left her Eastern reserve back East—or I'd have had to drag her here."

Justine felt grateful to him. "And I was so sure I packed it to bring along," she said. "Meant to. But I'm very glad I was quite available," she assured Polly.

Polly showed that she felt her own word snap back and hit her. "This Dave," she said intimately, "is too darn persuasive for any girl's good," and turned at once to the next guest.

SEYMOUR WINSLOW

was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, acquired experience in machine shops, iron foundries, lumber yards, newspaper and advertising offices, and has been writing short stories for about five years.

"Wow!" said Dave, sweeping Justine into a dance. "I was almost caught in a cross fire."

"Dave! It's the queerest thing, but I've seen Polly somewhere before. Talked with her, even. And she knows it. I've no idea where."

"Not in co-ed circles. Because Polly had a sort of touch-and-out European education."

"No. And certainly not Hollywood. Now—"

Dave gave her hand a sudden squeeze. "There!" he said. "Dancing with the girl in yellow. That's the prince."

Justine looked. "Why, Dave, he isn't so bad. Way above casting-office specifications. He really looks like a prince. Or maybe it's just that red riband."

"The fellow's all right, I guess. He just sort of got in my hair this noon."

They were cut in on, and presently Justine found herself dancing with Prince Ivan.

"I've been promising myself this treat," he assured her, "since the first bar of music." Somehow he made it sound both flattering and amusing. He beamed pleasantly on Justine with open admiration. He took in her features one by one, then burst out: "You should be in pictures! All the most beautiful women in the world are in pictures. Or planning to be."

And what hours I've wasted, thought Justine, trying to get there! "I've thought of it," she said, "but that's about all."

"Ah, you must push! And how little pushing it would take in your case. Do you know, I believe every woman in the world secretly longs to be a great screen actress."

"Outside of this room, you mean. And Orlando Drive generally."

"This room?" Prince Ivan opened his eyes wide. "Perhaps you believe the silly legend that Pasadena scorns Hollywood. Ah, you are naïve!"

Justine hadn't been called naïve since she was in third year high, and found it thrilling. "I'm virtually a child," she agreed, "but willing to learn."

THE prince guided her to a dining hall. On long buffet tables was heaped everything from olives to ices.

"Wine? An ice? A sweet? A sandwich?"

Justine wanted to say, "Six sandwiches," but held herself down to one.

"Now," said Prince Ivan. "You are willing to learn. All right. What would you say if I told you that today noon I sacrificed my luncheon because one pretty girl, dancing here in this house tonight, must see a run-off of her screen test? She was too excited to eat."

"Wait," said Justine. "Was this today?" The prince had lunched with Polly Coburn that day—or had been with her at least.

"Today. I had arranged the original test through my Hollywood friend Serge Kalamin, the head man of Bilders. There is a vogue today for social names in screen work. She was to be publicized. Both the lady and I hoped for great success." He paused, shook his head in commiseration. "Ah, it was too bad! It was pathetic. The poor young lady was heartbroken. But—and here's the laugh—they will try it again! Now, Miss Naïveté, what do you say?"

For a moment Justine could say nothing. The prince, watching her, was delighted with his effect. "Well, I give up," she murmured.

Polly Coburn of the Pasadena Coburns had taken a secret screen test and had been a flop! But she was going to try it again. She was using the prince, it seemed, for his Hollywood connection. So it was not a game of playing off Prince Ivan against Dave. Could she tell Dave that? Or rather, should she?

"Yes, give up," urged the prince. "I suppose," he mused, "I am the only living person who has no screen ambitions."

Justine recovered enough to ask, "What, no play—no script—no plot, even?"

"Ah, well," he shrugged, his face flushing. "I mean, of course, what they call mugging for the camera."

He led her back to the ballroom.

A young man who beat three other aspirants across the floor claimed Justine. "May I feel," said Prince Ivan, bowing, "that I have turned your thoughts toward a broader view of things?"

"You may indeed," she told him—and meant it.

Vaguely Justine heard her partner's conversation. She nodded and smiled, and wondered how, if at all, she could use her new information in Dave Tatham's interests. Would it spoil things for him to know that Polly had connived to get a screen test? Was she planning to marry him only as a second choice to a picture career? Fish to fry! Did every one have fish to fry?

DAVE, dancing with Polly, came into her view, and next they were circling close to her. From just behind Justine came Polly's languid voice in reply to something Dave had said: "I rather care for that."

The sound of the words in Polly's voice brought a flood of clear remembrance to Justine—remembrance of where and when she had met Polly Coburn before.

The top-floor restaurant of the Belloc's-Wilshire store. Smartly dressed women shoppers lunching at small tables. Models, strolling the aisles, showing apparel. One of them, Justine herself, displaying a tweed suit. It was during one of those threadbare periods when Justine had been forced to go mannequin. Polly Coburn, in a perfect dark tailored dress, having iced coffee and a salad with a friend at one of the tables.

From across the restaurant Polly had beckoned Justine to come to her. "Sort of a nice thing," Polly had commented to her friend, looking Justine up and down as if she were a window dummy.

"Smart as the dickens!"

"I think I rather care for it," Polly had said. Then, to Justine, "How much are you?" And Justine, in a courteous impersonal voice, had given the price of the suit. Then, as directed by Polly, she had pivoted, walked about, displayed the lining of the jacket, and been dismissed with a nod. Before going, Justine, fulfilling store requirements, had thanked Polly Coburn for her interest.

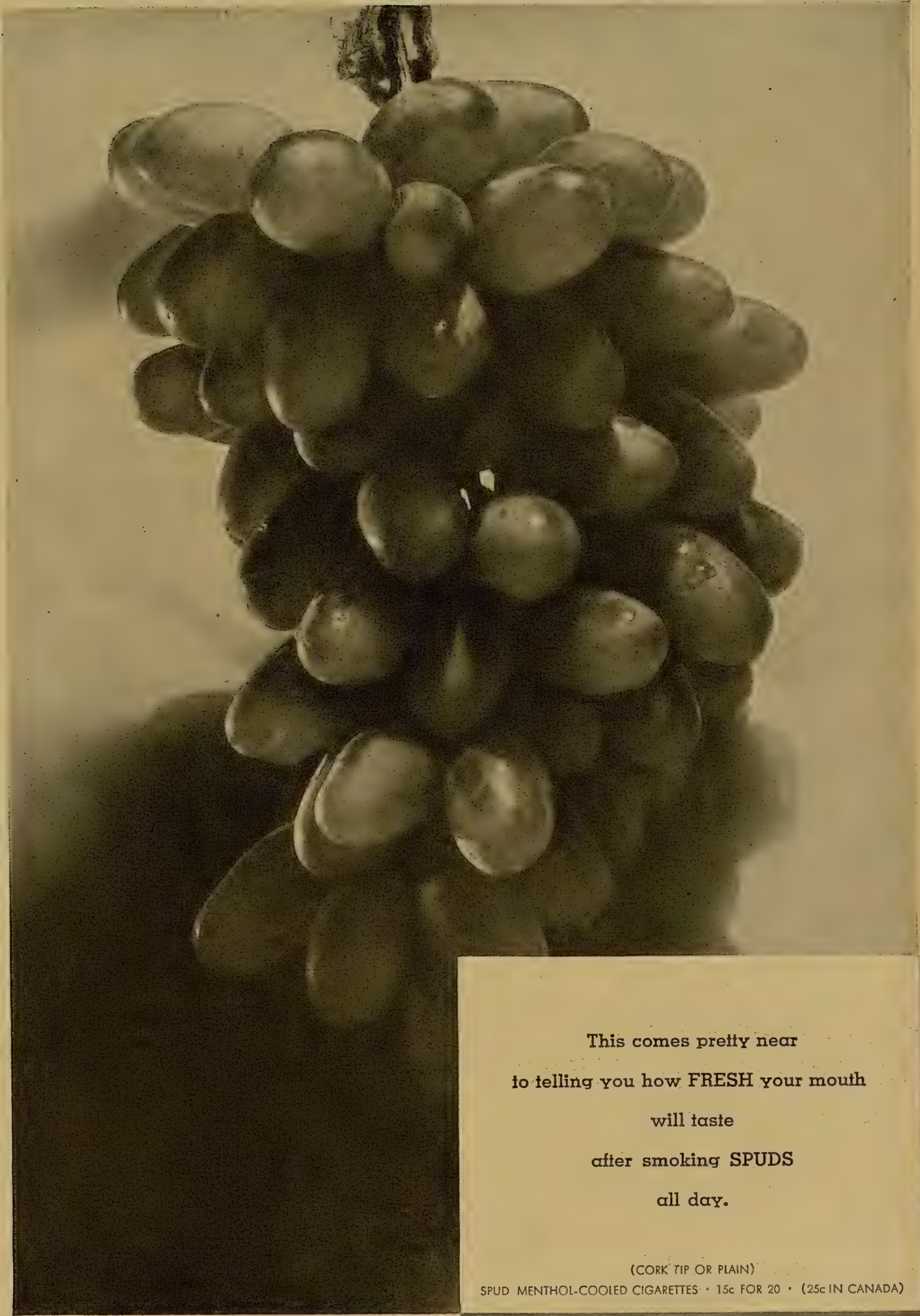
Justine's head whirled. One thing came clear. Dave must be told at once. Polly Coburn, if she hadn't recollected the incident already, might do so at any moment. That would put Dave in a mean spot. Brought a department-store model, a movie extra, into the great Coburn home, had he? She had to reach him, to warn him. She looked around for Dave. He was not on the floor. Some one else was dancing with Polly. She must find him!

As she still debated it, in a half-panic, Polly stopped beside her and said quietly: "Miss Keyes, your frill is ripped. Wouldn't you like to have it fixed?"

Justine looked down.

(Continued on page sixteen)

Arthur O'Neill



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(Continued from page fourteen)

Her hurried stitches of the early evening had torn out. "Oh, thanks. I'd better, I suppose—yes."

As she met Polly's eyes she knew that Polly Coburn had recognized her.

"Sewing silk, Helga," Polly directed the maid. "Bring some greens. Try the housekeeper's room."

"I wanted to tell you," she said rapidly, "that I remember dealing with you at Belloc's-Wilshire last fall. In the restaurant. Perhaps you don't recall it. You were modeling suits."

Justine kept her voice even. "I remember you very well, Miss Coburn. Did you finally buy the snuff-colored tweed with the henna linen blouse?"

Polly seemed surprised. Does she expect me to cringe? thought Justine.

"No," Polly replied. "But it was nice. No fault of yours. You wore it well."

"That's pleasant to know."

"Since you came here," Polly resumed, "with one of my guests, you're quite welcome. But Dave Tatham is a good friend of mine. I couldn't stand by and see him fooled in any really important way. And from what he said of you, I'm sure he knows nothing about you."

Justine felt her face flush with anger.

"Just what is it," she controlled herself to ask, "that you're trying to say? Hands off?"

"If you wish to understand it that way. I'm quite ready to tell Dave what I know of you if it seems to me necessary."

THE door opened and Helga was back. The maid stooped to match the thread, then started sewing. A half dozen girls trooped into the room, and Polly made her way out.

Thoughts raced through Justine's mind. She had, she supposed, accomplished the purpose for which she was hired. Dave's fish were fried. Her work was done. Polly had been more than spited—she had been alarmed.

A weary sickness of the whole thing came over Justine. She couldn't go back to that ballroom! Nor could she take any payment for this evening's hateful work. How had it ever come about that she, Justine Keyes, was doing "work" such as this?

The maid was finishing. "Helga," Justine asked, "is there a side stairway? Leading toward the garden?"

"Yes, madam. You'll want your wrap, then?"

Helga went for it. Justine followed her along a passage to spiraling steps. The half dollar she put into Helga's hand left her just eighty-five cents.

Justine followed the concrete to the front of the house. Then, keeping on, to the street.

Pasadena slept under a desert moon. Justine walked quickly for a block. No one was about. No cars passed. Another block. The twin lights of a vehicle appeared; drew nearer. Justine stepped out and signaled. A small truck came to a stop. "Emergency Service, Pacific G & E Co." it was labeled.

"I want to get to a car line," she told a leathery little man. "Something that will take me to Hollywood."

He stared. "The red car's what you want. Hop in. I can drop you."

"Hollywood, eh?" said the man as they started off. "In pictures?"

"Have been," she replied. Why had she said, "Have been"? Those words had spoken themselves! Wasn't she still in pictures—well, as much as she ever had been?

Suddenly, sharply, she realized that she was through with Hollywood forever.

She couldn't act. She never would be able to act. She didn't have the qualities needed, whatever they were. Good looks weren't enough. Not near. And that was all she had to offer. It had taken a shock—the shock of finding herself sunk to so low an estate that a Polly Coburn could slap her face with impunity—to snap her out of the dream. But she was out of it now. She felt almost thankful to Murray Moss, to Dave—yes, even to Polly.

"Here's your corner," the old man was saying.

Justine thanked him and got to the curb. She hoped her eighty-five cents would get her all the way home. But if it didn't she could thumb her way, she supposed.

It was half past two when she let herself into the bungalow. The living-room davenport clanked as she opened it, and from the dark bedroom came a sleepy voice—Bette's:

"Dusty, that you?"

"Just tumbling in." She tried to put a yawn into it.

"Well, whatever happened?" Bette was wider awake. "Your grand young man pounded in here at one o'clock like crazy. Wouldn't stir until he saw you. Connie fell in love with him."

"Bette practically ate him up," declared Connie. "But all he wanted was you. Said you ran out on the party."

"We had to send him off so we could go to bed."

"But Connie asked him back to breakfast, and he's coming."

Dave had left the party to come to her? He must have missed her, perhaps asked Polly about her, almost at once. He was the nicest and decentest person she had met in California. But she wouldn't see him again. What could it come to? And she wouldn't take any of his money, of course. She set her alarm clock for six. She would be out of the house before seven. Dave Tatham wouldn't arrive that early.

It was not yet light as she dressed noiselessly. Working fast, she gathered together her wardrobe. There were things she wouldn't need again—picture clothes, bought to meet casting requirements. She half filled a trunk with them and closed its lid.

Then she packed two cases with her very best: the hot-society dress of the evening before, a sports coat of fur, two complete riding outfits, a pair of perfect boots, a miscellany of dresses, formal blouses, negligees, and shoes. Into a small bag went the few things she would need to begin another life.

At eight thirty Mr. Jacobs of the Jacobs Theatrical Outfitting and Costume Company, Los Angeles, gave her sixty-five dollars for the lot.

Those grand boots! Once, Justine remembered, she had visioned a full-page magazine photograph of herself in those boots: "Justine Keyes's hobby is riding. She is shown above with—" Well, she would have little time for riding around Danville, Illinois. What leisure does a librarian get, or a typist?

At the bus depot on Main Street, Justine bought her ticket East, then wrote a note to Bette and Connie, enclosing ten dollars and promising more as soon as she could earn it. "The things in my trunk are yours, my two mad beauties. Wear them to victory. I'll see you in the pictures." She had coffee, bought a paper, and sat down to wait.

JOINING the stampede when the bus was announced at eleven thirty, she was elbowed and pushed about. At the very steps, a swarthy man in overalls wriggled ahead of her. But instead of going on in, he blocked her way, muttered something as he stood there, got to the ground again, jostling Justine aside, and disappeared. A nut of some sort? A Mexican revolutionist who had forgotten his sword? She found a seat at last.

The chill of the Arizona night swept into the bus-stop lunchroom at Yuma each time the door swung. Justine wished she hadn't had to sell her fur coat. There would be two more months of winter in the Middle West.

The door opened and shut again. A man took the stool beside Justine and said:

"What are you running away from, Dusty?"

Dave! He sat there next to her, trying absurdly to act as if he'd been there all the time. He couldn't keep it up. He grinned; then roared with the fun of having astounded her.

Justine wished terribly she had never met him—and felt like hugging him.

"I'm not running away from anything. Dave, how did you ever— I'm simply going after a new job."

"How did I ever trail you—that's the question I want to answer! Because the answer to that question presents a perfect example of Tatham determination. A dragnet, Dusty—that's what you fell into. My Mex fruit pickers—remember? I took fifty of them, the very keenest and shiftiest. Armed each with a print of you and—"

"There aren't that many prints of me anywhere."

"I had 'em done—rush. From snaps, plates, everything. Then—and this is the executive part—I put an operative at every airport, railway station— Say, I bet you don't know yet just what minute you were spotted."

Justine recalled the overalled Mexican who blocked her way into the bus.

"I only do because your keen Mexican operative almost knocked me down."

Dave had moved the earth to find her!

THE lunchroom was empty. Dave slapped down money on the cashier's desk and hurried Justine out. There stood the gleaming car of the night before headed westward. Dave opened its door for her.

"No, Dave. Can't. I'm going the other way. I'm all through with Hollywood—through forever—and glad of it!" She loved being able to say the words and mean them.

"Now, that's fine! Get right in, Dusty. Very comfortable in there. Bus isn't starting yet." He cupped her elbow.

"No! I simply can't!" Justine said, getting in.

The bus gave a warning toot. People scurried. Dave slammed the car doors and got to his own wheel.

"Here's the thing, Dusty. You're through with Hollywood. Great! Now, that's the first step toward enjoying California. So—"

Some one called, "All aboard!"

Justine unlatched her door.

"Got to go, Dave." It was like struggling against chains.

Dave seized a new topic and talked fast: "Wait! This is good. What do you think I found out about the prince, the big suavie? Hold on to something, now. This came out during my big bust-up with Polly. The fellow is—can you stand it?—a talent scout for Bilder Brothers! Yep. Covering the social sector."

Justine sat back. "No! Why, he tried to sell me the idea of a picture career. He took me for an heiress!"

They laughed together. There came a first-gear guttural from the bus. Dave let in his clutch. The coupé started westward.

"Since you've missed the bus," remarked Dave, speeding up, "we'd better make the best of things and get back where we belong."

"Dave—turn around! All my baggage is— I tell you, I won't go back to Hollywood! I've got to find a job —get to work."

"Well, if you simply have to work —there are the Tatham offices. Yes; probably you ought to get an inside idea of the Tatham enterprises. As a sort of preliminary."

"Preliminary? Oh, preliminary to what?"

"Well, preliminary to being able to talk about the Tatham enterprises with your husband when he comes home completely fagged out after hiring pickers and things like that."

THE END

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PLEASE do not think this is just another sensational advertisement. It is an honest, straightforward offer.

We sincerely want you to try Colgate's Dental Cream—the dentifrice which has made teeth whiter, smiles brighter, in 72 countries throughout the world.

We want you to see how the penetrating foam of Colgate's Dental Cream gets the *whole tooth* clean. See how your teeth sparkle with renewed lustre under the gentle, harmless action of Colgate's grit-free polishing ingredient.

Then, when you have used one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream, see what your mirror says. If you do not *honestly feel* that your teeth look cleaner, more lustrous—you may have double your money back without question. (See guarantee above.)

Dentists all over the world recommend Colgate's Dental Cream. And you will find that it is a decided economy —the large-size tube costs only 20 cents, and the giant 35-cent tube holds more than twice as much.

Using Colgate's, you get more dentifrice, more brushings and more cleansing power per dollar than other leading dentifrices give you. Won't you try one tube?

COLGATE

DENTAL CREAM OR DENTAL POWDER

20¢ LARGE SIZE

GIANT SIZE... More than Double Quantity 35¢

NO FOOD WITH MY MEALS

FANNIE HURST TELLS HER REDUCING DIET

Here at Last, for All to Read, Is the Secret of How This Eminent Novelist Achieved, Against Odds, a Figure!

READING TIME ◉ 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE IDEA IS BORN

IT was about four years ago that the slimming phobia of my sex and era first began to fleck me with its rabies-like foam.

Up to that period, although overweight by a not inconsiderable poundage, I had not given complete rein to the latent unease which sporadically smote me at my abundance.

In fact, overweight from my advent as an eleven-pound baby, there was a brief period around adolescence when my opulence seemed something of an asset.

"Guess how much she weighs!" I can hear my grandfather proudly challenging, as he stood me on the sitting-room table and named a good eight or ten pounds over and above the most conservative estimate. Ladies called me apple-cheeked, and gentlemen pinched them. I strutted, but even back there, was unease in that strut.

But generally speaking, up to the time of acute surrender to my sex's phobia for slimming, the matter of anatomical distinction or peculiarity was scarcely within the pale of discussion. You were fat or slim, narrow or wide, dark or blonde according to a divine appropriation over which you had little control. To be sure, there was usually a "Fatty" in the schoolroom or on the block, but generally speaking one did not dwell upon the flesh, or lack of it.

Beauty, had it not been parceled out in your direction, was something that could be brewed within the spirit in a manner to offset the external lack. This you were taught at the parental knee. Although it was not very satisfactory, you let it go at that. Except, why were hearts of gold and curls of gold so rarely supposed to strike simultaneously? How odd of God. . . .

Now take this matter of being a plump little girl. You were apple-cheeked and got pinched for their cuteness; but then, you had to go and be a fat little girl, too. Why couldn't one be a slender little girl—and apple-cheeked!

If you were unduly slim you were simultaneously apt not to be apple-cheeked. There went God again, being odd. Slim, your portion was usually the bitter one of cod-liver oil and shoulder braces; whereas in plump reverse you were called the picture of health and encouraged in your natural predilection for the creamed potatoes and marshmallow fillings which were usually anathema to the slim cod-liver-oilers.

There was to come an adult time, however, in the life of this narrator, when, as the hum of a swarm of locusts over the peace of her mind, the dietary chant of the dieting women began to separate itself into a specific and ominous roar all its own.

Gradually, and oh, so insidiously, the spectacle of you going your somewhat robust routine of three normal, if perhaps unscientific, meals a day, in a state of taken-for-granted health that made it no theme for discussion—gradually you became to yourself a not edifying spectacle.

There was too much of something with you. Yourself.

Awareness began to creep upon you, so lightly at first that it was scarcely more than a tickling across your consciousness. It began from who knows what remote scratchings of unease, in a changing attitude toward such cardinal institutions as breakfast.

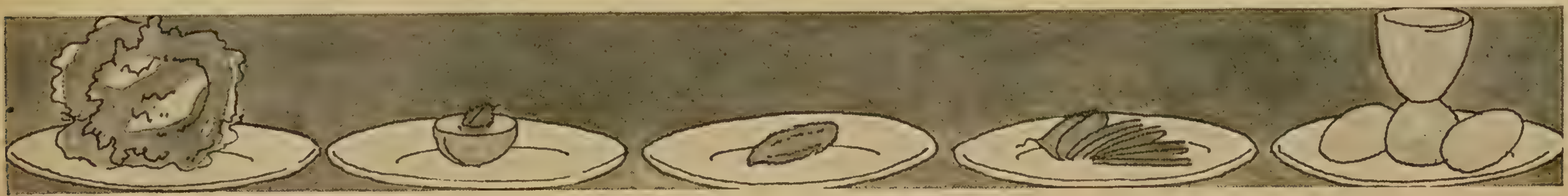
There had recently arrived a newcomer in our Middle West midst, a Mrs. de Lisle from New York, a slim pretty little lady much criticized by the impeccable housewives on the pretty residential street of our pretty city for lax housekeeping, and who was openly known to have her breakfast (roll and coffee) in bed.

Now you take what has since become this more or less national institution of roll and coffee in the morning. It has its points aesthetically and doubtless gastronomically. But along about ten thirty in the affairs of a busy morning those points, during the first period of the transition from more substantial matinal fare, begin to reside chiefly in the aching void at the pit of the stomach.

Breakfast tradition dies hard, particularly if that tradition happens to have been born and bred in the Middle West.

We lived, not on a farm, mind you, in these years of my late teens when too much of the corporeal me first began to seem too much with me, but in a large Middle West metropolis of urban habits of a most complicated nature. We ate our corn on cob from silver endpieces, traveled east in a manner your Easterner seldom traveled west, and were among the first American communities to be stricken with such epidemics as horseless carriages, burnt wood, ping-pong, and hobble skirts.

At seven thirty o'clock, during the first eighteen years of my life spent there, a family of three—consisting of my father, the president of a medium-sized shoe fac-



tory, who slid back his roll-top desk at eight o'clock; an alert and brainy housekeeper, my mother; and a slightly overweight youngster, myself—sat down to a breakfast worthy of the name. Literally we broke fast. Oatmeal in a covered dish was served out with plentiful additions of butter, sugar, and yellowish cream. A platter of bacon and eggs, the eggs not necessarily portioned out along the conventional lines of two per person. My father was not averse to a third egg, the frailer members of the family usually contenting themselves with two. Toast or hot biscuits or both arrived in a wicker basket, all tucked in under a red-and-white napkin with a fringed edge. There was usually hominy or grits or stacks of griddle cakes with apple jelly or molasses. Coffee, and plenty of it, in a beautiful old Meissen china pot with a gilt snout. And more often than not crumb coffeecake, still hot and thickly sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar.

Maurice Goldberg photo

MISS HURST, FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH

You ate! And thereby were to become susceptible for life to a tickling of the nostrils at the smell of frying bacon rushing up from the servants' quarters as you, in your bedroom, sip black unsweetened coffee or gulped orange juice.

I was reared to like breakfast. I still like breakfast. Heaven my witness, I have not eaten a breakfast in twelve years.

Because it was about twelve years ago that the first whirrings of the dietary chant of the dieting women began to assail my ears. In fact, glancing back it becomes apparent that about the time rolls-and-coffee became synonymous for the old noun breakfast was launched the dietary era of my life.

It was all insidious; it was all as the humming of locusts; it was all as the fluty wings of the voice of my sex.

What had hitherto been only the vague unease at the poor or rather the ample showing put up by my externalities of figure, an unease which had been sweetly soothed by sweet and departed parents, now began to assert itself more positively.

Suddenly—or so it seemed to a languidly awakened awareness—the biology of my entire sisterhood seemed to have undergone an evolution. Female silhouettes began to take on the concavity of the letter C. The bust measurements of the potential and actual mothers of the race dropped to the proportions of their young sons and brothers. The old well nourished ideal of the Venus de Milo became a lummox. Something actually rodential began to characterize the upper lips of the women of the slimming era as they gnawed at the raw carrot and the herbaceous green.

OUT of the stuff of enameled rolling pins for kneading too too solid lady-flesh, rubber reducing girdles, bathroom scales to match any color scheme, reduction salts in the pastel shades, electric-light cabinets, rowing machines, et al., new industries were born. Restaurateurs became Melba toast, spinach, and saccharine conscious. Spas began to find obesity, real and imagined, more profitable than liver complaint, gallstones, and gout rolled in one.

Came the dawn of a dark hour when public opinion demanded that a grand-opera diva must be able to look down and see her own toes.

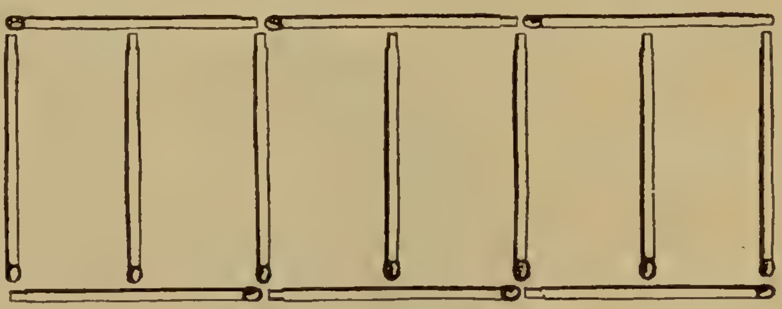
Such diet-derivative phrases as incompatibility, mental cruelty, fanaticism, irritability, cussedness began more and more to creep into the phraseology of the divorce courts.

Overnight, as it were, that quick barometer, the show girl, achieved the biological phenomenon of shedding her hips, and measurements fluctuated more violently than a falling stock market. Figures began to slump and tip the scales at far below the Venus de Milo par. The way to compute your approach to the norm of the current ideal of beauty was to divide Lillian Russell's adult weight by two, her measurements by three, and her vitality by four.

A favorite hypothesis has it that, in the main, women dress and adorn themselves primarily for the appraising eyes of women. It is then also fair to assume that women reduce for women. Until his eye and arm became trained to the lesser lines of his womanhood, the male's reaction was scarcely nothing at all.

A New Match Puzzle

By F. Gregory Hartswick



Above we show thirteen matches so arranged that they enclose six spaces all of the same size. These matches represent sections of fence and were arranged as shown by a farmer who wanted six equal-sized pens for his sheep. One night a miscreant abstracted one of the fence sections and rearranged the twelve that were left so that they still enclosed six pens of equal size. How did he do it? All the twelve matches must be fairly used, with no doubles or loose ends.

The answer will be found on page 31

You're all right as you are. What you want to reduce for? What's the idea? You look good to me. Never did like skinny women. Cut out the dieting!

The very new crop of adult young men, a generation born and reared in the slimming era, by now are trained to like their fair sex, should they stop to think at all, slablike, flat-chested, hipless, and with skin tones of emacia carefully smeared over with sunburn, real or artificial.

Next the home-wrecking, nerve-racking noun of the age burst explosively upon the scene. Calories! And the counting of the women within the shadow of a guillotine became as naught compared with the counting of the dieting women.

Five medium slices pickled beet, 25 calories; one cup black unsweetened coffee, 0 calories; one medium sweet pickle, 25; two tablespoons lemon juice, 10; average helping lettuce, no oil, 0; one plum, 30; one half one small peach, 30; five strawberries, 25; one stalk celery, 3; one slice cucumber, 1; four ounces consommé, no fat, 15.

It was along about then, free, white, and over twenty-one, that the rabies-like foam of the slimming phobia of my era began to fleck me.

In fact it is possible to lay finger upon the very occasion of my surrender to the caloric age.

A SLIM and lovely young woman invited me to lunch with her at one of the town's smart hostelries. As we walked through crowded dining rooms, heads turned to the rhythm of her svelte grace. With the prerogative of the guest, I ordered first, off a menu the size of a tabloid newspaper. About my usual. A creamed celery soup (specialty of this particular hotel). A grilled chop rolled around a kidney. Green salad with an oil dressing. A sweet and coffee. Mine hostess, whose neck, so slim, was like a swan's, ordered plain spinach *(en branche,* please—not even buttered) and a demitasse.

"Don't pay any attention to me. I'm dieting. Came back from White Sulphur last week one hundred and nine pounds—just exactly nine more than this five-feet-nine is going to drag around. I'm foul with overweight."

Reader, as they would say back in the days when Lillian Russell attached her corset strings to the bedpost and took three deep breaths, I died that day. Of shame. Suddenly it seemed to me, sitting there in the abundant coverage of thrice nine pounds overweight, that of grossness I must perish before the very eyes of the waiter so solicitously placing my four hundred calories of cream of celery before me. The hand with which I toyed at the tablespoon designed to convey them to my stiffened lips became as a pale and flaccid ham—the dead hammish hand of a lady who had suddenly died of the shame of her overweight. From every corner of that opulent dining room there appeared the delusion of the slim hands of slim ladies mocking at one of their sex who permitted indenture space for dimples on the backs of her hands, whose neck seemed shorter than it needed have, who was fair, fat, and—alas—size forty!

So, out of this moment was born resolution.

Mine no longer to reason why, mine but to do and diet!

To be sure, over a period of years there had been varied and appallingly expensive attempts at reduction.

I had eighteen-dayed; counted calories; lamb-chopped-and-pineappled; sat in an elegant electric cabinet and been treated exactly like a fowl in a Dutch oven; taken punishment from a famed Hollywood masseuse that put me in the red, the black and blue; immersed my too too solid self in baths of paraffin and mud; walked around reservoirs in sweat shirts; and, without making appreciable inroads, had indulged in every out- and indoor sport dear to funny-paper compilers.

BUT this day something toward which the not inconsiderable bulk of me had doubtless sub- or unconsciously been traveling was suddenly bang up in front of me.

Life, except on the basis of a lesser me, was no longer endurable. The fulsome sensation of being me—of having the vendeuse in the shop smear me, as I approached, with her appraising eye: "Blouse? Ah, yes — er — size forty?" — had reached its limit.

Invalid, suddenly intolerable, were the years of the benignity of friends: "But you are really not too stout, my dear. You're just plump. Nonsense—you wouldn't be you, thin! Don't you go dieting and ruin your health. Why, my sister-in-law got herself down to a bag of bones, and died of getting herself there; that's what happened to my sister-in-law. Yes, of course *I* diet, but I wouldn't if my weight was as becoming to me as yours is."

Applesauce! I found myself hissing to myself in the days when that inelegant idiom was current. Applesauce (without sugar in it).

Suddenly the too too solid flesh and I were in the death grapple. Latently, beneath my poor numbed powers of logic where this faddistic subject of diet was concerned, there stirred insurrection.

Beneath the superficial layers of puerile and sometimes pernicious panaceas, eighteen day ones, rolling-machine ones, sweat shirt and hair shirt ones, must somewhere lurk a fundamental truth.

Casting aside, except as subsidiaries, the dumbbells, the static bicycle in its sweat cabinet, the vibratory machine, the rowing machine, the electric horse, I set up a fundamental truth for myself: *Food makes fat.*

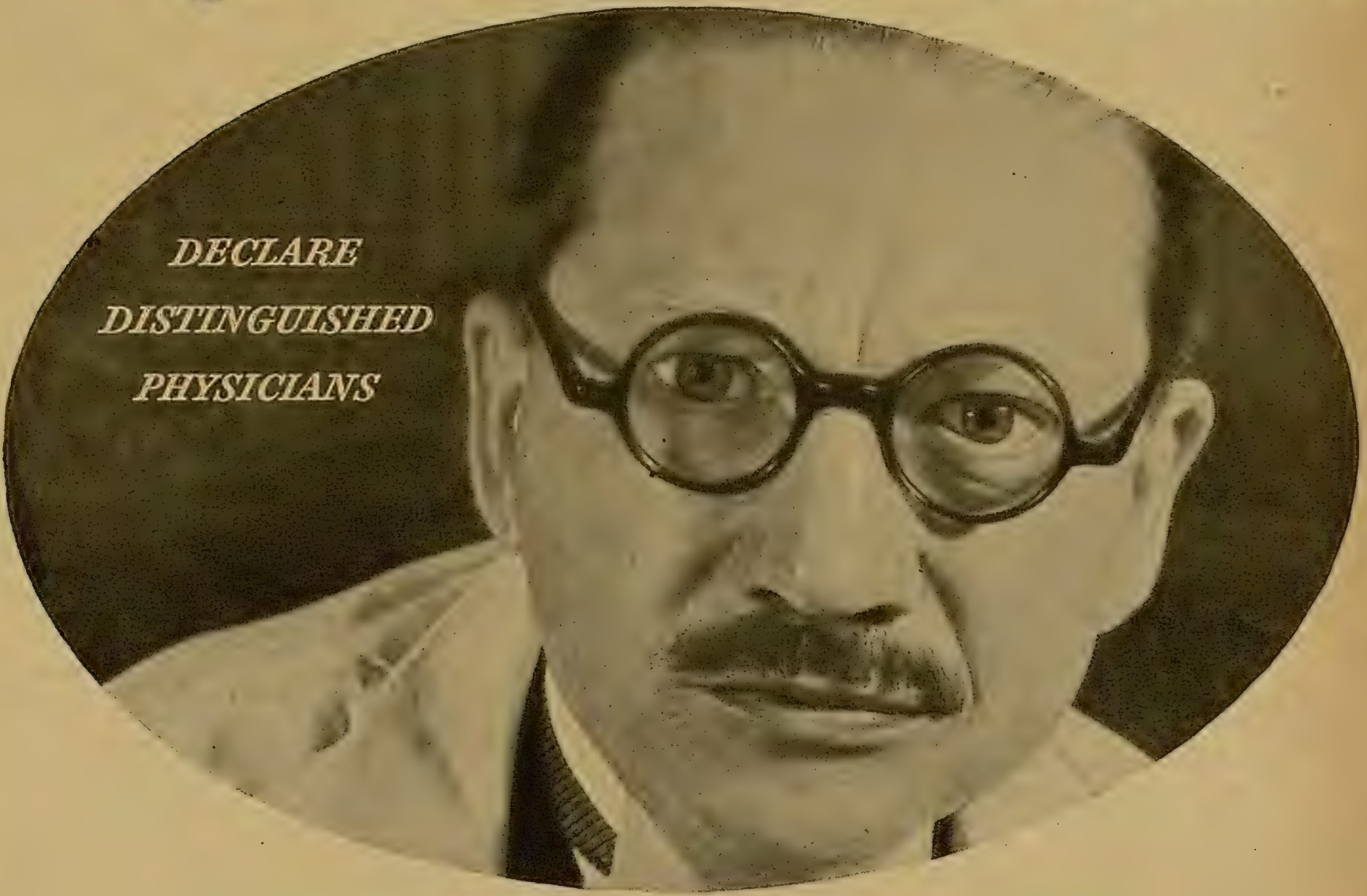
Exercise may aid and abet its con- or destruction, baths, massage, health waters, and what not be its handmaidens; but fundamentally, chemically, irrefutably, it is certain foods which make fat! And so it came about that the lesser me, that corresponds to the one you see in reduction advertisements etched in dotted line beside the before-taking silhouette, rose to the supreme heights of decision. Casting away the cluttering paraphernalia of the blue enameled rolling pin, the indoor bicycle, the five foot Diet book shelf, I decided to set out afresh upon the single supposition that, in the normally functioning human being, food makes fat.

I sought out the most all-round wise man of my acquaintance. He, in turn, directed me to a man especially wise in the highly specialized field of dietetics.

There was little

(Continued on page twenty-two)

The new XR Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



DR. JULES BELOUX, noted specialist on the stomach and intestines, editor of a medical publication, reports: "XR Yeast is twice as effective as the former yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need keep on taking harsh cathartics now!"

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Broken-Out Skin and Lack of Energy!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with violent cathartics, for a discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance for treating constipation in years" is here!

It is a far stronger new yeast . . . an entirely new kind of yeast . . . discovered by a great medical scientist in a leading American university!

It has given results to make physicians marvel. As the noted Dr. Beloux says, "It is almost unbelievable how well the new XR Yeast works! It acts by speeding the digestive juices and muscles!

"Food," Dr. Beloux adds, "is digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily. Also, skin troubles end sooner.

"It is the best remedy I know for constipation and its related ailments—such as indigestion, complexion ills, headaches and lack of energy."

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's XR Yeast today? See how speedily you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples!

See how you avoid frequent colds—with a clean system and the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, too, and hormone-like substances that aid health.

Start Feeling Better Now!

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains!

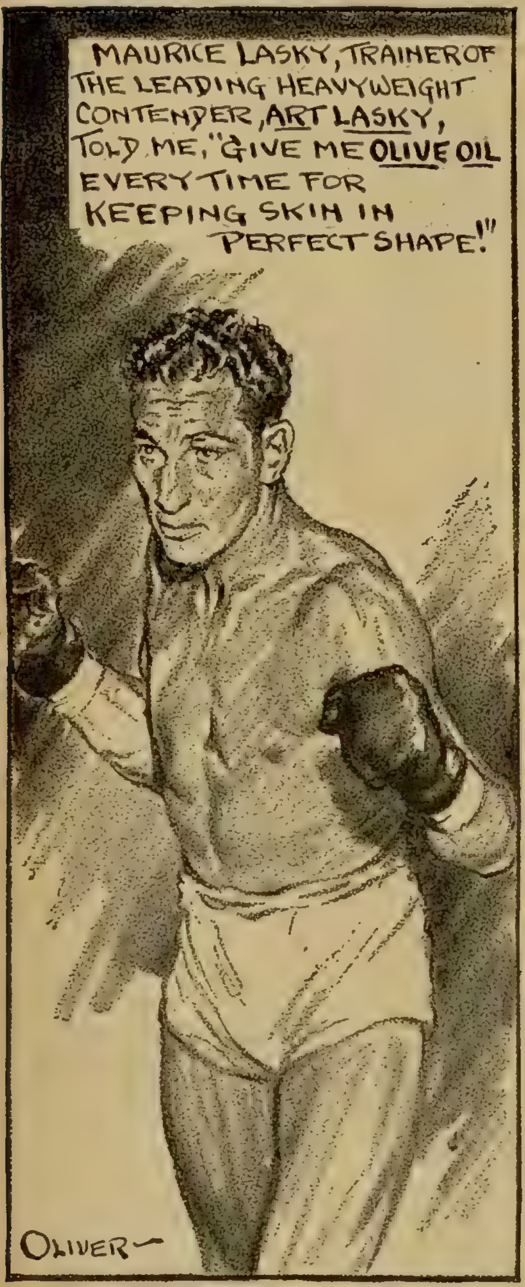
3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast

NRA CODE

(As good as ever for baking, too)

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER



MAURICE LASKY, TRAINER OF THE LEADING HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER, ART LASKY, TOLD ME, "GIVE ME OLIVE OIL EVERY TIME FOR KEEPING SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE!"
OLIVER

TO PREVENT RAZOR RAWNESS

...use the shaving cream made with Olive Oil—Palmolive!

BOXING'S a rough game . . . but the rasp of a razor across your face every day—that's mighty rough, too!

And it is for the express purpose of preventing this after-shave irritation . . . for keeping your face in the best of condition, fresh and smooth always, that Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil!

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil that explains Palmolive's richer, heavier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes—never dries or wilts as it gives the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Get a tube—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES

FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢
GIANT SIZE
200 SHAVES

(Continued from page twenty) in this physician's laboratory-like office to suggest what I had come to regard as part of the sumptuous adjuncts of slimming.

The address was not good. I arrived there finally, to be received by a tall rangy man with no manner at all, who promptly proceeded to take from me what had never been taken before—my metabolism.

Metabolism is something that you surrender with a clothespin on your nose and what seems to be the cork endpiece of a bicycle handle bar inserted into your mouth. This walling up of the two major points of egress of what is known as your breathing results in an inner panic which is recorded by an automatic pen attached to the apparatus which records the goings-on of your trapped breath. You do not give your metabolism standing up. You lie flat, first thinking you are going to die, then hoping it.

The results of this sudden internal commotion, as recorded by the metabolism machine, established my metabolistic processes as normal. This fact in turn established the further fact that there were no glandular alibis or pathological peculiarities to exonerate this case of overweight.

To put it bluntly, food in wrong selection, proportion, and combination was the root of the evil.

This is neither the time nor the place to go into the details of this new post-metabolism regime, except to emphasize that, after years of dangerous and rudderless experimentation, I had found a man who seemed to understand the science of food as it applied to my human envelope.

The lesser me (who now purchases her blouses in the misses' department) has not got it left in her to display the behaviorism of your true hero: "It was nothing at all. I saw my duty and I did it." It *was* something—let me tell you that! It was lean and rocky going, and flat of my face was I most of the time. Rocky going and slow and uphill, and to a dreadful singsong rhythm that more and more frequently got into my way: What-of-it-what-of-it—

NEITHER is the transformation from my hitherto normal attitude toward food pretty telling.

There were hours, there were days during the long lean siege of the post-metabolism era when it was part of a newly developed form of self-torture to rise from the pickings of my table and retire to a solitude I sought chiefly in order to visualize, while the tortured saliva ran, the meal it might have been. Instead of the soulless and fatless broth, consisting of the water off boiled greens, creamed soup to cling warmingly to cold ribs; instead of the cube of boiled beef (3 ounces, cooked), a filet of sole lying tenderly beneath a velvety sauce and sprinkled through with capers like the black tips of little ermines; hot rolls slit on the side and then pressed down again on a cube of sweet butter, to fit into the aching void of no bread; a sweet, preferably souffléed, or even a lowly, a sugared and cinnamoned baked apple under cream, to take the place of eight gulps of water.

There was to come a time, fallen so low had I, when to stand with my nose plastered against the plate-glass windows of lunchroom emporiums where flapjacks, later to be smothered under melting butter and golden sirup, were being juggled, became one of my favorite outdoor sports.

Time has healed those aching voids. Today a dish of flapjacks beneath a golden blanket of maple sirup, a Roquefort dressing flowing off the smooth red flank of a stuffed tomato, a soufflé, a marron glacé, a crêpe Suzette, a marzipan, leave me cold and without zest. Before them now I stand bowed with a regret that I have lost my capacity to regret them.

But there is no denying the fact that there was that period when my secret absorption upon the subject of food (food denied me) became shamefully dominant.

FRIGHTENING traits began to creep upon me. Living chiefly upon myself, stoked on the low fuel values of five-per-cent vegetables boiled in water, and lean meats, going through my pallid days always conscious of a Catherine wheel of desire spinning somewhere within the center of my denied and shrinking anatomy, I began to take on a quite horrible and private pleasure in watching other people eat, or preferably overeat.

Myself relentless in passing up a toothsome dish often as not especially prepared by a gracious hostess, I showed neither mercy nor consideration. But let that same hostess sit down at my own board, and I became sly, spiderlike, luring my victims into my gastronomic den of rich foods.

Eat and overeat! something devilish within me seemed to shout. Eat, in order that I may all the more exultantly deny and work myself up into the ecstasies of martyrdom. How the saints must have learned to love their sweet agonies!

Nor were these macabre mental processes to remain unsuspected. Chilly laughter began to greet the dreadful might of my hospitality. Glances flashed between my guests as, sawing away at a thin slice of especially prepared lean beef fried in mineral oil, I importuned, nay commanded, my futilely resisting guests to more of this and that richly devised concoction; pressed upon them the *au gratin* potato, the sherry-flavored tart, while I tinkled ice water against denied but omnivorous teeth, dallied with my chaste unused dessertspoon and rammed persuasion and second helpings of pistachio Melba down my guests.

"Dammit," cried one of my obese guests one night, goaded (and tempted) beyond endurance, "I won't overstuff myself with another helping of this delicious bouillabaisse in order to enhance your lean inner spirit of self-righteousness! Dammit, I tell you, no! Well, just a little more—just a damn little more."

Reader, as they used to say in the days when ladies "padded," my friend, alas, spoke too truly. Hungry, whetted with a desire for foods that hitherto had never interested nor particularly tempted me, I schemed for the obesity of my lean friends and the greater obesity of my obese ones.

Schemed, reader! The sense of rising from my board feebly stoked on lean meats broiled in mineral oil, five-per-cent vegetables (the ones that grow on the wrong side of the gastronomic railroad tracks: parsnips, cabbage, spinach, beets, greens, leeks, dandelions) brought me these strange martyrlike delights.

I began to lose my friends.

Neither, alas! did it stop here. As week by week, under a scientifically ordered regime which I partially defeated by overdoing my doctor's dietary orders, the coverage began to diminish too rapidly to please him, and the strange psychology of a lady in the throes of a too rigid diet continued its baffling manifestations.

Miss Hurst will reveal in Liberty next week the exact solution of the widely discussed mystery or "miracle" of her recent slimness. She will tell, giving menus, just how she reduced—and how she feels about it, now she has accomplished it.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How many Rhodes scholarships are annually awarded in the United States?

2—What is the highest denomination of paper currency issued in the United States?

3—Of what great poem was William Ernest Henley the author?

4—A trotline is what?

5—How long is the St. Lawrence River-Great Lakes waterway?

6—When was wallpaper in continuous rolls first made?

7—How old was Tennyson when he wrote Crossing the Bar?

8—Where is the Amana community?

9—Where is Charles Dickens buried?

10—When was the United States-Canadian Joint Commission created?

11—On what river is the Wilson Dam?

12—Thallium is what?

13—What Presidents of the United States were born in New England?

14—What was the Ashburton Treaty?

15—What was the name of Tokyo, Japan, prior to 1869?

16—How is mnemonic pronounced?

17—Do oysters ever swim?

18—When did Jacques Cartier make his first voyage to America?

19—What is the origin of the quotation "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant"?

20—Who was Vladimir Ilich Ulianov?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

HE FELT LIKE A TRAMP

when he tried to get by without shaving!

SOMETIMES patches of stubble on the face can be as embarrassing as patches in the pants. If you don't believe this, just think back over your own experience, or ask your friends about it. Do you remember that time you thought you'd get by without shaving—then met someone very important? Didn't you feel like a tramp—untidy and slovenly?

It pays to look your best at all times—to use a blade that shaves you close and clean without discomfort. That is why the Gillette "Blue Blade" is first choice of the overwhelming majority of men. It is an amazingly keen blade—especially made to shave tender faces easily. With it you can shave every day or twice a day and never experience razor smart or irritation. The Gillette "Blue Blade" is made of the finest steel obtainable anywhere in the world. Fed through automatically controlled electric furnaces—developed by Gillette metallurgists—this steel is tempered to exactly the correct degree of hardness. Grinding, honing and stropping operations are automatic, held to unbelievably close standards of accuracy. In fact, no expense is spared to make this the smoothest-shaving blade ever produced.

Extra care is lavished even in the wrapping—each blade being anchored in its envelope at four points to prevent the slightest damage to the super-keen edges. A trial will awaken you to shaving comfort far beyond your expectations. See for yourself, ask your dealer for Gillette "Blue Blades" today.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT —New Gillette One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

WILD as a HAWK

Cynthia Writes . . . and So

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

Cast of Characters

Cynthia Carson, a Hollywood divorcee.
Roger, her ex-husband.
Eunice, his second wife.
Zellah Ferguson, Cynthia's girl friend.
Gladys Haligan, another friend.
Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer.
Cynthia's mother.
Her brother and his wife, Helena.
Cookie, their child.
Esme Corber, a Garden screen star.
Count Berrier, a Hollywood hanger-on.
Bruce MacDougal, famous Scottish author.
Cara Breslin, his friend from London.

WE learn about Cynthia Carson through the letters she writes—letters to the home folks back in New York, and others to her friends in Los Angeles, where she is living. That she is big-hearted is obvious from her answer to the plea of Roger, her ex-husband, that she accept a cut in alimony to tide him over while his second wife, Eunice, has a baby. She agrees to the cut, and wishes them both the best of luck.

Hard-boiled Zellah Ferguson, in New York, is her confidante. In her letters to Zellah we learn that Cynthia has a boy friend, Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer, whose wife is in Honolulu. We also learn that her brother and his wife, Helena, whom Cynthia dislikes, are hard up, and have a little daughter, Cookie, whom she loves.

At Arrowhead Lake for a rest, Cynthia encounters Esme Corber, Ray's chief screen star, and Count Berrier. She writes an SOS to Gladys Haligan in Los Angeles to bring her her best clothes. Then she writes Ray of how Esme snubs Gladys. She sympathizes with him over the illness of his child, and asks him for a small job in pictures—not for the money, but just to have something to do.

Back in Los Angeles, she meets Bruce MacDougal, famous Scottish author imported by Garden to write a picture for Esme. He has Cynthia to dinner in his apartment and she writes Zellah that he plays the piano and sings marvelously. Meantime Ray ignores her request for a job. She invites MacDougal to her apartment for dinner, then sends Ray a note bawling him out for accusing her of trying to " vamp " the author. In the end she pleads with Garden to give her a " break," and say nothing about their former secret affair.

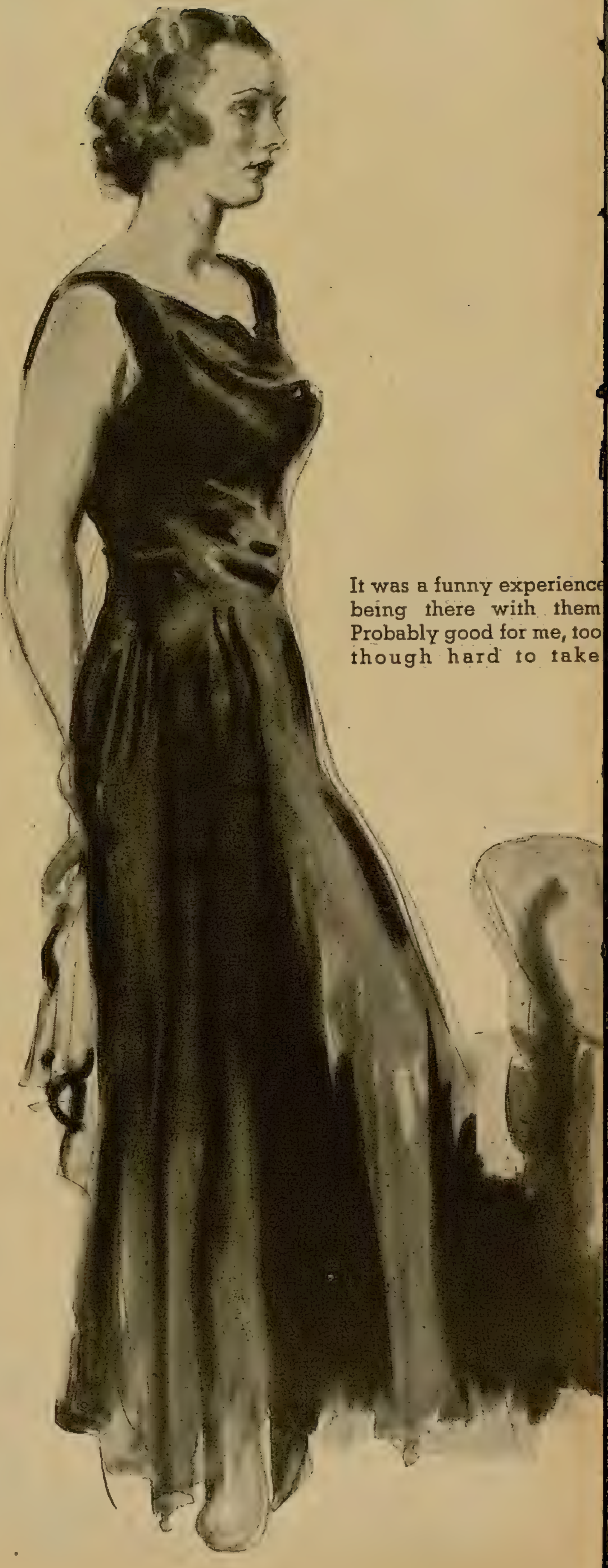
PART TWO—A KISS, WITH ASTONISHMENT

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

Yours received and I'm awfully sorry you haven't been feeling well. I really am, but I had to laugh at your description of your fall down the subway stairs. I know it must have hurt, but you recall what a sucker I am for accidents like that. Even if it's me I nearly die laughing.

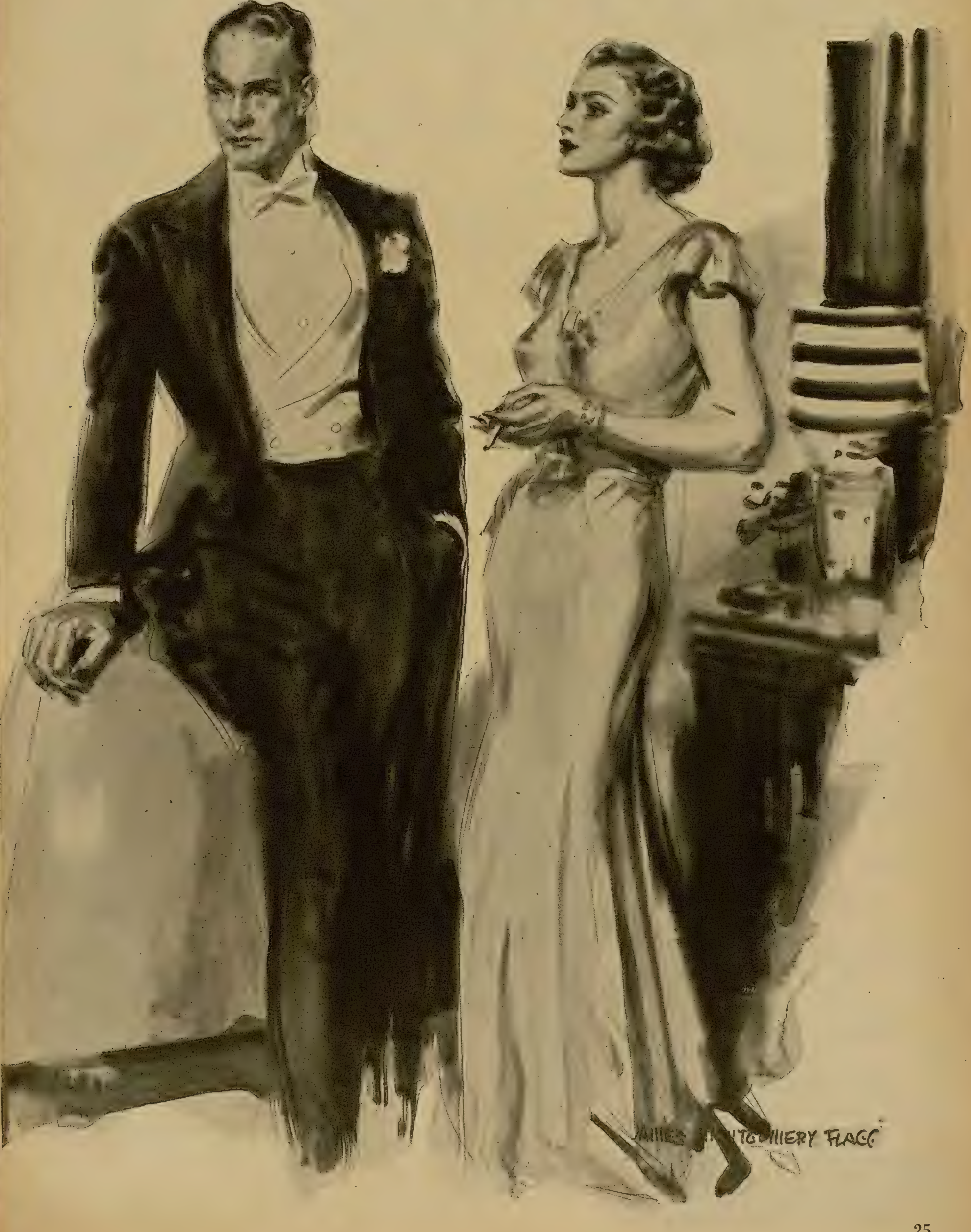
Well, for news of me. I went crazy mad the other day and bought a lot of clothes. I suppose you're wondering how I could buy a lot of clothes, but I did it the way



It was a funny experienc
being there with them
Probably good for me, too
though hard to take

Unfolds a Vivid New Novel of Love and Tangled Lives in Hollywood

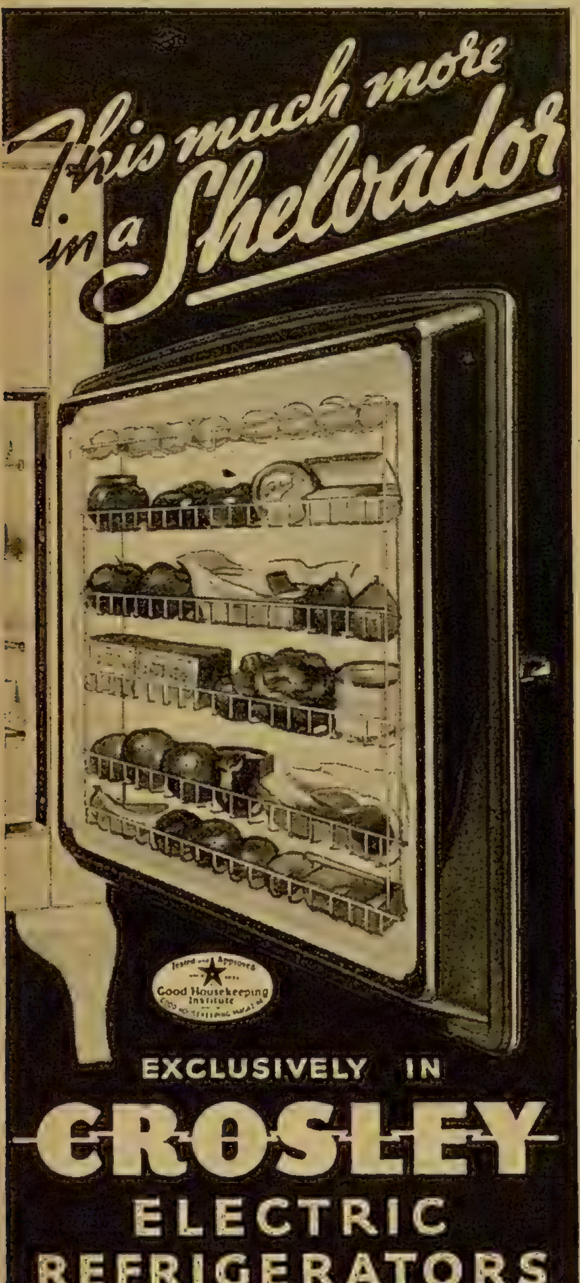
by VIÑA DELMAR


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

many other women do it. I'll pay for them in dribs and drabs for the rest of my life, that is I'll pay a drib and a drab every time the dressmaker squawks. I've never done such a thing before and I never would have believed that I would do it, but you know how there comes a time in every woman's life when she'd rob a bank just to look pretty.

Bruce MacDougal had dinner up in my apartment the other evening. It was a lousy dinner but he was very sweet about it. I'm not a bad cook as a general rule, but I guess I got over-anxious. You know how it is. Every time you want something to be especially good, it double-crosses you. That's life, I suppose. I bought filets mignon for dinner and they were cooked so damn' long they looked like bicycle seats by the time I served them. And the vegetables were underdone. Was my face red! I sat there looking at the rotten food and thinking bitterly of all the wonderful meals I'd cooked for Roger. You know how he was about restaurants. Every time Martha had a day off *I* had to do the cooking, and it sure burns me up to think how many good dinners I've set before him, and toward the end he was eating them and daydreaming about Eunice. Well, that's life, or did I make that profound observation before?

Anyhow the dinner I set before Bruce was a honey. It tasted worse than it looked, but he was a gentleman and a sport and he ate all he could possibly stand of it. I didn't put any make-up on the night that he came up, and he said that I was beautiful and that I shouldn't hide my beauty behind a mask. Personally I thought I looked like hell, but there you are. One man's meat is another man's poison.



EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

After dinner I just carried the dishes outside and forgot them. Bruce wanted to help, but of course I wouldn't let him. When I came back he was playing with Mary, the Scotty, and they were having a swell time. I had bought some brandy for Bruce, and that was probably as lousy as the dinner, for he didn't drink much of it. We talked and talked about everything under the sun. Well, not everything. You know nobody ever comes clean. When a woman says "I told him everything," she's a liar by the clock. True, she may have confessed some of her affairs, or perhaps even all of her affairs, but she'll always hold back something. Maybe it'll be a something that's insignificant and minute when compared to what she's already admitted to, but there'll always be something that she'll hold back. Don't show this to Harry.

He'll start wondering if there isn't something more he should know about you before he permits you to continue to do the housework.

But, as the scholars say, I digress and in digressing I give you the wrong impression. First of all, Bruce MacDougal isn't interested enough in me to care about my present or future, much less my past. I did no confessing to him. Secondly, there is nothing to confess. You know I was one of God's whitest little angels before my marriage, and out here—why, my behavior has been so perfect that the drivers on sight-seeing busses point me out to the tourists. I go around a great deal, of course, but that hasn't meant anything. I guess you wondered about Ray, but you needn't wonder at all. That was a strictly platonic relationship, and even that is finished now. I haven't heard from him in several days.

Well, after dinner (I *will* get back to the evening that Bruce was here) we talked and talked, as I said before, and all in a minute it was eleven thirty and we took the dog for a walk and then he went home. And that's all. I guess you've been waiting for me to tell you something exciting. The whole evening was exciting, but now I find that I can't capture its spirit and put it on paper for you. I wish I could. But I can't. I can't tell you how he smiles that rare smile of his. I can't make you see how he wears his clothes in a slapdash manner and stands there looking like the world's best-dressed man. I can't make you hear his strange pointless stories with the Scotch characters that live and breathe for you as he talks.

Zellah, he's different from any man who's ever lived before. He's handsome, he's brilliant and fine and strong. He is a great writer, a great singer. He's a great out-of-doors man. Even here in California people speak of his horsemanship. There is nothing he does that isn't outstandingly superior to what anybody else does.

You hear a lot about humans. You hear that we are as ants to the Great Creator. He turns us out by the millions and that He is not more concerned with one than the other. But I am certain that He is deeply interested in Bruce MacDougal. He must be aware of Bruce. He must be proud of having created him.

I would never have believed that such a man as Bruce existed. He is just like a character in a beautiful romance. The hero whom Cinderella finally captivates. It will be a lucky Cinderella who happens to appeal to Bruce.

This seems to have grown into a very long letter. I didn't mean to go on forever. You must write me a long one in payment.

Adieu, my dear friend who takes funny falls. You in your small way are making the world a better place to live in by supplying laughter for the subway guards. Laughter is life, and—who knows?—you may have averted a great transit strike by giving the employees something else of which to think during long dark hours.

Love to Harry and cut yourself a huge slice of affection.

Yours, CYNTH.

P.S. It's hot as hell here. The Chamber of Commerce may confiscate this letter on account of those five words but I'll take a chance on it.

Does she love Bruce? Or is Cynthia just hero crazy? Read this and write your own answer:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

I called your apartment and you weren't in and I didn't want to call you at the studio. Somehow studios always give me the feeling that a million people are listening to a conversation. I undoubtedly flatter myself tremendously by assuming that even one person would want to listen to anything I have to say. As a matter of fact I always look for reasons to dodge telephoning, as I write better than I talk, which isn't saying a great deal, is it?

My, my, what an inferiority complex I have today. I must get analyzed and find out whether I really have one or am just vaguely Oriental and feel that I must always point out what an humble and unworthy individual dares to take your precious time with this so deplorably dull correspondence.

I am writing, Bruce, to explain my behavior the other night. I couldn't explain it to any person alive except you. You understand everything. Perhaps you'd even understand without this letter, but I can't take the chance.

I enjoyed every minute of the evening that we were together and I think it was wonderful of you to come to the apartment. No, that isn't the inferiority complex again. That's just logic. You are welcome anywhere in the world and you came willingly to dine with me. I probably gave you the worst dinner you ever had, and as for my being "a feast for the eyes," as you gallantly insisted—well, the town is full of beautiful women and half of them are being flung at you.

I shall never forget your dinner with me and the talk we had. Needless to say I shall treasure to my dying day the friendly and flattering words you wrote above your autograph in King's Consolation. And in the next century frantic MacDougal collectors will ponder over that book and wonder who in hell Cynthia Carson was. They'll probably decide that I was a great and glorious star of the Hollywood era.

Slowly but surely I'm working up to that explanation of my behavior. I guess I'm doing a little stalling. I'd better take the plunge and have it over with.

Well, I'd had a beautiful evening. We took Mary walking, as you remember, and then you accompanied me back to the doorway of the building. I don't know what ever possessed me, Bruce— Oh, yes, I do know. What's the use of kidding myself? When I asked you to kiss me good night I was obeying an impulse. Not until later did I realize that you aren't an American, that your viewpoint is different from mine, and that nice girls where you come from would sooner die the death than to obey an impulse. I wanted you to kiss me and I was honest enough to say so. Some day I'll probably be hung for my honesty.

I must say you were very obliging, although the look of astonishment never completely left your face. You kissed me and disappeared into the night still looking baffled. I suppose you have asked women to kiss you or have conveyed the idea to them that such was your desire. You did so because certain women were attractive to you. Well, there you are. My reason was much the same.

I am not ashamed of the reason. I just don't want you to misunderstand. Don't think that I hoped to inveigle you into an entanglement. I could go on forever with my "don't thinks," but that's unsatisfactory. Instead I ask you to believe in the simplest explanation, which happens to be perfectly true: I asked you to kiss me because I like you, you're attractive, and I'm just disgustingly normal and honest.

Now I know you understand and I feel better. But I suspect British novelists. Will the papers ever print such an item as this? "'The American woman,' said Bruce MacDougal, famous Scotch author and lecturer, before an audience composed of ladies of the Pettibone Gladioli Society, 'is a creature of impulse, devoid of shame, restraint, or maidenly deceit.'"

Yes, Bruce, but not all the women of America. You've just been keep-

THAT COLD MIGHT HAVE HAD ME DOWN—BUT I KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

How many miserable days—what a lot of big bills and dangerous illnesses some people could save themselves—if they only knew how to treat colds wisely.

You can know how! Remember that colds fight you in the air-passages of the head and chest—*not in the stomach.* And the best way to fight colds is the *direct* way—the Vicks VapoRub way!

Double direct medication!

Unlike slow and round-about internal dosing methods, VapoRub goes right to work to attack a cold—straight to the seat of the trouble—*two ways at once.*

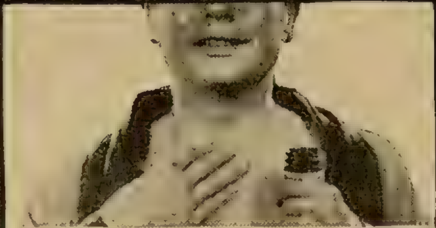
Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled steadily *direct* to inflamed air-passages of the head and chest.

Through the night, this *long-continued double-medication* loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—and helps break congestion.

You see VapoRub is real medication—made available by the exclusive Vicks process. For over two generations it has occupied a trusted place in the American medicine chest. That is why mothers—family health guardians—depend on VapoRub for *treating* colds. Used externally, it can be used freely and as often as needed—without the danger of constant dosing.

Vicks Colds-Control Plan —a real success!

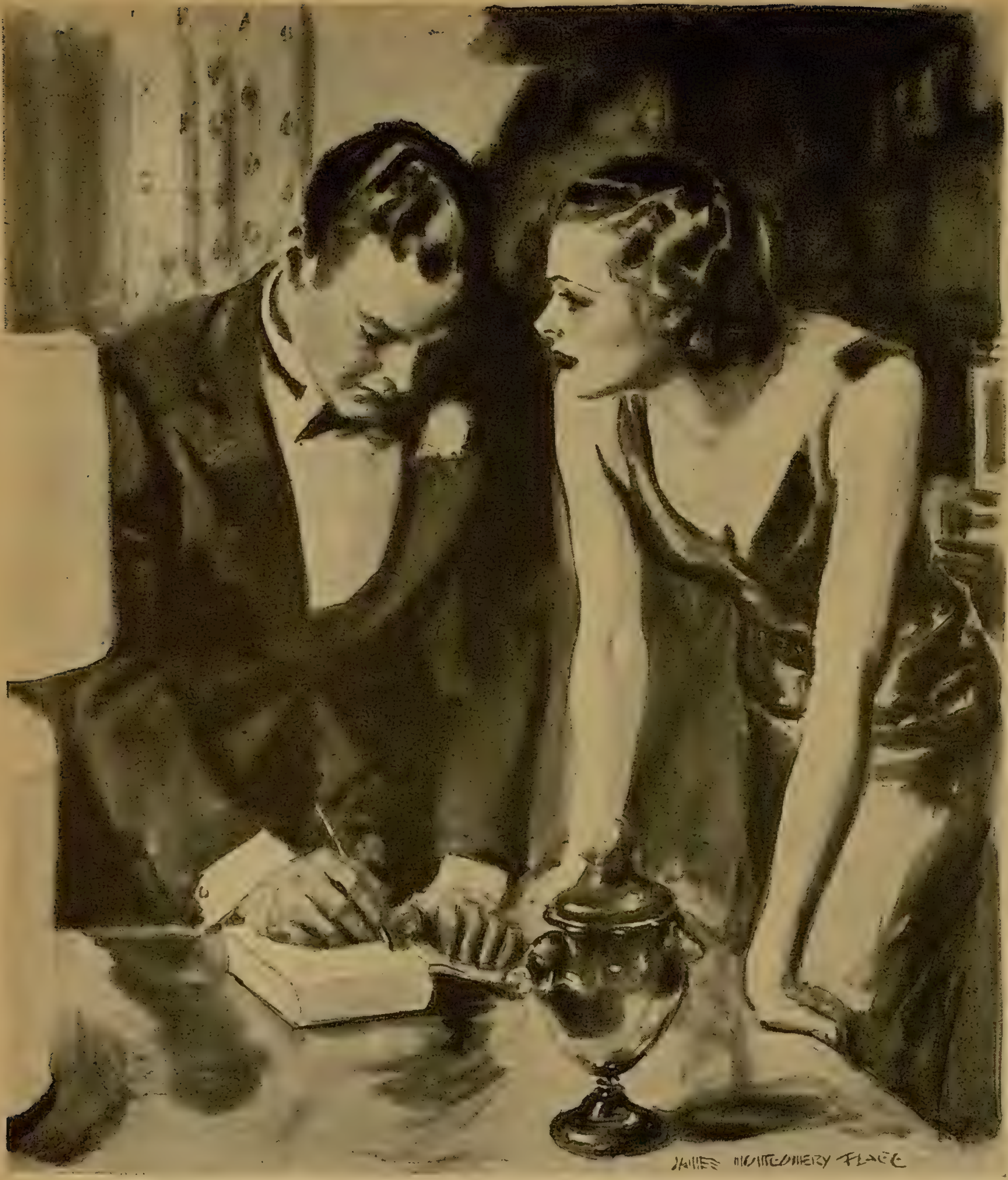
Literally millions of families are now fighting colds with confidence—because they follow the practical, clinic-tested Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. It should prove a real aid to *fewer, shorter* and *milder* colds in your home, too. (Details in each Vicks package.) Or, full information about Vicks Plan together with free trial-package of Vick Colds-Control aids sent for 3c in stamps to cover mailing. Address Vicks, 1058 Milton St., Greensboro, N. C.



Just rubbed on at bedtime—VapoRub attacks a cold *immediately* and *directly* —*two ways at once.* Through the night, its medicated vapors and poultice-plaster action bring surer relief!

VICKS VAPORUB

THE SAFE PROVED WAY TO TREAT COLDS



I shall treasure to my dying day the flattering words you wrote above your autograph.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ing bad company. But God grant that you don't reform.
Yours, CYNTHIA.

With her mind chock-full of Bruce, she now decides to burn an old bridge behind her:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

I've wanted to write to you for some time, but I just haven't got around to it till now. I am sorry for that hysterical letter I wrote to you that day. I'm sorry for several reasons. If I remember rightly I was pretty nasty in one part of the letter, and when I got finished being nasty I really began to insult you. Ray, I deeply regret the portion of my letter which might be called "an emotional outburst." I hope you will forgive me for asking you not to blab about me. I might have known that you wouldn't. I might have known that you would act just as you have acted. Had I been perfectly sane I would have said to myself, "Ray Garden will quietly step aside the minute I explain to him how things are." But I wasn't sane, Ray, and I apologize for having considered it necessary to beg you to behave with ordinary decency. I don't know why I expected you to act like a villain who has just lost the woman he craves. You never really wanted me, did you? I was just here and that is all. I was just here. Forgive me for flattering myself and insulting you. You didn't deserve it.

A word about myself, for in spite of everything I know that basically we were friends and that you will care to hear about me, just as I read all the columns to find out about you. I am well. That is, I feel well and look well. I still have my old trouble of being unable to eat. I seem to live with a permanent fever. Always I am in a hurry. Life to me has always been a fifteen-minute train stop in which I must see the city, do my shopping, eat dinner, and get back on the train. Some day the train will pull out without me.

I guess you know that I have seen very little of Bruce MacDougal. He came that night and had dinner at my apartment; then, about three nights later he invited me to the Cocoanut Grove, but that was with a huge party of people and I scarcely had a chance to speak to him all evening. I am not disappointed. I did not expect to see much of him. I am satisfied to see him just occasionally. I guess you can understand how I feel. Even another man must recognize the power of his personality. If I knew that he was going to telephone me at midnight, I should be happy to sit all day at the phone just waiting. That sounds idiotic, doesn't it? I only told you so that you would understand how I feel about him so that you may say to yourself, "I guess she is insane and not responsible for that letter."

From the things I see in the paper concerning you, I gather that all goes well. I am glad. May you have the best of luck always, Ray, and I trust that some day you will know complete happiness. This is good-by.

C.

And now we get a suspicion of what happens on certain kinds of Hollywood boat parties:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR GLADYS:

I think you acted very unreasonably on the telephone today. After you banged up the receiver I tried to get you back, and the maid said you were out. I know damn' well you weren't out. You hadn't had time to go out. You just wouldn't speak to me. I ought to forget about it, but I can't be that way. I like you and I am hoping that this letter will clear things up.

Last month when you and Pat planned the party I said I would go. Everybody else said they would go, too, but I am sure that none of us realized that it was so important to you that failure to keep our word meant that you would be furious. I dare say others will disappoint you, too. You must remember that it is easy to agree to something when you've had a little to drink and are in high spirits and the something is a month away.

Now the party is upon us. Tomorrow you and Pat will sail away on his boat with whatever people you've invited and who are free to go. It will be a nice trip, I don't doubt. Pat is fun and so are you and I should like to go to Mexico by water. It will be swell, but I'm not going, and if you ever really liked me my refusal won't be important enough for you to check me off your list forever.

You accused me of having another date which appealed to me more than your invitation did. You said that I would be glad to come if I hadn't received a better offer. That was a cheap thing to say, Gladys, and you know it.

For your enlightenment let me explain that I haven't another date, invitation, or anything else.

Gladys, I'll be honest. I know Pat and I know his boat. Also I know why I was invited. The boat is a glorified—well, you supply the word. You've been there. You know. No girl is ever invited who is plain-looking, and the men are all people whom Pat kowtows to and promises a good time. I'm no fool. It's all right for you. You belong to Pat and nobody makes passes at you, but it's open season for the rest of us. We're supposed to come aboard ready for anything and, frankly, I'm not ready.

I'm not going because I don't want to come back to Hollywood with a tag reading, " Fresh off Pat's boat." Too many people know what that means, and somehow I don't feel as careless about my reputation as I did last month.

I hope you'll be sensible enough to understand. If not, it's been nice knowing you and to hell with you.

Yours,

CYNTHIA.

Having got that off her chest, Cynthia turns again to thoughts of home:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR MOTHER:

It was good to hear from you, but I was sorry to hear about Cookie having the measles. A little girl I know out here had them recently but she got over them fine, so don't worry too much about Cookie. Don't let brother and Helena work you to death waiting on her, either. Helena is as husky as a horse and don't let her fool you into exhausting yourself. If they need any money, let me know and I'll send what I can. I haven't much, but brother knows I'm always willing to share with him and Cookie and (of necessity) with Helena.

I was glad to hear that you are well. That is always the best of news. I do hope that you will stay that way. I am simply fine.

Mr. MacDougal (you remember the writer I told you about) came up here for dinner one night, and you would have been ashamed of me if you'd seen the awful dinner I put before him. I guess I won't entertain any more in the apartment. Everything went wrong that night, but he is very nice and didn't complain a bit.

By the way, I just happened to remember I have got a piece of news for you. Do you remember how you used to fuss all the time about me using so much make-up? Well, I've cut it out. Entirely. I don't use a scrap of it any more. What do you think of that?

It took me some time to discover that you were right—as you always are—and that make-up makes me look cheap and hard.

Well, darling, that really is all. Write soon. Love to Cookie and brother, and loads and loads of it for your dear self.

Always your devoted daughter,

CYNTHIA.

Cynthia was not going to be "ex-wifely" to Roger, but read this:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR ROGER:

Thanks for the note that came with this week's check. I am glad that Eunice is feeling so much better. I knew she would, of course, but I can imagine how much it worried you to have her feeling ill. Now that that is over there is nothing ahead for you but happy times, Allah be praised.

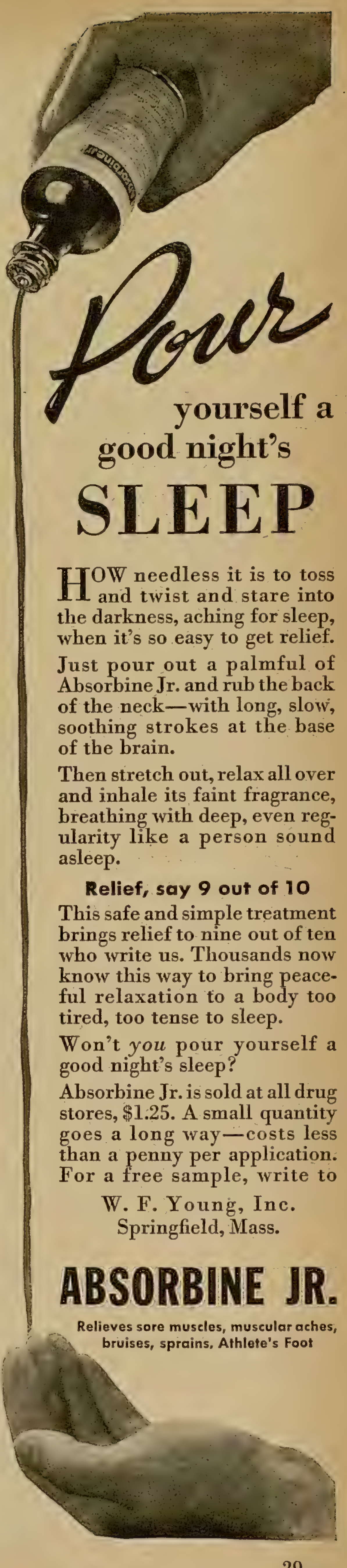
It was nice of you to ask about my mother. She is splendid. Cookie has the measles and that worries her of course, but aside from that she is fine. My brother is still struggling along in that job Zellah Ferguson's husband got him. It's not much, but he's glad to have anything, and well he might be.

Yes, I am getting along all right on the smaller alimony check. Don't worry about me. I guess you know from painful experience that a dollar and a dime are just the same to me. They both go in the twinkling of an eye.

I have met some grand people here. Among them is Bruce MacDougal. Knowing your passion for books I am sure his name will be familiar to you. Everybody out here is simply crazy about him. He is only here for three months, and I am sure that Hollywood will be a duller place when he goes.

I suppose Eunice is getting things ready for the baby. Tell me whether she is collecting baby things in blue or in pink, as I want to send something for the new arrival and I don't want to send the wrong color.

I ran into Phil Tighe on the street here the other day. I didn't know he was here, and of course he didn't know I was here either. He seemed glad to see me and asked most warmly


Pour yourself a good night's
SLEEP

HOW needless it is to toss and twist and stare into the darkness, aching for sleep, when it's so easy to get relief.

Just pour out a palmful of Absorbine Jr. and rub the back of the neck—with long, slow, soothing strokes at the base of the brain.

Then stretch out, relax all over and inhale its faint fragrance, breathing with deep, even regularity like a person sound asleep.

Relief, say 9 out of 10

This safe and simple treatment brings relief to nine out of ten who write us. Thousands now know this way to bring peaceful relaxation to a body too tired, too tense to sleep.

Won't *you* pour yourself a good night's sleep?

Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25. A small quantity goes a long way—costs less than a penny per application. For a free sample, write to

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

about you. I said that you were fine, and he asked if we all couldn't get together. I said, "Well, Roger and I can't. He's married to Eunice Clark and they're about to have a baby." You could have knocked him over with an iron girder, he was that surprised. But you know Phil. As soon as his shock had disappeared he began to call me "Toots" and tried to date me up. Isn't there any law that protects a woman from the advances of her ex-husband's friends? I told him to go fly a kite. I'm not in the market for dates from people like Phil Tighe. He's a moron and I could never understand your fondness for him. Of course if I could have, then I'd have been a different person and perhaps we'd still be together.

Well, Roger, I guess this is enough scribbling for now. Best to you and Eunice,

CYNTH.

From an old love to a new one means to Cynthia merely a matter of opening up a fresh bottle of ink:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

I saw in this morning's paper that you ran into a big fish off Catalina and pulled him in after a terrific battle. If it were any one but you I should believe that Ray Garden's publicity men had poisoned the poor monster and hung him on your line; but since it is you, I know better. So congratulations.

I haven't seen you since the night at the Cocoanut Grove when you gave that nice party, and then of course I didn't have much time to speak to you. I presume, however, that you are happy enough in Hollywood. I hear that the story for Esme Corber is going forward, and that is something. I read that when you finish your contract you are going to visit Honolulu. Is that true or don't you know or care?

I wish you would go to Honolulu and tell me what it is really like. I haven't been anywhere, you know. Until I took this trip out here I'd never been out of New York except for summer excursions into New Jersey and Connecticut and things like that. I dream about traveling sometimes.

I sit in my living room and picture the world. I want Honolulu with its soft dark nights with bright stars and soft music and the gentle plash of the waves on the beach. I want India with its mystery and its strange buildings. England, of course, but it must be ye olde Merrie England with boars' heads and great drafty halls in which sit ladies who all look like Anne Boleyn.

Now London is different. I want modern London. I want to see Lord Nelson through a fog and feel that any minute I shall stumble into a fiendish trap from which I shall be rescued by Bulldog Drummond, complete with top hat and British humor. I want Russia. Both Russias. I want to see the pomp and splendor of the imperial days. I want to feel Russia as it is now. And Christmas-card Germany with sleigh bells tinkling on the edge of the Black Forest. And Switzerland with its great mountains and air as heady as wine. And Africa of the voodoo charms. Ireland with its miles of damp green beauty, and your bleak Scotland with its grim castles and royal ghosts.

Oh, Bruce, I knew I could go no farther than Scotland. I knew that when I got there I should weaken and tell you what all this nonsense is about. Or perhaps you knew all along.

You knew that I was writing anything and everything that came into my head just because it made me feel close to you to be writing you a letter.

I know that I am making a great fool of myself, but I don't seem to mind that. You will see me at least once more before you leave Hollywood, won't you? You'll be here quite a time yet, so I feel sure that I will see you again. You remember—don't you?—that I'm not a fool to talk to. I'm only this way when I sit down to write, and I write to you on the slightest pretext, as you no doubt have noticed.

Oh, Bruce, please picture me as I am when I'm not making a fool of myself. I don't suppose you can while I go on writing this nonsense.

Certainly no man ever gave less encouragement to a woman. You have done nothing to bring this flood of meaningless words upon yourself. I can only call once more upon the phrase which I have worked to death and beg you to "Please understand."

Good night, CYNTHIA.

A cold blue fog must be draping her hopes as she pens the following:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

You were very sweet to go see my mother again, and I appreciate it from the bottom of my heart. Those snapshots you sent of Harry and yourself were very welcome. I have stuck them in the mirror of my dressing table. You certainly look marvelous. Something is agreeing with you. Maybe it's Harry. Tell him thanks for running over to see brother and Helena. If it weren't for you two I'd never get the real low-down on what's going on with my family. I was glad to have him say that Cookie is pulling out of the measles O. K.

I guess you and Harry wonder how I can do so much worrying about my family and still stay a continent's width away from them, but you know what it's like for me to be home, Zellah. My mother is the sweetest woman who ever lived, but she drives me screwy with her constant nagging. It's a never-ending business of "Why don't you come home early? Why don't you eat your spinach? Why don't you wear warmer clothes? Why don't you take a tonic?"

You know what it's like. It makes her miserable and it makes me miserable.

When I'm here she knows nothing that will bother either of us. Then, too, I fight with Helena, which is bad. It makes everybody unhappy. I wouldn't fight with her if she weren't so selfish with Cookie and brother. She's jealous of mama, and of course I scrap with her.

Nothing much is happening around here. I was up to Bruce MacDougal's apartment for dinner again last night. We weren't alone this time, however. There was a young Englishwoman there who has just come directly from London to Hollywood. Her name is Cara Breslin and she is a raving, tearing beauty in a horsy sort of way. I don't mean that she looks like a horse. I mean that she is one of those Englishwomen who is apt to shout "Tallyho" at a moment's notice. She is tall and blonde (natural blonde) and she carries herself with an air, if you know what I mean. You just know she had one of those Christopher Robin backgrounds all chuck full of tea in the nursery and holidays with good old Nanny at Upper, Lower, and Middle Nottinghamshire-caster. I suppose she's been presented at court and carries on like a stout fellow through the most trying social seasons.

Well, anyhow, there she was. I may sound a little bitter about her, and I am, because she deprived me of what should be every woman's inalienable right—that of finding a flaw in another woman's perfection. I cannot say that she was haughty, snobbish, or aristocratically rude. She is the most pleasant girl you'd ever hope to meet. She's amusing and friendly and she's just swell. I guess she's damn' near perfect. Maybe there is something to this business of being a real lady. After the first minute of conversation with her I stopped feeling like a fifth wheel. We got along fine together.

Of course I don't know whether I was a fifth wheel or not. There was no way I could discover just what the line-up was. I still don't know whether she has business in Los Angeles or came here simply to see Bruce. And of course it's none of my affair. It was plain from remarks dropped here and there that they chased around together in London, but as I say, I don't rightly know. At least it's on the level. She's living down at the Ambassador. I suppose a person like Miss Breslin wouldn't notice or remark on a thing like that, but I yam what I yam.

I will say this, however: I think God must have made her to order for Bruce. She's just perfect for him. When you look at them you can't help but think what a stunning couple they are and what magnificent children they would produce. Or am I too practical-minded? Maybe

I should think more about romance.

It was a funny experience being there with them last night. Probably good for me too, though, like most things that are good for you, it was hard to take. Did you ever have a dress that you thought was darn' good-looking? It hadn't cost a lot but you kidded yourself into thinking that it made just as good an appearance as the three-hundred-dollar models from Mme. Whoozis. Then you got in a room where there really were three-hundred-dollar models and suddenly you saw the dress as it really was — cheap, shoddy, and far too showy. Well, Zellah, I'd always thought a little something about this face and form of mine, and then they got stacked up against Miss Breslin's classic person. I felt like two bits. Cripes, I can't even walk properly, but I didn't know that till last night.

Well, as I said before, there isn't any news. Nothing has happened, but I have to fill a letter somehow, so I thought I'd tell you about Miss Breslin. She's a very nice girl. She and Bruce would make a very nice couple, not that that is any of my business.

So long. Love to you and Harry.

Always,

CYNTHIA.

The bitter repercussions of a blasted hope occur in this "good-by" note—but is it good-by?

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

Thanks for the dinner and the pleasant evening and the object lesson so painlessly administered. It was delightful to meet Miss Breslin. She is the nicest girl I have ever met, and it was nice of you to restrain yourself from hanging a sign on her reading, "See, Cynthia, this is the type of woman to whom I'm accustomed."

Did Miss Breslin know that she was serving as a "discourager"?

Honestly, Bruce, I am sorry to have frightened you to the point where you thought it necessary to use your dramatist's technique. My letters appalled you, didn't they? You said to yourself, "My God, this Carson girl is in love with me! It isn't fair to the poor thing to let her think that she has a chance with me. I must do something graceful and clever to discourage her. Thank God, Cara is coming. That will be just the thing."

Now let me explain something. My letters needn't have frightened you. You didn't have to answer them. I wouldn't have pursued you by telephone or in person. Had you ignored me, I wouldn't have committed suicide, nor would I have exercised the American woman's fearsome prerogative of taking a shot at any man who doesn't want to be annoyed with her. But even as I write I know that you did have to answer my letters, for you are a gentleman.

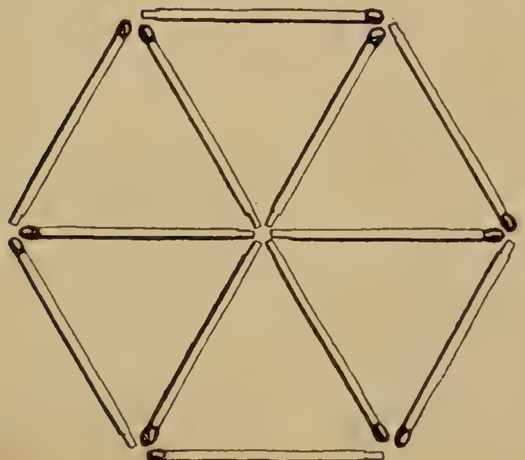
I'm sorry to have pestered you but I'm glad to have known you and I'm glad to have met Miss Breslin. Don't pity me, Bruce; my feelings are not hurt. And I am not unhappy about anything. I know that you feel sorry for me, for my way of living seems very depressing to you. You find my life empty and meaningless and you regret that I haven't more education and you wonder how I can exist from day to day with no goal, no special desire. These things you have said to me, so I know that when you think of me you will say, "Poor wretched little thing," and you will feel guilty because you could not love me, and you will feel sad because I have nothing and I am not the type of woman for you.

Don't give it a thought. My life is not depressing to me. An apartment is all I have ever known. I would be frightened and ill at ease in a huge house. Running through the shops, walking down the boulevard with Mary beside me, driving out to the ocean, is not a bore to me. It is my idea of fun, just as yours is fishing, hunting, and riding. And what would I do with more education? I have never encountered a situation where it was strictly necessary for me to even use the little education I have. As for my goal—don't worry that I haven't any. I wouldn't reach it anyway. I'm too lazy. In short, don't bother about me any more. I'm all right and I'm certain that your passing by did me no harm.

Good-by. Good luck.

CYNTHIA.

So what? What is Cynthia to do now? She has lost Ray Garden, apparently. And from the looks of Cara Breslin, she never had a chance with Bruce MacDougal. Next week's installment finds her facing a bleak world in which life seems too futile to fool along with, but Hollywood is a magic city, full of surprises. She goes on scribbling.



Answer to the Match Puzzle on page 20

Arrange the matches as shown at the left and you will have six pens all of the same size, enclosed by twelve matches.

60 WATT
20¢
75 WATT
20¢
100 WATT
25¢
MAZDA

Speaking of bargains . . .

Here are astonishing values . . . lamps that are generous with light . . . economical with current. The 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp costs only 25¢. 75-watts and smaller only 20¢. Why take unnecessary chances? Always look for the mark GE on every bulb you buy.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Grace Moore

A Close-Up of Moviedom's New, Blonde Lorelei—She Gets What She Wants, and Here's the Revealing Story of How She Has Done It

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

by CLARA BERANGER

WOULDN'T it be awful to get old," Grace Moore said, "without having known life to the fullest?"

"At least that can't happen to you," I answered.

"No, I suppose not." Her reminiscent smile held a note of triumph over the many hectic years that finally led to success. "I *have* lived, haven't I? I've had such exciting experiences. But now I can look back and realize that every man I've ever known in my life was only a preparation for Val."

"Val" is Valentin Parera, her husband.

"You know," she continued, "I had always said I would never marry. But in Val's case—well, I changed my mind. And I'm terribly glad I did. You can't imagine what a relief it is to concentrate all your emotions on one man, particularly if he happens to be your husband."

A lovely lady, this new star who shot across the movie horizon in such a blaze of glory. Not beautiful according to the regulation Hollywood standards, but radiating vitality and happiness. She looks like a Lorelei, with her golden hair, clear blue eyes, and flawlessly white skin, and she has the same compelling charm.

"It's a strange thing about Grace," a man who once loved her told me, "you never forget her. That's true of every man who has been in her life. There isn't a single one of us who wouldn't come from the far corners of the earth to help her if she needed help."

The man who said this is now happily married. He adores his wife. Yet he will always remember Grace with affection and gratitude.

Almost invariably the men she has known have wanted to marry her, and twice before she met Valentin Parera she played with the idea.

In Paris, when she was preparing for her Metropolitan debut, she met a young artist. "I was ready to lay my career, my whole life at his feet," she told me, "because for the first time in my life I was idiotically in love. The day before we were to have married, some inner voice whispered, 'You'll be sorry if you make this sacrifice. He is possessive and will demand all your time. You're young. Can marriage make up for what you will lose?' I was afraid it wouldn't. So I packed in a hurry and sailed for home without seeing him again."

The second temptation came much later. She knew more about life and men, and she had tasted success. The man would not have interfered with her career. Yet once more she had a last-minute change of mind. She announced to the groom and to the wedding party that the ceremony was off. However, the dinner was ordered. If they wished, they could stay and eat. They did.

Grace Moore has courage. She has never been afraid of life. She has taken in her stride every experience that offers itself to a small-town girl who sets out to conquer the world.

She has a veritable genius for making the right kind of friends. Whenever she wanted to try her hand at a new medium, she made it her business to meet the man at the top. It was her friendship with Louis B. Mayer that gave her a start in motion pictures.

In musical comedy it was George M. Cohan. In revues, Irving Berlin. In grand opera, Otto Kahn.

Today Hollywood is excited by the spectacular hit of One Night of Love, and by what it calls Grace Moore's sudden success.

Yet it is not sudden. The prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House tried her luck in Hollywood once before. When Louis B. Mayer met her

Her ladder to fame: Condé Nast introduced her socially—George M. Cohan headed her toward musical comedy—Irving Berlin starred her in a revue—Otto Kahn started her in opera—Louis B. Mayer did likewise in Hollywood.

Columbia Pictures photo

With her husband, Valentin Parera. "Every other man I've ever known was only a preparation for Val!" she declares.

on the Riviera some five years ago he was enchanted by her lovely face and voice and believed she was a great find for his company. Although her test was not good (she had a prima donna figure then which the camera magnified), she sailed for America with a fat contract.

Her arrival in Hollywood was a masterpiece of pomp and ceremony. Women and men of the social, political, and musical worlds turned out in hordes to greet the opera celebrity.

They crowed a little too soon. Her first picture did not please popular fancy. Used to extreme slimness in their stars, movie fans did not respond to Grace's plumper beauty. Sound recording was not so nearly perfect as it is now, and even her lovely voice was not well reproduced.

In retrospect, Grace will laugh and admit that she was both microphone and camera shy, that probably she did a bad job of acting and singing. But at the time she was cruelly hurt.

Hollywood turned a cold shoulder on her when the public gave its verdict.

THERE was no flourish of trumpets, no delegation of officials to see her off. Lonely, tragically unhappy, her colors lowered in defeat, she made the trip back to New York. For four days she kept turning over in her mind the events of the brief Hollywood experience. And gradually her unhappiness turned to anger. "It's ridiculous for them to expect any one to star in pictures without previous experience," she said to herself. "They should have let me sit on the stage and study the technique, or play a small part under a different name until I got used to cameras and microphones."

I lunched with her shortly after she returned to New York. "I'm going to show that crowd," she said. "You just watch. It may take a year; it may take five years. But I'm going back there one day, and when I do"—her voice took on a tone of prophetic solemnity—"I am going to bring Hollywood to my feet."

How well she kept her word is now history.

When One Night of Love was previewed in a little theater in Beverly Hills, the hard-boiled critical picture colony cheered and shouted itself hoarse.

In the background, seated between her husband and Harry Cohn, the producer, Grace Moore smiled in secret triumph. No applause at the Metropolitan Opera House ever sounded so sweet to her ears. It was just four years since she had sworn to "show them."

"Well, you've done it," I said to her a few days ago. "How does it feel?"

"Simply heavenly," she answered. "I've never been so happy in my life."

Dreams of a career filled Grace's mind when she was a very young girl in Jellico, Tennessee. She did not know then what it was she wanted. But whether she was singing in the church choir or discussing with her father, a prosperous business man with conventional ideas, her plans to become a missionary to China, her head was filled with vague visions of bringing beauty to the world.

And then she heard Mary Garden sing in Nashville! All at once her dreams became focused. She would be an opera singer. She wrote letter after letter to the great Garden. Strange incoherent requests for advice on diction, voice training, on what to do.

Years later she met Mary in person. "Do you remember," Grace asked timidly, "getting letters from a little girl in Tennessee?"

"Perfectly," Mary answered. "The most persistent youngster who ever approached me in my whole career."

"I guess I was a pest," Grace said meekly.

They laughed over the incident. Later they became great friends.

Grace was in finishing school in Washington when she decided definitely to make a career of her voice. Afraid to tell her father, she ran away. In truth her first job was something of a flaunt—a song-and-dance act in a costume such as a burlesque queen might have worn.

No one paid much attention to the frightened young girl who did a hop, skip, and a jump while she sang and acted as feeder for a male vaudeville star. But to Grace it was important—it meant a start.

She joined forces with a girl friend who was going to New York to study art, and they took a two-by-four flat in Greenwich Village. Her father came from Tennessee and tried to drag her home. As a final threat, he refused to give her any more money.

"It doesn't matter," Grace said. "Before long I'll be earning more than you do."

Mr. Moore did not believe her. But he did not know his daughter.

She got a job singing in the Black Cat, a café in Greenwich Village. And it was here that she began to meet the men who were so important to her career. She was young, gay, full of the joy of life. It did not take her long to realize her Lorelei attractiveness, and to make the most of it.

Condé Nast led her into his magic circle of the socially and artistically prominent. "I was engaged to him for a time," Grace confided to me, "but I don't believe either of us was very serious about it."

When George Cohan heard her sing, he was charmed by her voice and personality. He advised her to go into musical comedy. "If you can't get anything else, be an understudy," he told her. "You never can tell when you might get a break."

She followed his advice and got a job to understudy Julia Sanderson in Hitchy-Koo. And one memorable Thanksgiving Day, when Julia was ill and couldn't go on, Grace made her first appearance as a star.

"Julia ate a big Thanksgiving dinner," Grace told me, "and I didn't. I've often been grateful for that moment of restraint."

HER one burning desire now was to get to Europe and study for grand opera. Every cent she could save was stowed into a fund marked "Study." And in 1923 she crossed the Atlantic.

In Paris she met Irving Berlin, and poured into his sympathetic ears her hopes and ambitions.

"Keep your eyes on grand opera if you like," Irving said, "but while you're waiting, come back with me to New York. I'll make you leading lady in the Music Box Revue. You'll earn plenty of money, and afterward you can study with anybody you want."

The late Otto Kahn, for years the moving spirit of the Metropolitan Opera, came, saw, and was conquered.

"Have you ever thought of grand opera?" he asked.

"What a question!" Grace laughed. "I scarcely think of anything else."

With her charm and beauty, it was easy to persuade Otto Kahn to arrange an audition for her. Either her voice was tired or it had not yet reached its full glory, but that first audition was a failure.

"I'll make you a bet I'll be singing at the Met in two years," the undaunted Grace told Otto Kahn.

"How much?" he asked.

"One hundred dollars," Grace answered.

Otto Kahn lost that bet. For on February 7, 1928, exactly two weeks before the time limit expired, Grace Moore made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House as Mimi in La Bohème.

She had been studying in Europe, concentrating on her work to the exclusion of everything and everybody.

"I took a villa at Antibes so I could be quiet and concentrate on my singing," she told me, "and I'd practice all hours of the day and night. I wouldn't go to parties nor make any sort of dates with men.

"There was a young American playboy over there named Ben Finney. He used to get irritated with me for practicing so much, and refusing to see him.

"Well, the other night I saw Ben again at a party in New York. He came right over, took my hands in both of his, and said, 'My dear, I congratulate you. Out of all those yodels has come success.'"

THE little girl from Jellico has made good in a big way. From the start she set out toward a definite goal, and there was never any lost motion along the way.

When she goes for anything, she gets it, whether it's social position or a job or a man. There are very few men who could resist her dynamic attraction if she deliberately turned its current full on them.

But since the summer of 1931 when she met the handsome olive-skinned, velvet-eyed Spaniard, Valentin Parera, on her way to Europe and fell so violently in love that she married him, she has had eyes for no other man.

"The minute I saw him on the deck of the Ile de France I was lost," she confessed. "It sounds kind of schoolgirlish to say we fell in love at first sight, but that's exactly what happened."

Lazy sunny days, soft nights under a magic moon, and the steady soothing beat of the sea—it was an ideal setting for a swift warm romance. Grace could not talk Spanish. Val knew no English. But they both spoke French.

When the boat docked they were engaged. And a month later they were married at Grace's beautiful villa in Antibes. Her neighbors, simple farmers and wine-growers, joined hands with the gay sophisticates of the Riviera to make the wedding a brilliant gala affair.

"Val's a grand person," Grace told me. "Sympathetic and understanding. He's as happy over my success as I am.

"But I never want him to be *Mr.* Grace Moore. He has a Hollywood contract, you know—he acts in Spanish versions and helps direct.

"He'll never ask me to make the choice between my career and our love. But if he did, I think"—she hesitated a moment—"yes, I'm almost sure I'd put love and marriage before a career.

"Do you know what I like best about my picture work?" she asked.

"Your salary?"

"Of course I like that—I'd be a fool to say I didn't. But that's not what I meant. No, the thing that pleases me most is that pictures take me right back to my people in Tennessee."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Well, you see, only a few people in Tennessee could ever hear me sing in opera. Lots more, of course, heard me over the radio. But it took the movies to bring me right back to the simple folks I used to smile at on my walks through the Cumberland Mountains.

"Every time I look into the lens of the camera," she concluded, "I feel I'm looking into the honest eyes and kind faces of those folks back home."

And I imagine that those folks back home are mighty grateful for the chance of seeing Grace Moore again.

On the screen she has the same expansive personality, the same robust appeal that makes Mae West so popular.

In person she has a Mother Earth quality that vitalizes every one who comes in contact with her.

That's why so many men have loved her. And why Hollywood has a new star.

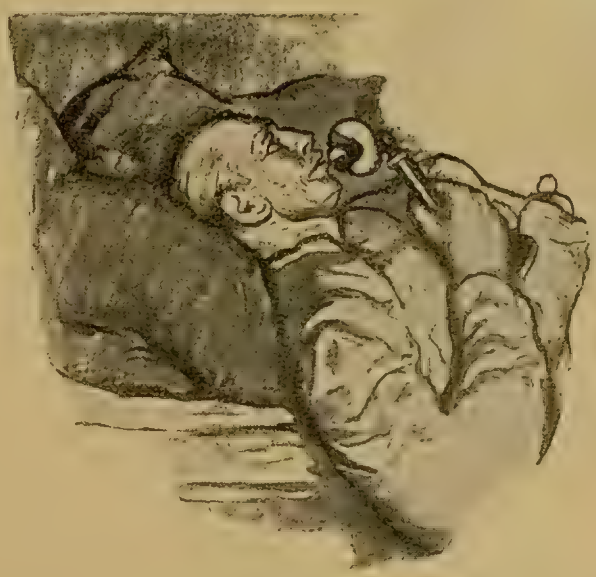
THE END

The Signal

A Short Short Story

by J. LANE LINKLATER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 32 SECONDS



THE two men in the shabby little furnished room, sitting near the window, lights out, were tense.

Between them a submachine gun was resting on a chair.

Through the thin wall between them and the room adjoining came strains of music, its harmony distorted by the vagaries of a cheap loud-speaker.

"How about that radio, Joe?" one of the men queried nervously. "Will we be able to hear the phone bell with that thing going?"

"I guess so," said Joe uncertainly. "Anyhow, we could if that old guy would turn it down some. You go tell him we're trying to get some sleep in here, see, and the radio—"

Harry went out to the dingy hall. He rapped on the door of the adjoining room. An old man opened it, his thin white hair disheveled, his watery eyes glaring in irritation.

"Say, you!" rasped Harry. "Turn down that damned radio, will you? Me and—and me mother are in the next room, and we can't sleep."

"Go sleep on a tack," snapped the old man. "Only fun I get, listening to the radio. You don't like to have your sleep disturbed, eh?"

"Now, listen, old-timer!" Harry didn't want any trouble with the old fool. "Me mother is sick, see? She's awful sick. She's got to get some sleep—"

"Oh, all right, all right," relented the old man, still grumbling. "I'll turn it down some."

He slammed the door in Harry's face. Harry returned to his room and reported success. They sat and stared out of the window, eyes fixed on that shadowy building entrance almost directly across the street.

Joe peered at his watch.

"Nine twenty-five. That guy ought to be showing most any time now—most any time between nine thirty and ten."

The machine gun was all set to use, its menacing nose pointing down at that door opposite.

The old man next door kept his promise. The radio was barely audible.

In a back room in the building opposite, Rossiter, the gunmen's boss, was now entertaining a city statesman named Popman, who was either too honest or too dumb to stay in line. Popman was under the impression that Rossiter's purposes, this evening, were friendly, and he would continue under that impression until he started to leave. Then he would have little, if any, time in which to review his opinion.

The in-and-out traffic of the building across the street was very light in the evening, but in the course of half an hour, three or four men not in the least connected with Rossiter or Popman might enter or leave. The doorway was so poorly lighted that it would be very difficult to recognize any one from across the street.

So the telephone-bell scheme had been fixed up. There was, of course, no telephone in the room which the gunmen had taken. But there *was* a telephone in the old man's room adjoining. Rossiter had that telephone number. The moment Popman left Rossiter and was on his way down the steps to the front door, Rossiter would dial the old man's number.

That telephone ringing would put the finger on Popman.

Joe and Harry waited tensely, silently. There was no noise from the quiet little side street, no noise from anywhere, except the faint indistinguishable jumble of words that jarred their way out of the loud-speaker next door. It was certain that the gunmen would now have no trouble at all in hearing that summoning bell.

Minutes passed. The gunmen did not move. A man came out of the door opposite, turned and strolled off down the street.

Joe cupped a lighter in his hands and lit a cigarette.

"Wish that guy would hurry," he grumbled.

"The boss is prob'bly having trouble getting rid of him," said Harry. "Popman is a talker."

The door across the street opened again and another man straggled out and disappeared.

"Wish we could see who these guys are that come out," Joe muttered.

"Aw, you don't have to worry," Harry assured him. "The boss won't overlook ringing that phone."

A third man came out and went his way. A truck turned into the street and jangled by.

Joe examined his watch by the illumination of his cigarette lighter.

"One minute to ten," he announced, his voice on edge. "Popman oughter show right now. He's later than we figured."

They waited, fondling the machine gun. The radio died away, seemed to fade altogether. Evidently the old man was getting ready to go to bed. Three, four, five minutes went by.

Then, abruptly, the telephone bell rang out sharply. The gunmen leaned forward, grasped the weapon. The door opposite swung open. A portly form, vaguely outlined in the darkness, moved out to the sidewalk, unhurried.

Red hell broke loose. The quiet of the night was shattered. The man on the sidewalk looked up at the window, as if surprised. An automobile, the second in half an hour, turned the corner and its headlights played for an instant on the man just as he sank, soundless, to the ground.

In the room there was a moment of quiet.

"Come on!" barked Harry. "Scram!"

But Joe seemed frozen to the spot.

"Say," he gasped, "did you—did you see who we plugged? That—that wasn't Popman! I seen his face by the car headlights. That—that was the boss—Rossiter!"

IN the next room the old man was answering his telephone, was talking into it querulously.

"Couldn't hear you for a minute, son. Awful racket around here somewhere."

"Thought I'd call you before bedtime, dad," said a voice at the other end of the wire, "to ask how you're feeling."

"Oh, I'm all right. You're always calling at the wrong time anyhow. Wish you'd leave a fellow alone. I—"

"Where were you a while ago, dad?" cut in the voice. "I called about twenty minutes ago and couldn't raise you."

The old man cackled a laugh.

"Fooled you!" he cried exultantly. "There was one of them gangster plays on the radio from nine thirty to ten, and I plugged that dratted phone bell so I could listen for once without being disturbed!"

THE END

FLAVORSOME, FUR

David Copperfield Emerges as a Film of Subtle Murder, and a Melo

by BEVERLY

READING TIME

David Copperfield, as it emerges from Hugh Walpole's wise and sympathetic adaptation and George Cukor's direction, is a full and flavorsome film of haunting power.

Frank Lawton, W. C. Fields, and Roland Young in a scene from the glowing, authentic David Copperfield.

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ DAVID COPPERFIELD

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Madge Evans, Edna May Oliver, Lewis Stone, Frank Lawton, Freddie Bartholomew, Elizabeth Allan, Roland Young, Basil Rathbone, Hugh Williams, Herbert Mundin, and others. Directed by George Cukor. Story by Charles Dickens.

AFTER months of preparation and shooting, M.G.M.'s meticulously fashioned production of Dickens's David Copperfield is at last a celluloid reality. And all the painstaking care, all the time and thought that have been lavished on it shine through every scene.

It is not an "all-star" picture. That is, no parts have been distorted to fit the talents of highly publicized players. Rather, the players have been selected, often with uncanny judgment, for their suitability to the roles, and the result makes for a score of living characters as clearly cut as cameos.

Young Freddie Bartholomew, brought over from England for the title role, brings David Copperfield to the screen in a performance of such intelligence, such charm and sensitiveness, that it may well go down as the finest child playing to be caught by the camera. Frank Lawton, who as the grown-up David follows Master Bartholomew, is so shadowed by the superior playing of the youngster that his competent playing goes unnoticed.

This full, rich story of the orphaned David's life and the lives of those who crowd his way is set down with feeling and insight, and includes in its telling a colorful record of Copperfield's flowery times. Dickens enthusiasts will find the film a studiously accurate reproduction of the book, and for those to whom the author is just one more dead-and-dusty writer forced upon them in school, it will come as a long and solid evening of full-bodied cinema fare.

In a picture studded with bright performances each will find his favorite. To us, stentorious W. C. Fields, in a portrayal no more a caricature than Dickens's original, gives the standout. Along with his ebullient playing is Edna May Oliver's delightful Aunt Betsy, with not one sniff in the whole picture. Other noteworthy work is done by Roland Young, who completely submerges his personality in a loathsome and slimy Uriah Heep; Elizabeth Allan as David's pretty, vain, and incompetent mother; Jessie Ralph's lovable Peggotty; Lennox Pawle in a hilarious conception of the batty Mr. Dick; Una O'Connor's grumbling Mrs. Gummidge; Basil Rathbone's brilliantly restrained villainy as the coldly cruel and self-righteous Mr. Murdstone.

VITAL STATISTICS: Entire production conceived by David (Copperfield) Selznick, eyeglassed Hollywood intellectual, and chief scion, besides Badboy Agent Myron Selznick, of the movie-pioneering Selznicks. Selznick is young chieftain of the M.G.M. forces, wedded to Republican Louis B. Mayer's dotter, by whom two other Selznicks, and probably, by virtue of producing Little Women, responsible for the clean warm gush vogue over Hollywood. He has had himself built a $100,000 fully equipped mansion on the M.G.M. lot, garnished with hot and cold running chefs, flunkies, yes-men, no-men, showers in which to vacillate. He must knock off close to $250,000 a year plus bonuses. . . . In '33 cameramen were dispatched to England to snapshoot any local color, including doorknobs, beds, old wallpaper, table and chair carving, cutlery, etc. etc. and so forth. In '34 Selznick himself, plus his usual feudal retinue, followed the same literary trail. They soaked up all available color and returned with novelist Hugh Walpole, head of the Dickens Fellowship. Walpole wrote the adaptation, which seven before him had failed at, being too movie about it. It was Selznick's plan all along to be as faithful to the original opus as physically possible. The Dickens lover is a sensitive beast: to him Dickens is absolutely untouchable. As it is, more than fifty major characters have had to be exed for the film, as it would take over 100,000 reels to screen every breath taken in the book. . . . The search for the young Copperfield (Frank Lawton, young B'way juve, is the boy grown up) was world-wide, 10,000 lads aspiring to grease paint being interviewed personally by D. Selznick and not fitting into the mental image he preconceived of the lad. Finally one Freddie Bartholomew, of England and points east, hearing of the search, got the job by grabbing his Aunt Agatha and a fast boat and worming his way into the Selznick studio mansion with difficulty. . . . Roland Young had to paint his insides green to do Uriah Heep, as Roland's usually a comedian. Shows how versatile he is. This is his first "heavy." . . . Hugh Walpole himself couldn't resist the Vicar in the book, and so plays him in the film.

★ ★ ½ A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

THE PLAYERS: Charles Bickford, Helen Vinson, Onslow Stevens, Dudley Digges, Sidney Blackmer, John Darrow, John Larkin, George Irving. Directed by Edward Laemmle. Story by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.

IN A Notorious Gentleman, with the virile Charles Bickford in the leading role, an almost perfectly planned murder is shown. In fact the murder *is* perfectly planned, but censorship restrictions being what they are the villain is not allowed to get away with it.

Bickford, a criminal lawyer himself and adept at finding the loophole in the law for his clients, is insulted at a party and controls his temper long enough to plan his faultless revenge. Building up evidence that points toward others and timing the killing to the minute, he murders his man, then calmly calls the district attorney to confess. When the trial comes up, even Bickford's admission of guilt is not enough to convict him; for the jurors suspect him of shielding some one else.

Charles Bickford, as the lawyer-criminal, and Helen Vinson, in the unique picture A Notorious Gentleman.

TIVE, FRENZIED

Haunting Power—Thrills Enliven a Tale of

drama Packed with Excitement

HILLS

8 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

Around this unique situation A Notorious Gentleman evolves as a provocative thriller of distinct originality. Led by John Darrow, splendid as the neurotic young drunk who believes that he might have done the killing while in a stupor, Helen Vinson, Onslow Stevens, and Dudley Digges round out a smoothly functioning cast which aids in making this a thoroughly acceptable offering for sleuthing fans.

VITAL STATISTICS: Six writers were assigned to this one, so it ought to be good. . . . Charles Bickford is considered pretty masculine by all of Hollywood. Is popular among intellectuals and is reputed to be a labor sympathizer. By Hollywood intellectuals are meant people who get together and discuss whether the allegro movement in the Hollywood Bowl last night wasn't played a bit too slow. Bickford has a beach home, looks pretty fine on the sands being followed by a great shaggy dog, has two children and a wife who won't Reno his freedom, and always has seemed a trifle too serious to be an actor—especially a movie one. . . . Onslow Stevens is contracted from Onslow Stevenson, a Thespian device to facilitate the reading of one's name in lights. He's better self-educated than most collegians who pay to get it. Has served in the U. S. army in Texas, China, and the Philippines. Graduated from the Pasadena Playhouse, cradle for the talent of more than one movie actor, and can step from Shakespeare into his musical-show dancing pumps just like—that.

★★ UNDER PRESSURE

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Florence Rice, Marjorie Rambeau, Charles Bickford, Siegfried Rumann, George Walsh. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Story by Borden Chase and Edward J. Doherty.

LAID in a background which gives the film immediate suspense and interest, Under Pressure is so loaded with studio-manufactured melodrama that it passes the saturation point in excitement. Telling of "sand hogs," those courageous skilled laborers who dig tunnels beneath rivers, the picture discloses many illuminating side lights on this highly paid and dangerous occupation.

In it Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, the sez-you-sez-me Rover Boys, are up to all their old tricks, fighting and loving each other even in the face of fire, floods, suffocation, and the sundry dangers that meet them in their task of boring a passage under the East River from Brooklyn to New York.

But this wasn't enough for the scenarists, for they have planted the story with every possible situation. So many, in fact, that the climax—which has a pain-ridden McLaglen digging with his bare hands and then battling Charles Bickford, foreman of a rival group—seems mere child's play after the cave-ins and other disasters that have gone on before.

In again—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe—with Marjorie Rambeau in the thrilling Under Pressure.

The Winning Ticket, a vigorous farce, has Leo Carrillo, Louise Fazenda, and Ted Healy as principals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Of the entire cast Charles Bickford alone (that fellow's been in twice this week—no fair!) might feel at home in the specially studio-constructed perfectly operatable 500-foot tunnel used in the picture. Bickford was construction engineer on the subway tube under the Charles River between Cambridge and Boston before he went into show bizniz—probably accounting for his definite labor sympathies. . . . Ex-Irish Fusilier, California vigilante, Canadian-born war vet (Mesopotamia) Victor McLaglen claims a no-decision bout with Jack Johnson back in Victor's barnstorming pug days. The bout was bouted in British Columbia. . . . Edmund Lowe, who commutes between a movie full-dress suit and dungarees, is a strange, strange chappie. He actually comes of a really old California fambly—none of your Iowa tourists but actually coming over in the first covered wagon. He was once Professor Lowe at Santa Clara University, his Alma Mater. . . . The old What Price Glory plot used in this picture may have cost Fox $125,000, but it certainly has served its useful purpose, the McLaglen-Lowe feud series running into Frank Merriwell sequels. Stallings and Anderson invented the plot.

★ ½ THE WINNING TICKET

THE PLAYERS: Leo Carrillo, Louise Fazenda, Ted Healy, Irene Hervey, James Ellison, Luis Alberni, Purnell Pratt. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Story by Robert Pirosh and George Seaton.

THE WINNING TICKET is an energetic but mostly unfunny comedy, introducing Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda as the latest starring team. It's all about an Italian barber who gets the winning ticket in a lottery and then loses the ticket. This leads to such vigorous antics as tearing up floors and socking people on the head with mandolins in the search for the sweepstakes prize; but it does not make for unadulterated humor.

Ted Healy steals the picture, though I don't know what he can do with it now it's his. For, with ambitions no higher than being number two on a double feature, The Winning Ticket comes off only fairly well.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's a pity to see the millions of dollars that leave this country to pay for sweepstakes tickets, but it's nice to know we're paying Ireland's hospital bills—especially those for heads broken in political squabbles. . . . Leo Carrillo is so famous and well liked they name Hollywood gas stations after him. . . . Louise Fazenda marches on to a comeback. She is definitely of the custard-comedy era, married happily to Hal Wallis, Hollywood exec, has a much adored son, Brent, and has recently purchased with hubby (what a loathsome word!) an estate in the San Fernando Valley. . . . Ted Healy used to rent Santa Monica houses in the summertime for self and stooges; yet, despite the Healy & Co. repute for breakages, said houses were always left in absolute apple-pie spick-'n'-span order. The answer must be that Healy just took it out on the stooges around the head and shoulders.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

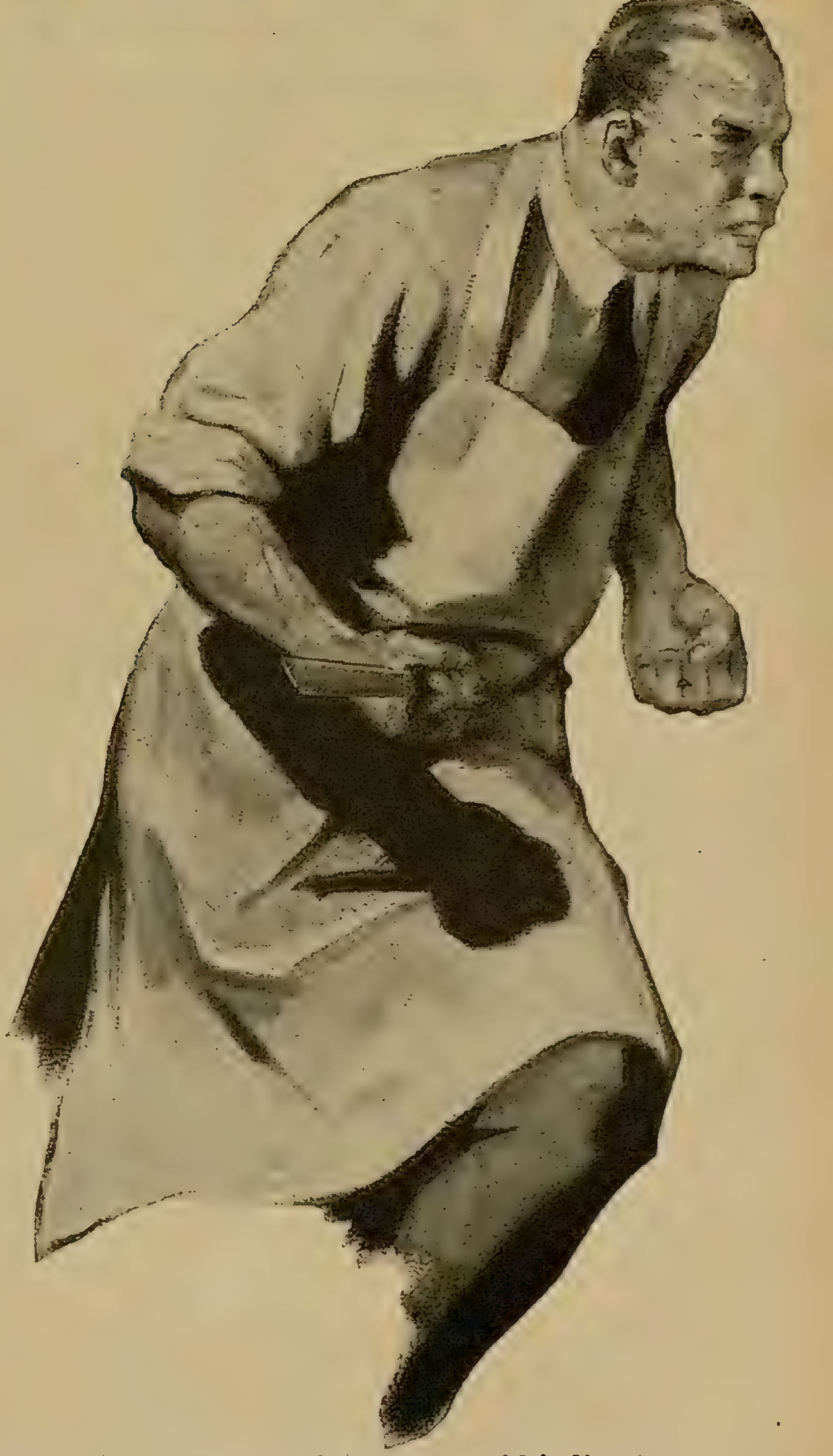
★★★—Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever.

"HAHSIT,

The Story of a Girl, a Cop, and a Surprise—A Sharp, Swift Tale of Gangster Cunning vs. Woman's Wiles

by JAMES EDWARD GRANT

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



AND a pound of butter— As I was saying, Mr. Gottbaum, a lone woman isn't safe on the streets at night," said Mrs. Mathias Gavney in honest indignation. "Right across the street two men accosted me—that is, one of them did. He was a shiny-headed little sheik, and he ticked his hat and said, 'Hahsit, babe? Hahsit?' Imagine! Thirty-two cents for butter, Mr. Gottbaum? At the World Wide it's only thirty."

"And here," said the delicatessen keeper, shrugging his fat shoulders, "at Gottbaum's De Luxe Eatte Shoppe, it's thirty-two. Nothing else, Mrs. Gavney?"

She allowed there was nothing else, tucked her groceries under her arm, and left the store, noting as she did that the two men across the street came toward her. Her steps quickened in apprehension, but they angled past and went into the delicatessen: a short, derbied youth with a sallow complexion, and a taller, older man.

"Hi," said Benny Battle to Mr. Gottbaum. "How's for a corned beef on rye? And don't be afraid to take a cut. Thick, I want it. How about you, pal?"

The bigger man bellied the counter and said, "Swiss on white."

Gottbaum picked up the cheese knife and went to the steam table in the back of the store. The big man followed him. "Take a look, fatty," he said menacingly. "And don't get any ideas."

The plump shopkeeper looked at the automatic. "What?" he said, blinking. "What? A gun? Say!"

"Say nothing," he was told, "if you don't want some holes in your tummy. O.K., kid—get the oughday!"

Benny scurried around the counter, tugged the cash drawer forth, and stuffed its contents into his outer coat pocket. "Got it," he quavered, making for the door. "Let's scram."

The spectacle was too much for Mr. Gottbaum. He bellowed wordlessly, lowered his head, and charged. The gunman shot him in the body and fled. The bullet stopped the fat man short, but blind anger overcame his caution and he raced into the street after the two. He ran heavily, slowing down from his wound. When he reached the gunmen's car, parked on the opposite side, he fell heavily to his hands and knees. While he was in this position the taller gunman stepped briefly out of the car and shot him twice more.

"Jees!" said Benny Battle as the car got under way. "You sneezed him for keeps that time."

"Sure," Russ Corsig admitted negligently. "Why not? No sense in having him describe us. You half-wit! I wish you hadn't rapped to that jane."

As realization flooded over him, Benny's weak little eyes fluttered with emotion; the corners of his lips trembled. He was poor material for a bad man, was Benny Battle.

Corsig bent a dark wondering look upon him.

"What you looking like that for, Russ?" Benny asked affrightedly. "Don't look like that, Russ. Jees, you ain't worried about me, are you?"

"Yeah," Corsig said. "I am."

"Hell, don't be like that, Russ! I wouldn't cross you. What do you think I am, a rat?"

"Yeah," Corsig said. "I do."

Behind them Mrs. Gavney ran shrieking down the street, her groceries scattering. Windows began to fly up and heads to peer out. In a moment a patrolman came running down the block, his whistle shrilling between his teeth.

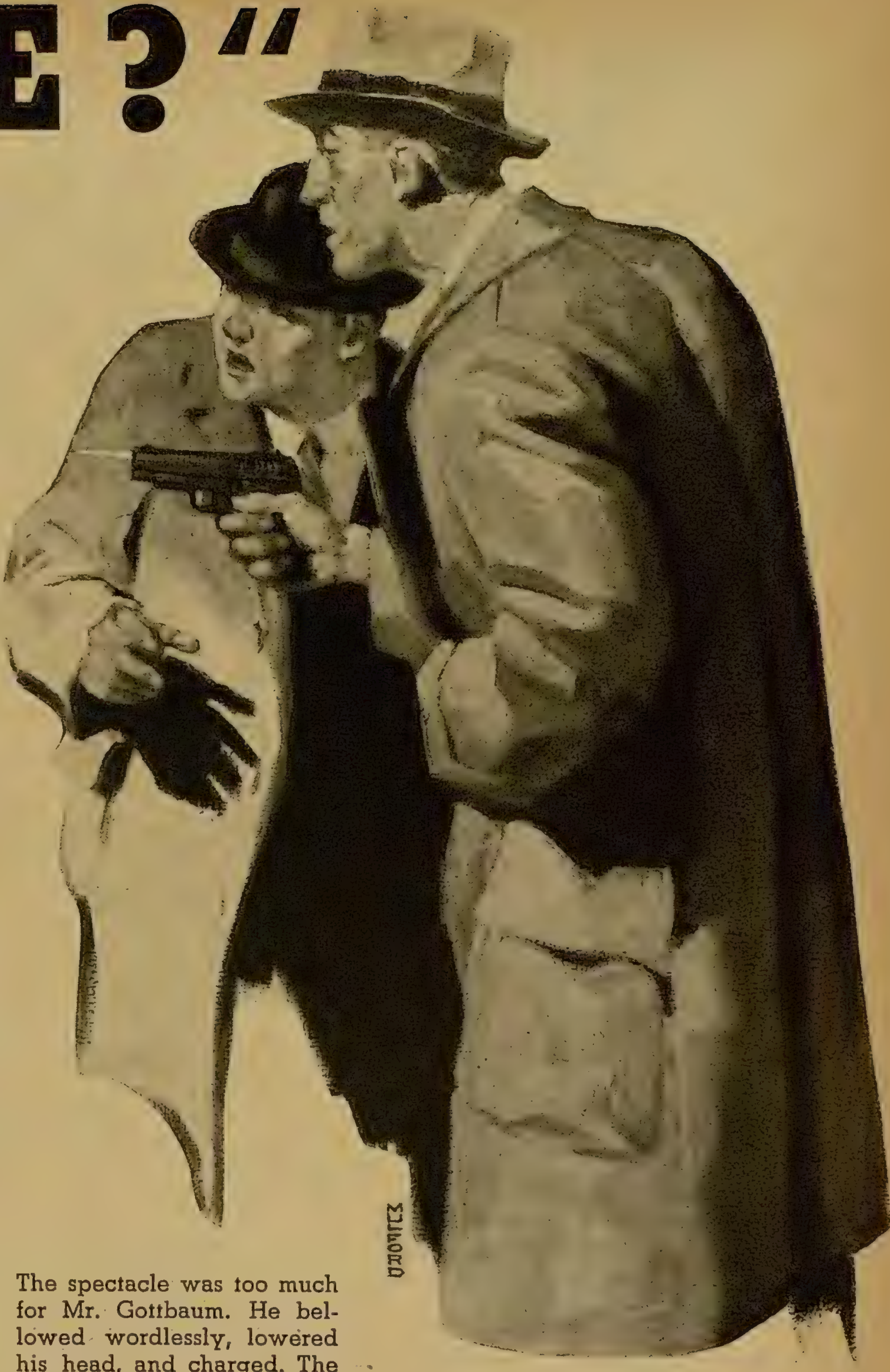
"Always the way," Mrs. Gavney said severely to him. "A body can never find a cop when she wants one," and fainted in his arms.

The policeman sustained the lady with one hand while with the other he held the whistle to his teeth and tooted lustily. Between toots he profanely requested somebody to call Homicide. . . .

The Homicide Squad car took the turn on two wheels and slid, with protesting brakes, to where a small group stood by the curbstone.

The car was still moving when Sergeant Daniel

BABE?"



The spectacle was too much for Mr. Gottbaum. He bellowed wordlessly, lowered his head, and charged. The gunman shot him in the body.

Howard swung his lean six-foot figure to the ground. He looked first at the white-aproned man asprawl in the street, then to the open door of the shop. His eyes went back to the sprawled figure and from there to a fat man who was fanning a florid face with a derby.

The fat man took a gold shield from his pocket, flashed it briefly, and said: "MacMurtaugh, ninth district. It was a hoist. We got the flash over the radio. Everything's just as it was."

Sergeant Howard looked back at the fallen figure. He raised his eyebrows at the fat man. "Dead?"

The fat man spread his hands eloquently. "If he ain't," he said, "I am the queen of the May. Three slugs, as near as I can see. Two in the chest and one in the head."

"Any witnesses?"

"A woman bought something just before the stick-up. She thinks she saw the hoisters. I had her sent over to the district station. Figured you'd rather have her there than here."

"Right," Dan Howard commented. He walked into the shop, eyed the open cash drawer, the dark trail of stains across the floor and into the street. He followed the stains up to Gottbaum's body, and the whole picture was clear in his mind.

A CASUAL examination showed the shopkeeper had been shot twice more while he was lying on the ground.

"Didn't want him identifying them," Howard surmised shrewdly. "A pair of professionals, all right."

The youngest man on the Homicide, to him fell only the unspectacular killings—the small-time holdups. In a city of four million souls averaging a murder and a half per day—ten per week with deadly monotony—these holdup killings are the most frequent and the most unsolvable of the major crimes. A Homicide man gets calloused at the sight of men done to death by violence—or he quits and takes to drink. But every police officer feels the rasp of annoyance at a crime that he knows goes unpunished in ninety-three per cent of the cases on record.

"I'd like five minutes alone with the yeggs that did this," young Dan Howard mused. "I'd take a short cut to justice with a thirty-eight."

The other men had alighted from the squad car. A photographer was snapping his grisly flashlights for the record. A ballistics man was making swift but accurate sketches of the position of the body and the probable angle of the bullets. A Bureau of Identification expert came, saw, and went back to the car to rest. There was no need for his fingerprinting tricks.

While his specialists were thus engaged, Sergeant Howard climbed in his car and drove over to the district station house.

Here he inquired of the desk sergeant for Mrs. Gavney, and was informed she had been taken to the Emergency Hospital for a nerve sedative.

He scowled and left. In the receiving room of the Emergency Hospital his scowl deepened at sight of a girl.

"You!" he said bitterly. "Little Sally Sob of the Daily Bladder. Why don't you keep out of my hair?"

Eve Whitney—known to four hundred thousand readers of the Daily Courier as Doris Dare—smiled at him. She was a trim girl, attractive and competent, and their war was of long standing.

"Don't scowl so, Danny darling," she said flippantly. "Why can't we be more than friends?"

"We could," he suggested, "if you'd keep off the police run. It's no place for a woman. Until then you can have the commissioner for your friend. The doddering old clown certainly falls all over himself when you whisper in his ear—in his good ear, I mean."

She became serious. "I just happened to drop in. And I uncovered something for you, Sherlock. Something that should put you at least a thousand merit marks up the ladder."

"Yes?" he asked suspiciously. "What?"

Eve became a mimic. Her shoulders went aloft, began to sway. She took three or four short swaggering steps, cocked her head to one side, and squinted from beneath angled brows. She surveyed Dan from shoe tips to hat,

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slowly, insolently, in the best lady-killing tradition. Her hand came slowly up before her face, forefinger cocked back. The finger snapped out against an imaginary derby brim. "Hahsit, babe?" she inquired. "Hahsit?"

"Just what," inquired Dan, "is this supposed to be?"

"I know who did the killing," Eve explained. "Your witness says there were two men. One of them a little oiled-haired snipe with a trick bow tie who accosted her with—"

Sergeant Howard's face hardened. It went white, then pink, then purple. "You talked to my witness?" he rasped. "Before I did? Suppose I wanted her held incommunicado? Suppose I wanted— Oh, hell!"

He brushed past and went up the stairs, still rumbling aggrievedly. In the receiving room he found Mrs. Gavney, and copied down her interesting—and somewhat elongated—recital of the facts leading up to and including the murder for profit of Herman Gottbaum, formerly doing business at the De Luxe Eatte Shoppe.

"And he said to me," repeated Mrs. Gavney dramatically, as she affixed her signature to the statement, "'Hahsit, babe? Hahsit?' I never was so taken aback in all my born days!"

"Uh-huh," said the sergeant, tucking his notebook away. "I'll get hold of you if I need you. Good night."

Leaving the hospital, he climbed in the back seat of the squad car and ordered the chauffeur back to the scene of the murder to pick up his assistants.

A VOICE spoke from the darkness beside him: "Drop me at the office, Sherlock."

"Well," he said to Eve Whitney, "why don't you get the commissioner to give you a special detail to haul you around?"

"I've been thinking about it, handsome," she admitted. "But, Dan, I was serious when I said I recognized the description of the smaller of the two holdup men."

"Ah," he groaned. "A vest-pocket sheik with a bow tie and an iron hat. That describes half the drug-store bad men in town."

"But," she persisted, "one thing you overlooked. 'Hahsit, babe?'"

He looked at her. "Gone nuts?"

"Not yet. But some months ago I was covering the release of some prisoners from the pen, and I met an undersized ghetto rat who answered the description to a T. The minute your witness described that trick of flicking the hatbrim and saying, 'Hahsit, babe?' I knew it was he. He does it to every woman he sees.

"His name is Benny Battle—at least that's the name under which he served an auto-theft sentence. I'm positive he's one of the men."

"A woman's intuition," quoth Howard.

"No. Just good common sense."

"It's a good job," he admitted—"if you're right."

"I am," she said confidently.

They returned in time to watch the mortal remains of Herman Gottbaum being loaded into the morgue vehicle. Howard gathered up his photographer and ballistics man and the squad went back to Eleventh Street, where he and Eve went aloft to the Bertillon department and demanded the case record of one Benny Battle, ne Balashkiev, sometime auto thief, sometime runner for handbooks.

Armed with the dossier, they went back to Dan's office and pored over the pictures of Benny, comparing them carefully with the description that had been furnished by Mrs. Gavney.

FINALLY Dan leaned back and lighted a cigarette.

"Tag!" he said. "Benny is it."

"Leave it to me," Eve cheered, "and I'll have you an inspector's rating before the year is out."

He eyed her sourly. "Woman, have you designs on me?"

"Not while you're a sergeant at a mere two hundred and twenty per. With an inspector's six hundred I—Well, what do we do now?"

"I do," Dan corrected. "Not we. I catch Benny Battle."

"How?"

"By going home and going to bed."

He filled out an order commanding all officers to apprehend the gentleman in question, took it into the radio room, and within some eighteen minutes one thousand policemen were equipped with the description of Benny and orders to clap him into durance vile and notify Homicide at once.

Having placed the wheels in motion, Dan removed his shoulder holster and tucked it and the regulation .38 pistol in a drawer in his desk. In the same drawer he placed his blackjack and handcuffs, and drew forth a flat snub-nosed automatic which he slipped in his outside coat pocket; for regulations read that an officer is on duty twenty-four hours a day and must at all times be equipped with his badge and gun.

"But," Dan explained, "the automatic is easier to carry than the revolver and not so bulky. I'll buy you a cup of coffee if you don't object to a one-arm restaurant."

"I've got him going," Eve observed to the world at large. "He's willing to feed me! So far, so good."

"One doughnut," Dan reminded her. "That's my limit."

"It's a start," she said.

At three thirty the following morning a sixth-district squad raiding a poker flat in the West End came upon Benny doing the best he could against the marked deck of the flat-owner. The district squad clapped him into jail and advised Sergeant Howard that he was, as Mr. Battle himself would have phrased it, under glass.

At nine Dan picked up Mrs. Gavney in a squad car and escorted her to the morning show-up, where, among some hundred and fifty others, Benny was on exhibit—derby, bow tie, hair grease, and all.

Mrs. Gavney peered through the slot into the large room and immediately pointed the finger of accusation at Mr. Battle. Sergeant Howard had him brought forth and paraded before her.

"Look him over carefully," Dan advised her. "I want a positive identification."

"Why," said Benny, speaking up without invitation, "I know this lady. In fact I often see her up in the Wilson Avenue district—"

"Quiet!" quoth the sergeant. "Unless you want a lot of knuckles in your mouth."

But Benny was drawing cards with all his chips on the table, and a punch in the face was small odds against the possibility of the electric chair. He strove courageously and successfully: "Yes, I often see this lady and—"

Dan picked up the talkative young man by the scruff of the neck and dragged him away. When he returned, Mrs. Gavney was somewhat paler of face.

"I don't know, officer," she said hastily. "At first it looked like the man, but now—"

"Mrs. Gavney," the policeman said reassuringly, "you know that he's the man. That story of his about knowing you and his attempting to intimidate you is a standard form that criminals frequently use so as to frighten identifying witnesses. There's nothing to it."

"Well," said the lady doubtfully, "it might and it might not be the right fellow. And, after all, it certainly seems to me that it's your job to catch these people. That's what we pay taxes for, isn't it? That's what you draw your salary for, isn't it? I can't see that the whole police force should need the help of one lone woman."

There was more of this—much more. Sergeant Howard made a noble attempt to stiffen the good lady's spine, but Mrs. Gavney went forth from the bureau without making an identification of Benny Battle, and Dan went back to his office scowling at the thought of his case blowing up in his face.

EVE was sitting in the office. She whistled softly when he told her what had happened. "You should have let me talk to her, Dan," she suggested. "You probably told her it was her duty to identify him."

"Sure. It was."

"True enough," Eve admitted. "But it wasn't a very convincing argument to a woman. I'd have reminded her that her picture would have been printed in all the papers. However, I'll drop out and see her and try to show her the light. What are you going to do now?"

"We aren't allowed to do anything but cry on a gangster's shoulder since the reformers decided that all criminals are merely bad little boys who can be cured by kind words and psalms," he said bitterly.

"I'll see Mrs. Gavney," Eve promised, and left.

Dan phoned certain instructions to the lockup keeper and went about his business until noontime. Then he went into the cell block and through it into a set of solitary cells. In one of these sat Benny Battle, naked as a nudist.

"Look, copper," said Benny aggrievedly as Howard entered. "They take away my clothes and my cigarettes and chuck me in this icebox! Is that a way? Didn't you guys never hear about them constantial rights? I'm cold! And I want a smoke."

"Don't get excited," Howard soothed. He lit a cigarette and blew long deep-breathed puffs in Benny's face. The small gangster watched nervously.

"Benny," the detective said finally, "we've got you dead to rights. You and another lad tried to hold up this delicatessen. The owner fought back and the other lad shot him. We know it wasn't you, because identifying witnesses say it was a big tall fellow. Frankly, I'd rather have the other fellow, and if you turn him up I'll speak to the prosecutor about letting you turn state's evidence and take a plea. You'd probably get off with a ten minimum."

"But I didn't do nothing!" Benny wailed.

Dan ignored him and continued: "But in any event we have you, and a conviction is a conviction. So you

WELL..ER..YES, SURE I'LL LUNCH WITH YOU. THOUGHT YOU HAD A DATE WITH MAY
SHE JUST CALLED UP—BROKE IT OFF
MAY'S A FUNNY GIRL—ENCOURAGES ME ONE DAY—DROPS ME LIKE A HOT CAKE THE NEXT!
STRANGE—OR IS IT? SAY, MIND IF I STOP IN HERE?
I'M ALMOST OUT OF LIFEBUOY AND IT DOESN'T PAY TO RISK "B.O."
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. WHO KNOWS—"B.O." MIGHT EVEN BE THE REASON MAY'S SO FICKLE. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY, TOO
I know I'm safe from "B.O." because I use Lifebuoy
LIFEBUOY
YOU SAY LIFEBUOY IS WHAT KEEPS YOUR SKIN SO LOVELY? WHY, THAT'S MY SOAP, MAY!
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NRA CODE

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP *stops* "B.O." (BODY ODOR)

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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can make it easy on yourself by speaking up."

Benny's pale cunning eyes gleamed. "Look, sarge," he said. "You know damn' well you ain't got nothing on me or else you wouldn't be sweating me like this. And I know darn' well you ain't got nothing on me," he concluded virtuously, "because I ain't done nothing."

Dan shrugged carelessly. "Suit yourself. If you want to burn, I can't be bothered saving you. But—" He stopped and cocked his head, hearing the door at the end of the cell block open.

"Benny!" demanded a theatric voice. "Where are you?"

Dan was up and out of the cell in time to seize the owner of the voice, a small dapper man with a leonine shock of graying hair.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded roughly.

The little man drew himself up to a full four feet eleven. "I," he orated, "am Jay Jay Moroney, counsel for one Benny Battle, illegally held by—"

Benny sprang to the bars in unashamed nakedness. "Here!" he cried excitedly. "Here I am, counselor."

Dan tucked the small man under his arm and carried him out of the cell block. The little man did not attempt to struggle, but contented himself with crying, "Sit steady, client. I've got a lifeboat for you."

"A lifeboat!" cheered Benny ecstatically. "Hey, copper! That's my lip. You got to leave him in to see me. I got rights!"

Still carrying the lawyer under his arm, Dan growled at the lockup keeper: "How did this shyster get in here? I'll have your buttons off for this!"

The turnkey shrugged. "He had a letter from Judge Corbin. I let him in to keep my buttons on."

"I'll have action against you, officer," bleated Jay Jay Moroney, being set upon his feet. "You can't call me a shyster and get away with it! And another thing. I got a good look at my client, and he has no marks on him. I want him produced in the same condition. None of your police brutality, understand? I've a writ of habeas corpus for my client and Judge Corbin is coming over to sign it. No nonsense—hear me?"

"IF you were a full-grown man," Dan said bitterly, "I'd bat you one in the eye, you mousy little shyster."

Jay Jay Moroney went hurriedly away, only pausing at the door to call: "Shyster, hey? Mousy, hey? I'll have you in front of the board for this, flatty. You can't call one of the foremost lawyers in the state a shyster and get away with it—not with my political connections, you can't!"

Howard went back to the cell. Benny was a different man. "Don't go slugging me around, copper," he instructed. "That was my lip, and he's plenty heavy in the party. Sock me and he'll have you kneeling on the carpet in the commissioner's office."

Howard hit him—just once—and Benny flopped.

The turnkey tugged at the detective's sleeve. "Don't be a chump," he coaxed. "You'll get yourself all jammed up."

"But it gets my goat!" Dan objected angrily. "This rat going free just because—"

"Thirty-five years I been on the force," commented the turnkey, leading the sergeant to the door, "and for more than thirty-four of it I haven't had a goat. You get used to this sort of thing."

DAN went down to the activities desk and watched Judge Corbin, florid-faced and important, rush in to sign the writ ordering the police department to release Benny. Howard tried futile words.

"Your Honor," he said earnestly, "there isn't a shadow of doubt that this man was an accomplice to this murder. It's all very well to be extra considerate of his rights, but how about the widow and kids that this Gottbaum left? They're entitled to a fair shake. I'm asking you, as a personal favor, to let me have this man another twenty-four hours before you sign that writ."

Judge Corbin twisted the top of his fountain pen and inserted it in his vest pocket. Pontifically he surveyed the young policeman from beneath bushy brows. He was a harmless ineffectual fat man, Judge Corbin; good father and poor lawyer, by no means an accomplice of criminals. But the criminal bench is a soft touch for a fumbling lawyer. He earnestly desired re-election and he owed favors.

"Young man," said His Honor oratorically, "the fundamental rule of criminal jurisprudence is that a man is innocent until proven guilty. Your business is enforcing the law; mine is interpreting it. Good day."

Dan went fuming back to his office, where he looked at Eve Whitney and growled, "Do you live here?"

"Why the grouch?" she inquired brightly.

He told her.

"Darn!" she said. "I thought I had you at least one jump nearer that inspector's rating. But it looks as though the whole case has blown up. I couldn't do a thing with Mrs. Gavney. She's scared stiff."

"Inspector's rating!" barked Dan explosively. "I ought to go get a job as a night watchman. Here I have my hands on a killer, and can't get enough evidence to convict him of jaywalking."

She tapped her teeth with a pencil. "Do something for me, Dan. Find out what time Benny will be released, and see if you can delay it until my ten-o'clock edition is on the street."

"Why?"

"Oh, I have a silly idea. Do it!"

Grumblingly he went to the activities desk and arranged with the sergeant to hold Benny until the last technical minute. Returning, he said: "One second to midnight he goes on the street. Does it mean something?"

"Maybe," she said cryptically, gathered her purse under her arm, and left him to his gloomy forebodings. . . .

At midnight, the paper work pertinent to the habeas-corpus writ having been completed, Benny was freed. He came into the desk room, received his envelope of personal belongings, and was officially registered out of the barred hostelry.

Mr. Jay Jay Moroney was present at the ceremony. He reached over and took the envelope out of Benny's hands, tore off the top, and counted the money.

"Two fifty—two sixty," said Mr. Moroney. "My usual fee is five hundred; but I shall give you a break, Benny, and only take two and a half. Here."

"Only a sawbuck," protested Benny. "Look, counselor; I got to have more than a sawbuck."

"Money will only get you in trouble," Mr. Moroney said, patting his client on the shoulder. "And speaking of trouble, get in touch with me any time. So long."

Benny shoved his money into a pocket. Turning, he saw Sergeant Howard and Eve Whitney sitting on the bench.

"Hello," said Benny, halfway between servility and friendliness. "No hard feelings, huh?"

"None at all," Dan admitted.

Eve spoke up: "Are you Benny Battle?"

"Uh-huh. Why?"

She handed him a newspaper. "Your picture's in here. On page one."

"Me!" cried Benny proudly. "In the paper? Jees, whaddya know about that?"

HE flipped open the sheet and began to scan it:

KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE CONFESSES
Prisoner Names Murderer of Shopkeeper

Benny Battle, arrested for the murder of Herman Gottbaum, North Side storekeeper who was killed in a holdup yesterday, proved that honor among thieves is an imaginary quality. When offered a chance to turn state's evidence in return for a chance to plead guilty on a secondary charge, Battle named the slayer. Police state that the real killer's apprehension is a matter of hours.

Battle stated that he was intoxicated and went along with the other man for a lark . . .

Benny lifted a white face from the paper. "It says I squealed," he whimpered. "I never did no such thing! Sing? Me? Jees, this is a bad break! Say, sarge, you know I never ratted, don't you?"

"I'll say you didn't," Dan admitted. "And anyway you had nobody to squeal on. You were innocent, weren't you?"

"Yeah," said Benny doubtfully. "But—"

"But maybe you weren't," Dan suggested gently. "And you're afraid your playmate will shoot you in the head before you get a chance to explain. Is that it?"

Benny's smile missed hilarity by inches and his laugh held no humor. "Ha-ha, you're a suspicious guy, sarge. I never had— Well, be seeing you!"

Dan squinted at Eve. "Now what do I do?"

"Go and wait in the receiving entrance," she urged. "I'm playing a hunch that Benny will be back with us."

Benny went out of the bureau at a footpace, scurried a block south, and turned east under the shadow of the elevated. Here at the corner of the alley nestled a cigar store, no gleam of light, however faint, betokening activity. But Benny went to the door with firm assurance and knocked peculiarly. He had his knuckles raised to rap again, when a vague shadow came out from beneath the elevated structure, pointed a pistol, and let drive. Six orange flashes lightened the gloom and a whip cracked six times, echoing hollowly between the canyoned walls. Benny flopped on his face and lay still.

A squad car, arriving, found Benny still prone.

"Somebody give it to this guy," said a policeman, touching Benny with his toe. "Looks like he's chilled for keeps."

But the corpse arose and began making motions.

"Hell!" said the detective, abashed. "He ain't dead."

"It's a miracle I ain't," Benny whispered in awe when he at last regained his breath. "Somebody stepped up right behind me and blasted a full clip. Not five feet away." He looked cautiously about him and then popped into the police car like a rabbit going into a hole. "Take me over to the bureau. I'm afraid!"

He cowered on the floor boards while the car traversed the two blocks to the receiving entrance of the bureau. Here Sergeant Howard lounged in the doorway and bent a cold and formidable eye on Benny.

"What's this?" he inquired.

"You got me, sarge!" one of the car detail said. "We heard some shots, and when we got there this lad was rubbing his tummy against the pavement. He claims somebody tried to snuff him out."

"Not five feet away," said Benny. "Wham! Wham! Wham!"

Dan Howard strolled to the car, lifted Benny to the street, and unhurriedly booted him into the gutter. "On your way," he ordered. "Dust!"

"But, sarge," Benny wailed, "he'll kill me!"

"Who'll kill you?"

"Uh—whoever was shooting at me."

"Do you know who it was?"

"Well, I—no, certainly I don't know who it was. But I want protection. That's what the police are for, ain't you? Hell, if a guy is safe in jail—"

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146 Marietta St., Dept. E, Atlanta, Ga.

"Sorry," Howard chuckled. "You'll have to take your chances." To the mystified policemen he explained: "He was just released on a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Corbin's court. Any of you fellows want to cross up the judge by taking this worm in?"

There was a vehement and virtuous shaking of heads in the negative manner, and the squad men mounted their gas-driven steed and went away.

Benny continued to wail: "But, sarge, I'll get killed!"

"Suits me," Howard said callously. "I'm going to notify every station in the county that you are not to be taken inside the doors, because the arresting officer will be in contempt of court. So long, Benny."

"Hey, sarge—wait! Last month I turned off a hot heap on the South Side. I'll take a fall on that if you'll take me in."

Howard considered. "No," he said finally. "I don't want you on a stolen-car charge. Stay out and get your head blown off. Of course there is a way out—but you wouldn't take that."

"What way?" inquired Benny, casting doubtful glances into the shadows.

"Well, you could turn up this pal of yours who did the actual killing. Then the prosecutor would make you a deal for turning state's evidence, and then you'd be out in, say, four to eight years—which is a lot better than having your brains blown—"

BENNY shivered. "Sarge," he said meekly, "I'll sing. Russ Corsig did it, see? He come up to me in Manny Gold's poolroom and asks me to take a ride with him. I don't know he's going to hoist the joint, see? He says we're going in to get a corned beef on rye and a cuppa jav. When we're in the joint he flashes the roscoe. The fat guy grabs a cheese knife and Russ lets him have one. But it don't down him. He chases us into the street and Russ puts a couple into his pump. I didn't have nothing to do with it, sarge, honest to Gawd! You know Russ Corsig? No? Well, you can pick him up around Dreamland Dance Hall any time. Give me a break, sarge! I never—"

"Come upstairs, Benny," Sergeant Howard invited softly. "We've got a lot of writing to do." . . .

BRILLIANT POLICE WORK BY HOMICIDE'S YOUNGEST DETECTIVE SOLVES MURDER IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

BY EVE WHITNEY

Sergeant Daniel Howard, young and handsome star of the Homicide Squad, again showed his sterling police ability when he captured the killers of Herman Gottbaum within twenty-four hours after the crime was committed.

Russell Corsig, well known police character, and Benny Balashkiev are resting in police cells today as a result of a scintillating piece of deduction by . . .

Dan looked up from his newspaper as Eve came into the office. He flicked a burlesquing finger toward an imaginary hatbrim and inquired facetiously, "Hahsit, babe? Hahsit?"

She bowed. "My hero!"

"One thing I can't understand," he said. "Benny thought Russ Corsig was trying to kill him. However, we have definitely established that Corsig was sitting in a card game at the time Benny was shot at. Not that it matters, really. Benny will get about ten years and Corsig will be lucky if he escapes the chair. But I still would like to know who was shooting at Benny!"

Eve removed a paper-wrapped packet from her purse, dropped it into his desk drawer. "Sergeant Howard," she remarked sweetly, "there's your spare gun back safe and sound. But you'll have to reload it."

"Say, I take back all—or anyway most—of the things I've said about you. In fact I'll take you to lunch."

"One doughnut?"

"Hell," he chuckled. "The sky's the limit. Two!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

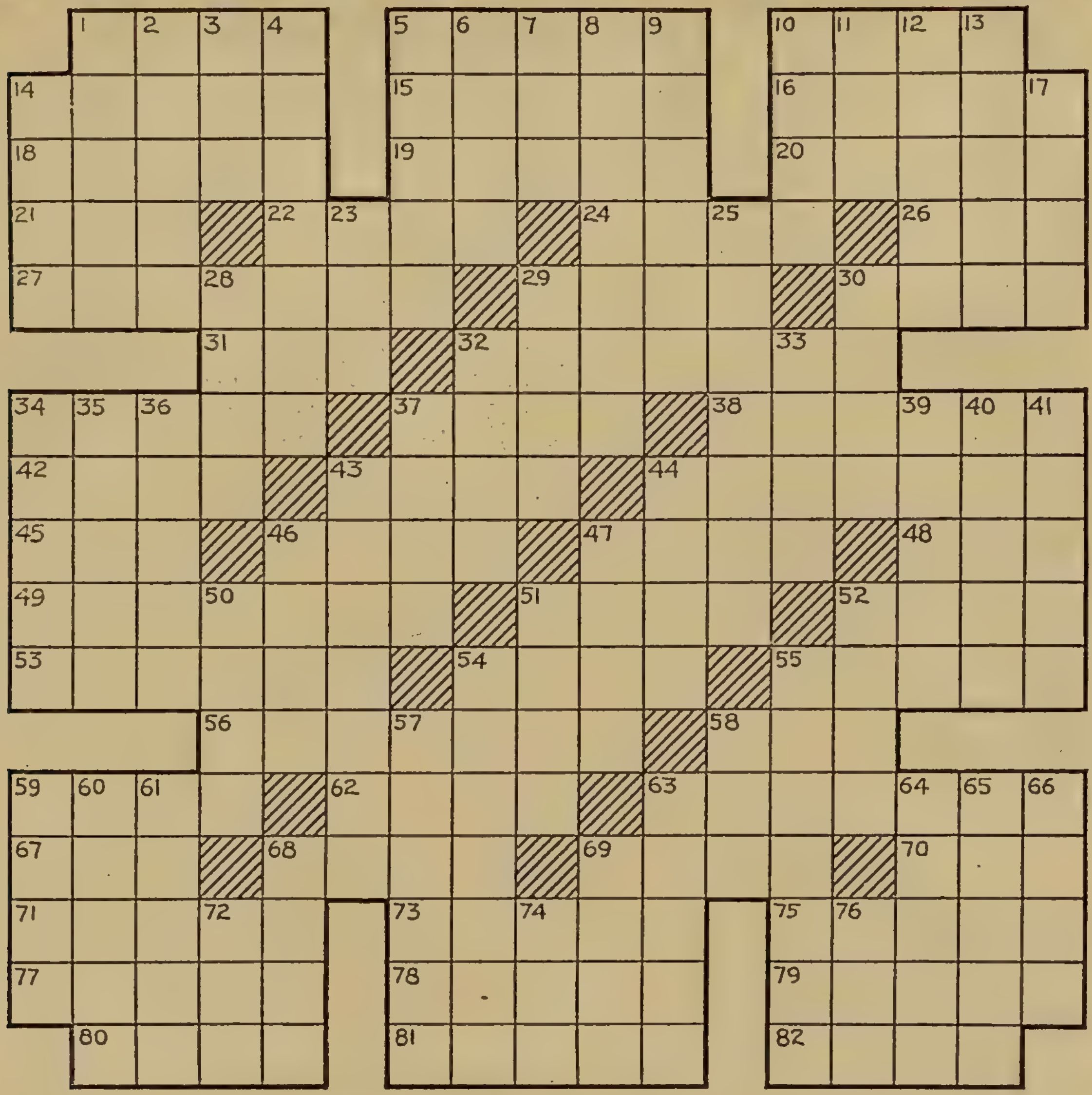
★ ★ ★ **THE LOADED STICK** by Naomi Jacob. The Macmillan Company.
A courageous girl, half gypsy, half Yorkshire-farmer stock, works against unspeakable odds to make the farm she has inherited pay. The girl has beauty, dignity, and a sense of humor that carries her through. An intensely interesting character study.

★ ★ ★ **MEMORY OF LOVE** by Bessie Breuer. Simon & Schuster.
A cruelly beautiful love story told with modern directness. One of the most soul-shaking reading experiences we have had in many moons.

★ ★ **HER SOUL TO KEEP** by Ethel Cook Eliot. The Macmillan Company.
Lucia Rue takes Jane, age twelve, home and is a mother to her. When Jane gets into trouble later Lucia gives her her heart, home, and religion. There are two fine men in the story. Jane and Lucia find happiness.

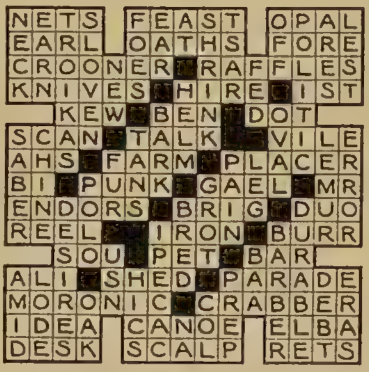
★ ★ **AUNT MARGOT AND OTHER STORIES** by Doris Peel. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Fragile stories charmingly written—most of them from a child's viewpoint. They should not all be read at one sitting.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A fish
5 Monkeylike animal
10 Algonquian Indians
14 To prop
15 Silly
16 Ellipses
18 Ventilated
19 Obeys
20 Woman's name
21 A constellation
22 Employed
24 Trick
26 Obtain
27 Intertwines again
29 Succor
30 To look intently
31 Church seat
32 Entertainment
34 Becomes pallid
37 Members of a tribe of Burma
38 Cared for sedulously
42 Bird of the cuckoo family (plural)
43 Dam in a river
44 To have faith
45 Soak
46 Courage; grit (slang)
47 Destiny
48 Cardinal number
49 Indisposition to motion or exertion
51 Conducts or manages
52 A town in Belgium
53 Thoroughfare
54 Submissive
55 Import
56 Unusual quality
58 An insect
59 Incite
62 A file
63 Makes fat by liberal feeding
67 Forbid
68 A serpent (plural)



NETS FEAST OPAL
EARL OATHS FORE
CROONER■RAFFLES
KNIVES■HIRE■IST
 KEW■BEN■DOT
SCAN■TALK■■VILE
AHS■FARM■PLACER
BI■PUNK■GAEL■MR
ENDORS■BRIG■DUO
REEL■■IRON■BURR
 SOU■PET■BAR
ALI■SHED■PARADE
MORONIC■CRABBER
IDEA CANOE ELBA
DESK SCALP RETS

Answer to last week's puzzle

69 A market
70 A deer
71 A flower
73 Tubes
75 Growing out
77 Ancient Greek gravestone
78 Puff up
79 Ascended
80 Silkworm
81 Hinder
82 Hastened

VERTICAL

1 Regional division in Great Britain
2 Hourly
3 Form of to be
4 Infers
5 A citrus fruit (plural)
6 Character in Idylls of the King
7 Humanity in general
8 Disrobe
9 A consequence
10 A certain indefinite portion or number
11 The kava
12 Lading of a ship
13 Craftier
14 River in Germany
17 Satisfy to repletion
23 Stitch
25 Old-fashioned stringed instruments
28 Monkeys
29 Threadlike outgrowth of an animal
30 Fairy
32 Compensated
33 A hybrid animal
34 City in Kentucky
35 Concerning
36 Metric measure of content
37 River in Siberia
39 Surgical device to induce discharge
40 Makes level
41 Compact
43 Salvers
44 Side of a ravine
46 Pace
47 Matter used to produce heat by burning
50 Repose
51 Harvest
52 Join
54 Weapon or object thrown
55 A dog (plural)
57 Covered the top or end of
58 Exclude
59 An Arabian garment (plural)
60 Sew lightly
61 Penetrate
63 Meaner
64 Blot out
65 Celebrated
66 Comprehended
68 District
69 Allot
72 A high priest of Israel
74 Appropriate
76 Pinch

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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GOLF..GOOD...

Mad Freaks of the Game that Outdo Anything Ananias Could Tell

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

STRANGE as it seems, for more than one hundred years the royal and ancient game of golf was illegal in its native Scotland. King James IV himself signed an edict in which " it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit golfe or uther sik unprofitabill sportis " on pain of imprisonment and fine.

James was afraid of golf, and justly so. It was a matter of national defense. Men were playing so much golf that they forgot what a longbow looked like—and any man who could not hit an Englishman at two hundred yards was not much of an asset to king and country.

Then one day some one was caught playing golf—it was the king. Before long all Scotland was enjoying the game more than ever, in spite of the fact that the law remained on the books for more than a century.

The golf bug has covered a lot of territory since then. For centuries now dub and expert alike have swung at a little white ball. And for centuries dub and expert alike have expected it to sail far down the fairway, never dreaming that it might end up in an airplane, in a horse's ear, or impaled on a bird's beak.

This, the strange and often amusing side of golf, is to me far more interesting than the orthodox side.

Back in 1923 Ambassador Wakasugi, Japanese envoy to the Court of St. James's, sought diversion on the golf course. A hefty swing sent his ball squarely against a telegraph pole. The ball rebounded from it, caught the ambassador between the eyes, and laid him out cold.

In South America Edward Sladward's drive bounced off his native caddie's head for a distance of seventy-five yards—and the caddie was unhurt.

On Long Island an astounded mashie wielder watched his drive come to rest in a horse's ear. The ball went in on the carry and stuck.

It took an earthquake to decide a match in Mexico City a couple of years ago. On one hole one of the players watched his ball stop on the lip of the cup—but before he could tap it, a slight earth tremor did the job for him, winning the hole and eventually the match.

Age is no bar to good golf. John D. was still making birdies and 200-yard drives when he was past ninety.

Former Senator F. H. Gillett, who is eighty-three, often shoots an 83; and George Lyon, grand old man of Canadian golfers, played a round in 74 two years ago in the International Matches when he was seventy-four. And Bryan Heard of Houston turned in a 69 at sixty-nine.

If age is no bar, neither is youth. Dorothy Kirby, thirteen, played the Druid Hills course at Atlanta in 88 the first time she ever saw it. Clara Callender was only twelve when she won the Del Monte Women's Championship in California two years ago. James Fraser, at twelve, played the Seaview course at Absecon, New Jersey, in 73—just two over par.

Sol Hartman, New York, in fifty-one successive drives, averaged 125 yards when he was six and a half years old. And some kind of championship should have gone to young Billy Fries, Jr., at Oakland in 1925, when he drove a ball ninety yards. He was nineteen months old at the time.

Every dub has stepped up to the tee determined to drive the ball a mile. However, it remained for Paul Huneke of Lemon Grove, California, actually to turn the trick. He climbed to the top of Moro Rock in the Sequoia National Park, teed up a ball, and drove off into space.

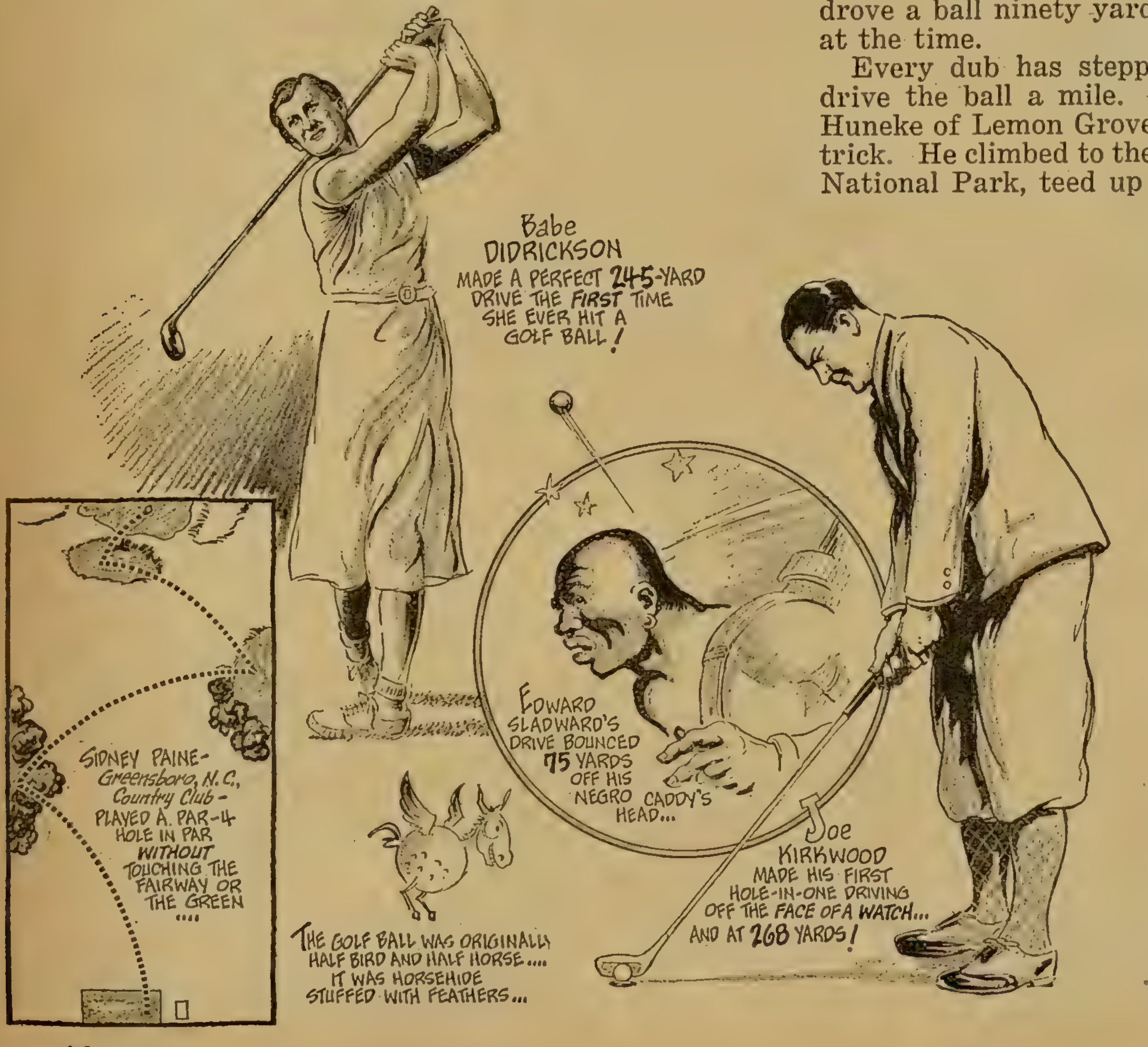
Joe Guisto at Oakland drove 1,287 yards in three successive drives, an average of 429 yards; and Frank Nisbet at Vera Cruz, Mexico, made a 562-yard hole in two strokes—a drive and a *mashie*.

Joe Kirkwood, the famous trick-shot golfer, can take three clubs and hit three balls at the same time, driving each ball 150 yards.

But the longest drive on record was made by Kyle Wheelas of Beaumont, Texas, when he drove into the cockpit of a plane taking off for Houston ninety miles away.

Accuracy is something else again. Willie Ogg, playing at the Magnolia Country Club in Massachusetts, bet even money that he could kill a woodcock at 180 yards with a golf ball, and won the bet.

And, speaking of accuracy, at the British Open at St. Andrews in 1927, Bobby Jones sank putts of 40, 60, 75, and 100 feet. But


Babe DIDRICKSON MADE A PERFECT 245-YARD DRIVE THE FIRST TIME SHE EVER HIT A GOLF BALL!
EDWARD SLADWARD'S DRIVE BOUNCED 75 YARDS OFF HIS NEGRO CADDY'S HEAD...
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SIDNEY PAINE- Greensboro, N.C., Country Club- PLAYED A PAR-4 HOLE IN PAR WITHOUT TOUCHING THE FAIRWAY OR THE GREEN ....
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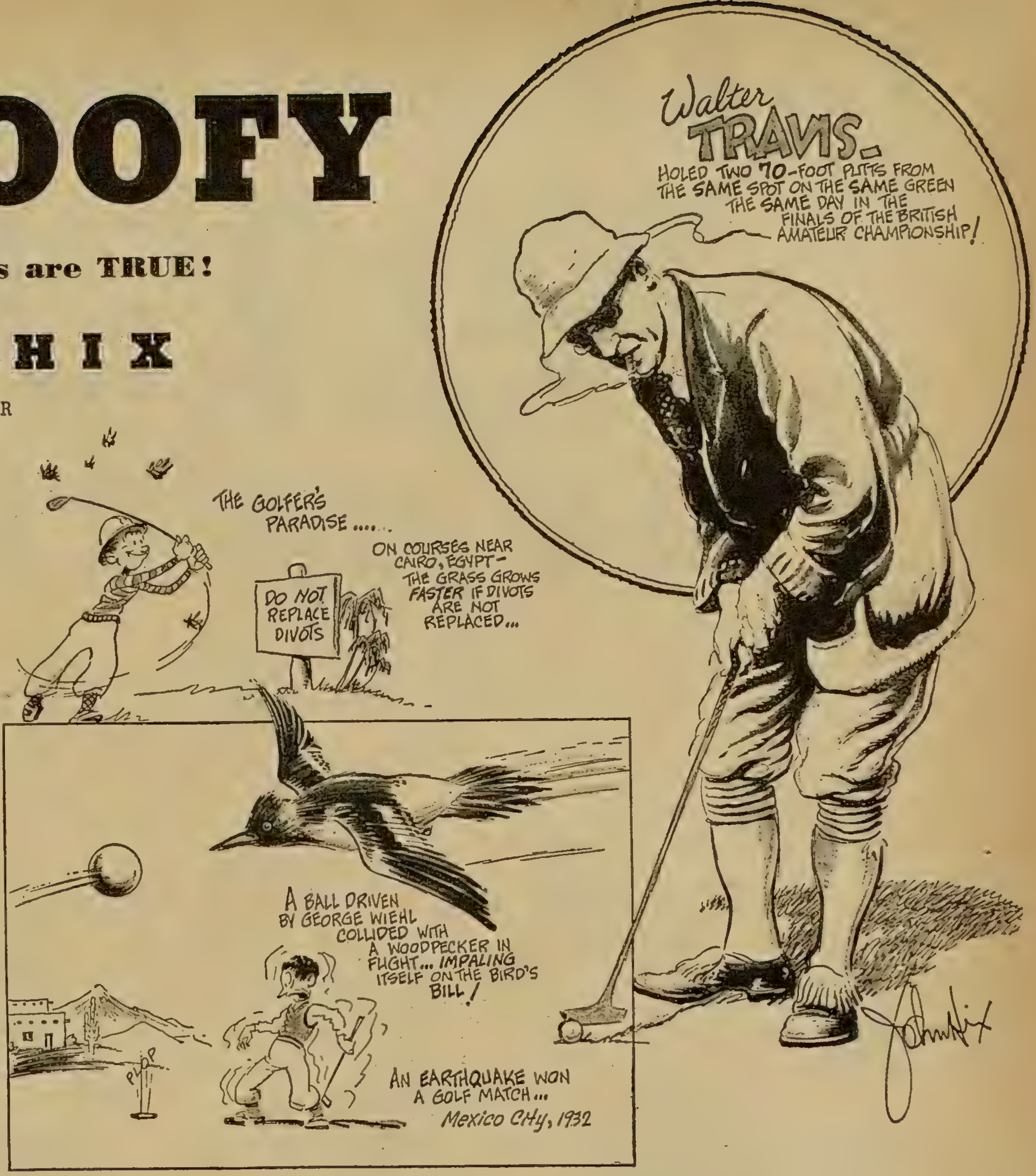
and GOOFY

You — and These Mad Freaks are TRUE!

by JOHN HIX

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR


Walter TRAVIS-
HOLED TWO 70-FOOT PUTTS FROM THE SAME SPOT ON THE SAME GREEN THE SAME DAY IN THE FINALS OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP!
THE GOLFER'S PARADISE.....
DO NOT REPLACE DIVOTS
ON COURSES NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT- THE GRASS GROWS FASTER IF DIVOTS ARE NOT REPLACED...
A BALL DRIVEN BY GEORGE WIEHL COLLIDED WITH A WOODPECKER IN FLIGHT... IMPALING ITSELF ON THE BIRD'S BILL!
AN EARTHQUAKE WON A GOLF MATCH...
Mexico City, 1932
John Hix

Walter Travis left the gallery goggle-eyed with wonder at the British Amateur Championship in 1904. He sank a seventy-foot putt during the second round, then came back the same afternoon to the same green to sink another seventy-foot putt.

Ralph Kennedy performed the unusual by playing four rounds against four different opponents on four different courses in four different states all in the same day. The time: February 22, 1931. The place: Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas.

Seventy-five-year-old Colonel H. M. Morton of Glendale, California, has packed a lot of golf into the last seventeen years. Playing an average of eighteen holes a day for almost 300 days a year, he walked more than 25,000 miles and hit the ball no less than 450,000 times. But he has never made a hole in one.

Volumes could be written about unusual holes in one. A few years ago in California, Grant Orth accompanied two friends around the course. After watching them play thirteen holes, Orth, who had never played golf, took a mashie, mounted the fourteenth tee, and swung. The ball came to rest 100 yards away, in the cup.

Forrest Stauffer, pro at the Barton Hills course, Ann Arbor, Michigan, made a hole in one September 13, 1930, on the 145-yard number five hole. Exactly one year later, almost to the minute, he repeated on the same hole with the same spade mashie. Both balls dropped into the cup *on the fly.*

PLAYING at Stockton, California, one July afternoon six years ago, Dr. G. H. LaBerge made an ace on the eighth hole. Almost at the same moment his brother, playing more than halfway across the country at La Grange, Illinois, made the eighth in one.

E. P. Ellis, at the Milwaukee Country Club in 1913, made a 306-yard hole in one twice in one week.

Harry Layfield, Onancock, Virginia, aced a 105-yard hole with a mashie. A month later he did the same thing on the same hole with the same ball and using the same club.

A powerful drive, a strong wind, and the smile of Lady Luck brought home to Frank Mellus of Los Angeles the world's record for the longest hole in one in December, 1924, when he aced the 374-yard number two hole at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Royal Warren, at Houston, made a bet that he could make a hole in one at 125 yards in one hour. It took him fifty-three minutes before he holed out on the one-hundredth attempt.

Tommy Kerrigan wagered little and lost, but what a thrill he got! Kerrigan bet one dollar against $500 that he could ace a 195-yard hole at the Siwanoy Club, Mount Vernon, New York. He missed by *one inch!*

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Joe Kirkwood drove a ball off the face of a fine watch into the cup 268 yards away. It was Kirkwood's first hole in one.

Gus Lowenstein in 1931 at Jacksonville, Florida, played seven holes in one shot. He drove off the first tee; the ball landed in the cup on the seventh green.

A real birdie shot was made by Dr. Harmon Cole, playing in Mexico City. A crow picked up his ball after the drive and carried it to the green where Dr. Cole putted out for a birdie two. A dog did about as well for Tony Sylvester at Kenwood, Maryland, last year, when it snatched up his ball and carried it to the green. With the dog's help Sylvester won the hole.

Playing at Winchester, Massachusetts, John Bushell sliced a shot over a stream. A two-pound rainbow trout jumped out of the water just as the ball skimmed the surface. The trout was retrieved—the ball was not.

The strangest golf shot I know about was made by George Wiehl in St. Joseph, Missouri, nearly twenty years ago. He drove, and the ball collided with a woodpecker in mid-air and impaled itself on the bird's bill. Bird, bill, ball, and all are still on display at the St. Joseph Country Club.

Down in Florida they still tell about the time one golfer insulted another and got himself challenged to a duel. The grim-faced antagonists met on the field of honor, stepped off fifty paces, and began driving golf balls at each other. The law, however, got wind of the battle and arrived in time to avert bloodshed.

Golf does strange things to people—some people, at least.

THE END

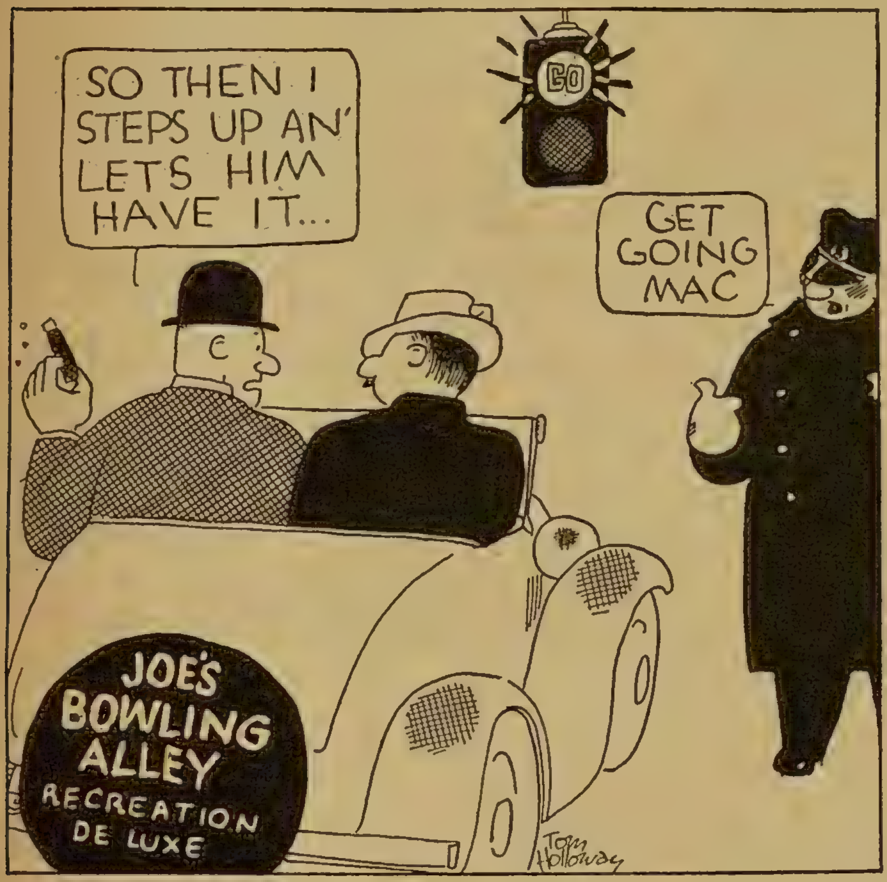
FINAL DRAWINGS

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

GAME OF CITIES

AVOID ELABORATION IN THE PREPARATION OF YOUR ENTRY DON'T OVERLOOK RULE NO. 3

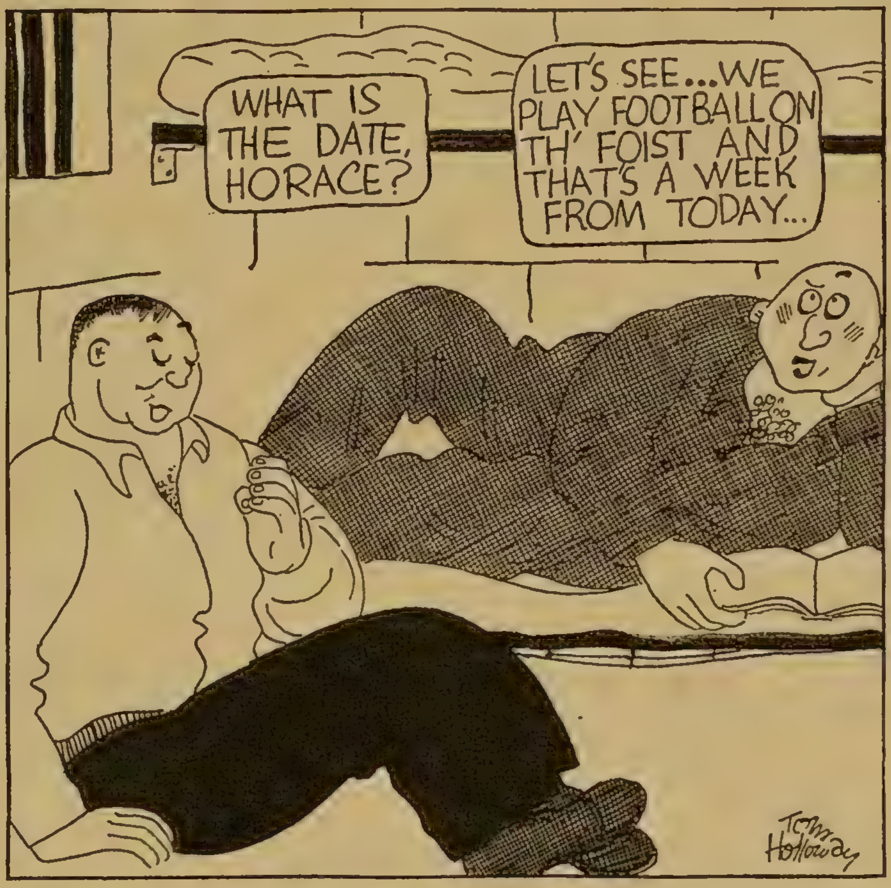

SO THEN I STEPS UP AN' LETS HIM HAVE IT...
GO
GET GOING MAC
JOE'S BOWLING ALLEY RECREATION DE LUXE
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 19

NAME OF CITY....................................

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.


WHAT IS THE DATE, HORACE?
LET'S SEE...WE PLAY FOOTBALL ON TH' FOIST AND THAT'S A WEEK FROM TODAY...
Tom Holloway

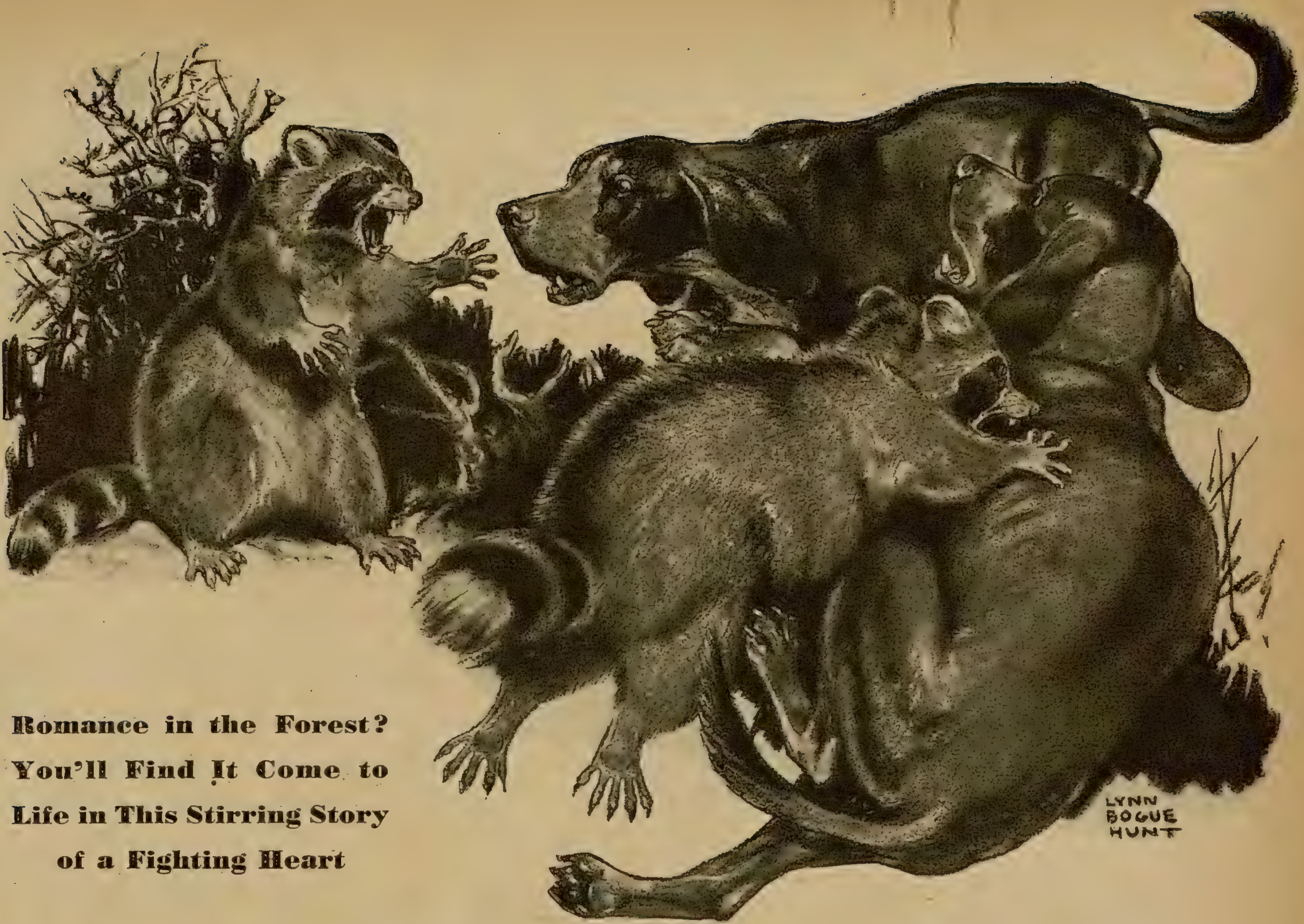
PICTURE NO. 20

NAME OF CITY....................................

WHEN you have discovered the names of the cities represented by these last two contest drawings, your complete list of twenty cities will be ready for study for the subject of the letter required by Rule No. 3. In preparing your material for submittal to the judges please avoid ornamentation and elaboration. They will not be considered in rating your entry. Further, no entries will be returned. Thus all time and money expended in needless decoration will be wasted.

The work of checking and rating each entry will begin as soon as the closing date ends the acceptance of further material. Announcement of the awards will be made in the first available issue of Liberty after the judges' work is completed. Checks for the various amounts will be mailed when the issue of Liberty containing the list of awards goes on sale. Watch for this big news, and in the meantime get into the new $2,000 cash prize conversation contest which will begin next week.

WATCH LIBERTY FOR THE GAME OF CITIES PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES



Romance in the Forest? You'll Find It Come to Life in This Stirring Story of a Fighting Heart

With her back against a stump she snapped viciously. Nikki fell on the nearest hound.

Gallantry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

by ROBERT MURPHY

OLD Nikki, the raccoon, thrust his sharp scarred muzzle out of the opening in the hollow oak in which he had been born. His restless dark eyes, peering out of a dark mask like a highwayman's, scrutinized the moonlit world with care. Since the distant days of his youth, when Hollis's fifteen-year-old son Peter, who had paddled up from the cabin at the other end of the lake, had shot off half his tail, Nikki's fear of man had developed with observation.

Satisfied at length with his scrutiny, he emerged, backed down the trunk of the oak, and started off with a solemn rocking gait, the truncated tail standing out stiffly behind him. His great bulk moved without noise. The north wind, its force broken by the tangle about him, ruffled Nikki's long fur and rattled the dead leaves clinging to the underbrush. On the lake near by it moved unhindered, carrying a hint of frost.

He turned into a path leading to a pool where he fished for frogs. He knew every inch of it, and therefore stopped with a nervous jump when he saw, not far from the path, a shifting glitter. He stood tense, surveying with suspicion this unexpected thing. He did not know that it was a bright bit of tin, suspended over a submerged trap by Hollis; he only knew that it had not been there before. He snarled softly and looked about, but his eyes and nose told him nothing. Hollis had been careful to step only where water would cover his footprints, and rain during the day had washed all scent of him away.

The innate curiosity of raccoons, which makes anything unusual fatally attractive to them, moved strongly in Nikki; but his ever-present suspicion of man and his works overcame it. He snarled again and backed slowly away. After putting a safe distance between himself and the beguiling glitter, he made a wide detour and, arriving at the pool, mounted a rotting log that sloped downward into its center. The instant his fore paw touched the log, the heads of frogs which dotted the surface slid silently from sight. A few furtive ripples widened and disappeared, leaving it empty as a mirror. Nikki knew the frogs would return if he was still long enough. He rolled down the log, crouched near the water, and became immobile.

Minutes went by. Nikki was motionless as a carving. The clear full moon shone down on him, laying a silvery light over his shadowy bulk, over the calm pool and the cypress thicket that stretched about him. It was a dim place even at midday, for windfall timber had never been cleared away nor underbrush been burnt off; creeks and swampy areas ran through it, all ending in the meandering reaches of the lake.

Little jeweled eyes of frogs began to break the surface beyond Nikki's reach. They goggled at the shape of Nikki. They stared at him for an interminable time, and vanished. Then heads of frogs appeared. There was another watchful interval; then they forgot him and came closer. Nikki imperceptibly prepared for action.

From a dead pine down the lake an owl hooted. Before the echoes of its staccato cry had died Nikki's paw darted out. At the blur of its movement there was confusion among the frogs. The struggling frog in Nikki's paw was bitten in the head and fell limp. Nikki moved down the log and sloshed the frog up and down in the water, washing it thoroughly; then he began to eat.

He did not finish undisturbed. From the other end of the lake, coming unevenly on the wind, there arose the sudden baying of hounds. Deep-throated and menacing, it made Nikki jump. He dropped the frog, caught it in mid-air, and sat motionless, his sharp muzzle toward the sound. It filled him with uneasiness. It was connected in his mind with several nights in the past when Hollis had appeared in the swamp with the suddenness of catastrophe, accompanied by an old Negro and his two great black beasts that ranged like maddened shadows. They had never struck Nikki's trail; but Nikki, high in the largest tree he could reach, had heard their eager whimpers, their mournful howls when the quarry was treed, the regular blows of the ax, and the snarls of mortal combat. When these events transpired, a cautious exploration by Nikki afterward revealed the fact that the unhappy raccoon who had been the cause of it was no longer to be found. There would be drops of drying blood and the somber inescapable aura of death.

ROBERT MURPHY *as you might guess from his story, is fond of horses, shooting, and outdoor life in general. He has traveled over most of this country and parts of Canada and Mexico, both on business and for pleasure. At present, however, he has forsaken business to concentrate on a novel.*

When the baying died away, Nikki hurriedly finished his frog. Although the length of the lake separated him from the hounds, his instinct urged him to get away, back into the most inaccessible portion of the swamp where Hollis never came.

Dropping the remains of the frog, he turned and started up the log. It was then that he discovered another raccoon standing on the shore watching him. He paused with a tentative snarl, and then his nose told him that it was a female.

His snarl died out. Somewhat puzzled, he lost a little tenseness. It was not the mating season, and Nikki at any other time preferred to be alone. His was a solitary nature.

He took several rolling steps and paused again. The female did not move, and Nikki, looking at her closely, saw that she was very young and delicately made. She was not more than half his great bulk. Standing quietly, the moon silvering her long outer hair, she stirred in Nikki a sudden uncharacteristic protectiveness. Disturbed by the conjunction of his desire to get away and this new inexplicable thing, Nikki whined softly and rocked back and forth. The female, when he moved up the log and touched noses with her, did not realize the magnitude of her victory. She accepted him calmly and swung in behind him as he moved off.

THAT night they hunted together, while at the back of Nikki's mind lurked the recollection of the hounds' voices and the realization that trouble was impending. As the night wore on he endeavored to lead her away from the lake, as though toward more fruitful territory. For a while he was successful. But just as he was beginning to feel less troubled his companion refused to go farther. Nikki nuzzled her and made false starts, to which she paid no heed. He was very near to losing his temper when she turned and started to retrace their route. For a moment Nikki watched her go, then with a whine started heavily after her.

Despite his apprehension he would not leave her, and before dawn cast its first wan streaks in the sky the pair of them climbed the hollow tree where Nikki had his den, and vanished through the opening which his numerous entrances and exits had worn smooth and shiny as a button. . . .

About nine o'clock the following night Peter Hollis, home for Thanksgiving, whistled as he pulled on his boots. His father was taking him on a raccoon hunt and they were waiting for Jim Pye, the Negro who owned the hounds. Hollis, standing on the other side of the room, watched his son. He smiled and his good-natured blue eyes, wrinkled at the corners from squinting against sun and wind, rested on the boy with affection.

Peter raised his head. " Did you ever catch the one I shot the tail off when I was a kid? " he asked suddenly.

" No," Hollis said. " I think he's still up there. But he's too smart to trap. He learned fast after you worked on him."

Peter laughed. " I'd like to see him again. Is he a big one? "

" Huge," Hollis said. " Maybe he's the one. If we get up against him there will be a devil of a row."

" Let's go after him," Peter said, stamping to settle his boots.

HOLLIS, recalling Peter's boyish pleasure in the new rifle and his excitement when he brought home the mangled tail, felt a momentary wish to spare the problematical raccoon that connected the boy with his youth. He started to demur, but a look at Peter's face changed his mind. He nodded silently.

The hounds outside whimpered and ran across the porch. A voice spoke to them, and a minute afterward the squat overalled figure of Jim Pye came in. He was very black and his wide grin exposed a row of teeth white as tombstones.

" How y'all, Mistah Petah? " he asked, taking off his ragged hat. " How y'all? " His voice, deep and melodious, echoed between the walls. " Yo' pappy say we play y'all out tonight."

" I doubt it," Peter said. " We may have to carry him home between us."

Jim cackled. " Dat so! Where y'all aimin' to go? "

" Peter has a coon he wants to see at the head of the lake," Hollis said.

" A big one," Peter said. " Think he'll damage your dogs? "

Jim cackled anew. " Dem dawgs jus' tole me if it ain't a big one dey reckon dey go home and sleep. Dey ain't aimin' to fool wid little ones."

They all went out on the porch, gathered their remaining gear, and started down the hill toward the canoe landing. The hounds leaped about, and Jim talked under his breath to them as they dashed in and out of the lantern light. . . .

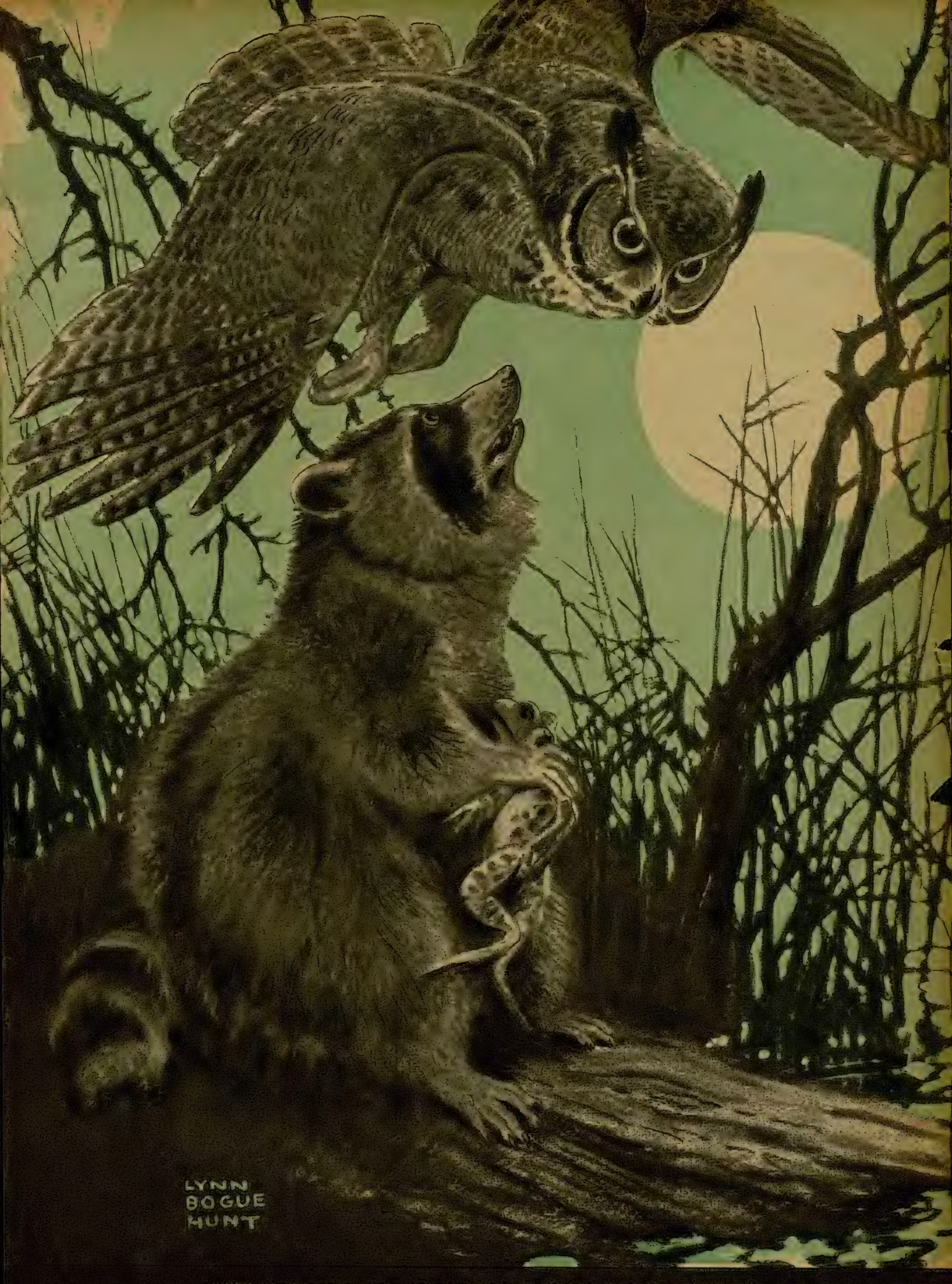
All day Nikki had been restless and uneasy. Unable to sleep, he had climbed many times to the opening of the hollow to look out over the daylight world, leaving the female curled up below. The calm reach of the lake, mirrorlike beneath the clear sky, had been empty except for a single strayed mallard which swam disconsolately among the cypress knees. The prospect was untroubled, but Nikki was not comforted.

Now that darkness had fallen, the female was awake and ready to go out; but Nikki refused to accompany her. He went as far as the branch below the opening and stopped. Nothing would induce him to go farther. It was now the female's turn to coax. She would descend the trunk a short distance, pause and whine to him, climb again to his side and poke him gently with her nose. After a long interval of this sort of thing she lost her patience and turned on him with her teeth, whereupon Nikki skipped into the hollow. When she attempted to follow him, he growled and indicated that he would defend himself, and at this she turned away and descended for good.

He came out of the hollow and stationed himself on the limb. He followed her progress for a while, his bright little eyes restless. Several times he started to descend and follow her, but each time drew back. He did not intend to make a trail for the hounds to pick up.

Presently the moon came over the leafless trees, filling the woods with eerie light and long shadows and, catching Nikki's long outer fur, made a faint aureole about him. The woods were very still.

Although he was hungry, Nikki did not move. He was unable now to locate the female; she was beyond the reach of his straining senses. He moved restlessly, and suddenly, like an ominous whisper, there came to his ears the sweeping drop of water, the faint knock of a canoe paddle against the gunwale. Nikki trembled and made a quick movement to descend; then checked it. He froze into immobility. The sounds came nearer. Occasionally the calm voice of Hollis would arise, to be answered by Peter or Jim. As they neared the shore above Nikki, the


LYNN
BOGUE
HUNT

NIKKI'S PAW DARTED OUT. THE STRUGGLING FROG WAS BITTEN AND FELL LIMP.

Appetite gone?

√ losing weight
√ nervous
√ pale
√ tired

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upload today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

hounds began to whine. Soon the bow of the canoe scraped the bank. The hounds leaped out and vanished into the darkness. The men, talking together, pulled the canoe up and got their gear out of it.

"This is his stamping ground," Hollis said. "If he hasn't got wise and skipped, we'll get a run out of him."

Peter grinned at Jim, who grinned in return and yelled encouragement to the hounds. His voice echoed among the trees, mellow and deep. From across the lake an owl answered him eerily. The hounds, questing like shadows, whined and increased their speed. Their running feet crashed among the dry leaves; their black shapes dashed across the hands of moonlight.

With great caution Nikki got back into the hollow and clung below the opening. He heard the hounds circle nearer. Then the nearest hound passed rapidly between him and the lake, whined, and slid to a stop. He snuffled loudly, ran about, and suddenly broke into a ringing bay. The other answered and joined him. Their deep voices rang out in a diminishing chorus of menace as they took up the trail of the female. Hollis grabbed the lantern, Peter the ax. Jim whooped, and the three of them began to follow the hounds. They passed not far from Nikki's tree.

"They've struck him this time," Peter said, nearly trotting.

"He's liable to run all night," Hollis said. "Save your breath."

"Dey cotch him," Jim said easily as they passed Nikki's tree. "Yessah, dey cotch him. Dem's fast dawgs. Ain't no use to hurry."

Nikki cautiously emerged again, listening. The sound of the pursuit grew fainter, nearly died away, and then it suddenly began to grow loud again. The female had circled and was trying to return to Nikki's tree. Nikki, unmoving, was fully aware what the result would be if she made it. He listened to the hounds coming nearer, and snarled. But he didn't move. The instinct of protectiveness, which had so inexplicably smitten him the night before, was triumphing over his fear.

The three men retraced their steps to head the fugitive off, and took a stand at the end of the reach not a hundred yards from Nikki. The hounds were coming rapidly, their voices rising and falling as they ran over the uneven ground. The female soon came into sight; she was galloping, but her tail dragged and her mouth was open. The knot of men broke and ran toward her scuttling shape with shouts and gestures. Nearly winded, she snarled desperately and scrambled up the nearest tree, climbing to the top.

The men gathered about the base of the tree, which was hardly more than seven inches through. Hollis put the lantern down and laughed. "Well, Peter," he said, "he's fooled us again. This is another one."

"Pshaw!" Peter said in vexation. "And a little one at that." He glanced up, where the female crouched against the luminous sky. "Let's leave him up there. I didn't come out to rob kindergartens."

Jim immediately took the offensive. "Now, y'all look yere, Mistah Petah. Y'all ain't wantin' dis coon—I take him. Dis tree ain't no trouble to cut. Hit won't take but a minnit."

He flung off his torn sweater and grasped the ax before any dissension arose. Nikki heard the first ringing blow of the ax, which was followed by a concerted whine from the hounds. Jim did not pause. The ax blows followed each other rapidly, echoing through the silent woods.

Nikki trembled and whined, shifted uneasily. Soon, he knew, the tree would fall, and the female would have to fight for her life against the two black dogs. With one of them she might have stood a chance, for a raccoon is a woeful fighter. But the two of them, experienced and accustomed to working together, would smother her; and once on the ground she was as good as dead.

The ax was suddenly silent; the hounds whimpered eagerly. Jim yelled. The tree cracked and fell with a roar. The woods exploded into terrific uproar. The snarls of the hounds mingled with the desperate snarling of the raccoon, and the excited yells of the men rose over all.

Suddenly, as though released by a spring, Nikki went down the oak. He hit the ground with a thump and shot toward the scene of conflict at a rocking canter. In the yellow lantern light, surrounded by the men, the female was holding the hounds at bay. With her back against a stump she snapped viciously right and left as the hounds dodged in and out seeking a hold. Small and insignificant against the heavy dogs, she fought with a high and hopeless courage. But it could not last; she was tiring rapidly, and her attackers were warming to their work, coming in more recklessly.

Nikki burst around the stump like a shape conjured out of thin air. Snarling horribly, he fell upon the nearest hound with unimpaired momentum and bowled him over—leaped for the second, which, taken utterly by surprise, yelped and scrambled out of the way. Then Nikki turned to the female with bewildering rapidity and drove her before him toward the lake. They went straight for Jim, who leaped clear with a yell, and vanished beyond the circle of lantern light.

Hollis, the first to move with purpose, managed to grab the hounds' collars. They recovered quickly and tore up the leaves in frantic attempts to follow the raccoons.

"Let 'em go!" howled Peter. "Let 'em go! It's him! It's the big one!" He danced about.

Jim appeared again, his eyes twice normal size. Although his voice failed him, he pointed to the lake.

"Lend a hand," Hollis called to them, struggling with the hounds. "He'll drown the pair of them if he gets them into the water."

A dog is no match for a raccoon in water.

They set about calming the hounds. Finally a semblance of quiet was restored.

"By George!" Peter said. "Did you see his tail? Did you see the size of him?"

"Phew!" Hollis said. "Did I! I never heard of a coon doing a stunt like that before. He's a game old devil."

"Isn't he, though? D'you know, it would be a low trick to run him after that. He ought to be pensioned."

"He will be," Hollis said, "so far as I'm concerned. Maybe Jim wants him, though."

"Me?" Jim asked, rolling his eyes. "Me? Nosah! Dat coon's one of dese yere conjur coons, and I ain't got business wid him." He laughed, a rich, throaty sound that rolled away among the trees. "Lawd! Lawd! He like to clumb up me!"

They all laughed. Nikki and the female, dripping from their swim across the reach, paused at the sound, looked back for a moment, and then took their way again toward Nikki's dank sanctuary where Hollis never came.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—Two scholarships to each state.
2—Ten thousand dollars.
3—Invictus, in which occur the lines "I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul."
4—A long stout line bearing at frequent intervals single fishhooks hung by short lines.
5—About 2,200 miles from the source of the St. Louis in Minnesota to Anticosti Island in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.
6—In 1829, in Alsace.
7—Eighty.
8—In Iowa County, Iowa.
9—Westminster Abbey.
10—Under the Treaty of January 11, 1909.
11—The Tennessee River.
12—A metallic element of the aluminum family.
13—John Adams and John Quincy Adams in Massachusetts; Franklin Pierce in New Hampshire; Chester A. Arthur and Calvin Coolidge in Vermont.
14—A treaty, concluded in 1842, which settled the northeastern boundary question between the United States and Canada.
15—Yedo.
16—Ne-mon'ik.
17—Yes: when first hatched they are free-swimming larvae.
18—In 1534.
19—The Bible: Proverbs 9:17.
20—Nikolai Lenin, 1870-1924.

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM
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FRESHNESS GUARANTEED TO OPEN
Triple Guard Pack..

Sail along with Beeman's to a sound digestion . . .

Beeman's flavor is different, pleasing, tasty — you will enjoy it day after day . . .

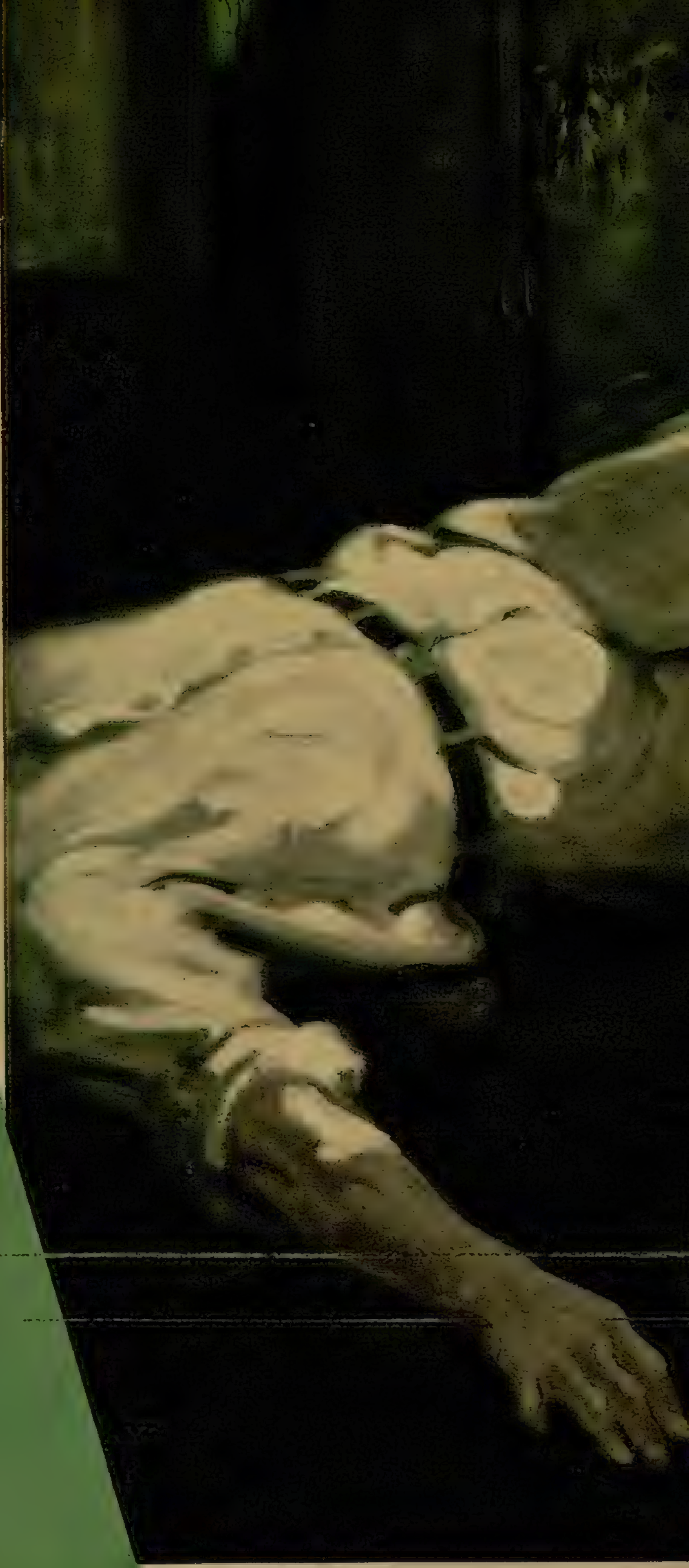
Enjoy Beeman's Gum

...AIDS DIGESTION

New Thrills, New Suspense Quicken the Pace in a Colorful Tale of Love and Greed in One of Earth's Far Corners

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

Passport TO HELL



Hambro and I went for Joe at the same time, mashing our fists into his great ugly face.

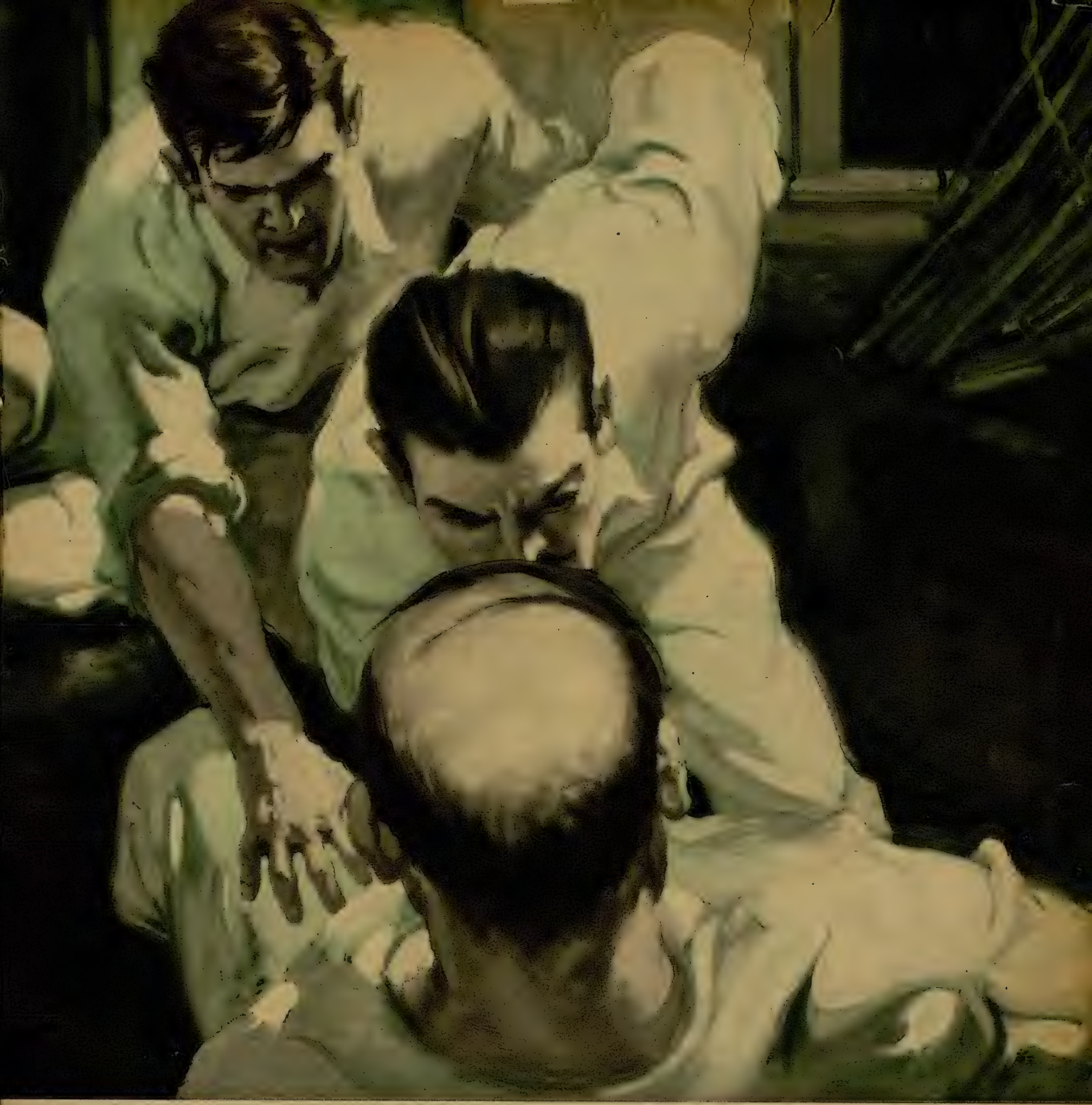
READING TIME
17 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

JOHN SARGENT, a former advertising copy writer of New York, starts around the world with $3,200 savings, and lands in the midst of sinister trouble in the small Oriental town of Telik. He also falls in love.

Douglas Hambro, an English outcast, and Phil Greystone, an oil man, fugitive from American justice, bring in a gusher. Joe, the bartender at the Royal and Chaldean Hotel where they live, and Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, join with them in defending the well from a mob of ruffians and gamblers, leftovers from more prosperous days in Telik, and Doc kills one of them, Bill Frome.

Old King Furd, who rules Telik under an English protectorate, dies; and Urfa, a neighboring state, threatens to take the tiny kingdom over and confiscate the oil. Hambro, to offset this, brings Furd's small son to the hotel and proclaims him king under a regency of which he—Hambro—is the premier. Sidi and Adgidi, native leaders, swing the populace in behind the move.

Frome's woman stabs Greystone, and his wound becomes infected. Phil's sister, Alayne, fears for his life, and Sargent,



by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

who has lost his heart to her despite the fact that Hambro also loves her, brings in an English army surgeon, Dr. Logan. The latter says Phil's arm must be amputated, and Greystone, who is delirious, shoots and seriously wounds him. Logan is rushed to Douglasstown and intervention by England appears imminent.

Meantime Gilder and Morison, agents of rival oil combines, arrive in Telik to inspect the well. Hambro discovers Gerrity and Joe plotting to sell out to Gilder, and orders the agent to leave Telik.

PART SEVEN—HAMBRO'S LEGACY

I STARED at him. Gerrity made no move to go. He half raised a hand as if he would stop Hambro, and he wet his lips as if he would speak. But before he could do either, Hambro faced him. "And when you get Mr. Gilder's car you may make any final arrangements with Mr. Gilder that you see fit to make. But let me warn you, Gilder, to get delivery before you pay for anything here in Telik. Get delivery!"

He turned on his heel and went up the passage to the bar.

Gerrity got the car, and Gilder, hopping mad, drove off in it at a furious pace.

The afternoon drew on.

I went up to Alayne. She was changing the dressings and mixing a fresh mercuric solution to wash Phil's wounds in. His eyes were clearer-looking and the excitement of fever was gone out of them.

Alayne freshened his bed for the evening and fed him some of the gruel Mrs. Mumatz brought up. We left him sleeping quietly like a tired child. We knew that if tonight was to be the night, we could move him with safety, for there was enough strength in him to stand the ordeal of it.

Down in the lobby, Hambro was leaning back in his chair, grinning at a coffee cup and a sheaf of papers on the table before him and polishing his eyeglass furiously. Paper and pencil lay beside his cup.

"Here's the Court of Barataria—with H. M. S. Pinafore due to come into the harbor any minute. We're going to be able to laugh about this for the rest of our lives!"

The evening call for prayer was sounding from the shabby mosque in the native quarter, and a distant murmur arose as the believers faced Mecca to talk to Allah about the whole situation.

Hambro sloshed brandy into his coffee, drained the cup, and sat down at the battered piano, fingering it softly and singing "When we come up from Zummerset" in a low tenor with variations.

He swung around on the piano stool and unfolded a plan to us with the utmost solemnity. "We shall go around the world—all of us," he said, "and establish embassies. We shall have a national costume and national customs. It shall be our custom to drink a dozen oysters in a pint of bass at six o'clock every morning, in full regalia, with the embassy guard trooping the colors in the courtyard below. We shall have a national anthem. And I shall have the First Battalion Grenadier Guards drawn up before me when we go to London, and after inspecting it I shall say to the colonel, 'Damme, sir—'"

There were the newspapers that Morison's pilot had brought from Douglasstown on the table beside the piano. The top one was a London Express, folded over to the second or third page. Something in it caught Hambro's eye. He leaned quickly toward it. For a moment he read. Then he stood up and faced Alayne and me.

The blood was gone from his face and his lips were a ghastly gray. He gripped the table behind him with both of his hands.

"What is it, Douglas?" Alayne stepped toward him.

"It's you," he said softly; and that pain was in his eyes again—deep within them, like the pain in the eyes of an animal that is hurt. "Oh, it won't matter if I tell you now, for it's all over. I think I would have given you anything in this world, Alayne. I think I would have stolen anything, built anything, destroyed anything that you asked me to steal or build or destroy. I want you to know that—and I want you to know that, however horrible it may sound to you, it has been motivated in me by the only decent impulse that has ever entered my life. I'm not blaming Telik on you—that was my own amusement—but anything I made from it would have been yours if you wanted it. But it's all ended. I'm going back to what sent me out here."

He lifted his brandy glass and held it up to us.

"Happiness," he said, "long life, and the quiet joys of decent living." He drank the toast and smashed his glass into the teak screen behind him. He laughed. "You will pardon me, but a successful premier has to know everything. If you still think the launch is seaworthy, I shall help you get Phil aboard after the moon goes down, and you can take him to Apurat, if that's what you want to do."

He walked quickly to the street door and went out.

I picked up the paper. There were five items on the page he had seen. A coal strike in Wales, a train accident in Norfolk, an R. A. F. crash at Cranwell, a cricket match at Huddersfield, and the death of Lord Brefney. I have the clipping:

Death of a Peer—Lord Brefney
Succumbs at Cowes

Brigadier General Richard Alastair Paget-Paget Hambro, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., fifteenth Baron Brefney, died suddenly aboard the yacht Starlight this morning at Cowes of an acute attack of a heart ailment.

Born April 2, 1851, a nephew of the late Baron, Lord Brefney was educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst. He entered the Army in 1870, serving under Sir Garnet Wolseley in the Ashantee Expedition against Coffee Calcali. He served subsequently in the Zulu Campaigns of 1877-79, the Egyptian War of 1882, and the South African Campaigns. He was retired in 1912, being recalled to service in 1914-18.

In 1884 he married Lady Margaret MacDonald of Sligh, only daughter of the Earl of Sligh. He is survived by one son, Douglas Wellesley Hambro.

A sportsman of the old school, he commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

As I looked up at the girl, there was the distant sound of people running in the lower Ronda. I saw Sidi streaking past the lobby windows as fast as his short legs would carry him. Hambro caught him just outside the door.

"Queek—Meester Hambro!" he gasped. "T'e soldier are coming!—t'e soldier from Urfa!"

Hambro brought Sidi into the lobby and poured him a nub of brandy.

"Where are the Urfa troops, Sidi?"

"T'ey are across t'e bridge in t'e palace compound," the man gasped. "Not more t'an twenty, but t'ere are more to come." He grasped both of Hambro's hands.

"T'e soldier mus' not cross t'e bridge. T'ey are afraid now because t'ey do not know about t'e gun we have. But t'ey soon will not be! T'ey come for t'e king. But t'e leetle king mus' be here jus' lak his father always. T'at is what Telik is for. But also Telik is for t'e people who live here, too. If t'e soldier get in t'ey will keel everybody. *I know.*"

Hambro stood above him.

"Sidi," he said, "what is it that the people want? Do they want things to go on as they are going here with you and me to lead them? Do they want that badly enough to fight for it—to give their lives for it—or do they want Urfa?"

"By Allah, t'ey do not want Urfa! T'ey nevair want Urfa! Look—you do not believe?" He stepped back to the open doorway and raised his arm toward the Ronda. For a moment there was majesty in the man and he was no longer fat and sweating.

The Ronda was filling with the people of Telik. The light from the hotel windows fell upon their faces and made their eyes live—live silently and earnestly and fearfully, as such people have lived through the countless centuries, waiting for the leaders that come to them at rare intervals to save them from the scourging that seems to be their eternal heritage. Waiting tonight for a renegade Englishman.

Silently the people stood there in the street, and silently Sidi and Adgidi and Selah Abdullah kept their eyes on Douglas Hambro.

What went through the man's mind in those few minutes I do not know but I can guess. This was the last threshold of his life. The doors were open behind him to go backward into the life that had cast him out—and the road of the wild life he had chosen lay wide in front.

There were honor and position, security and undoubtedly money waiting for him in England for the asking. He could drop Telik from his shoulders like a worn coat, and in a few hours be on his way to high places—to rank and authority and the easy fleshpots of the world he had been born into. And why shouldn't he go to them? They were his rightfully, and they had been for hundreds of years. Telik was an incident. It was serious in his mind only as a job he had been unconsciously doing for the approval of a woman. That woman was gone from him now, and with her going the thing he had created here was an empty shell, a husk, a handful of chaff.

"T'e people come"—Sidi lifted his arm to the street again—"not for t'emself alone but for t'e king. T'e king is real to t'em, as your king over t'e water is real to you."

"Quite," Hambro nodded. "And we shall protect the king for them. Tell them that we will. Call every man in Telik who will fight for you and me. Bring him in here—now!"

Sidi threw his arms around Hambro's knees.

"T'ey fight! T'ey know t'ey have to fight!"

"Good," said Hambro. "They'll have their chance."

Sidi turned around, wreathed in smiles, lifting his arms and calling to the silent crowd in the street.

We were still standing beside the piano, Alayne and I. Hambro crossed the lobby to us. "I want you to go while there is still time, you fellows," he said to us. "Get somebody to help you with Philip, and get ready at once. I don't know whether you have ten minutes or not—but don't count on more. Have Philip carried down into the courtyard and wait for me to meet you there. Hurry! I want you out of this."

He stepped to the foot of the stairs and shouted for Furd's corporal. Already a line of natives was filing into the guardroom, taking down Mausers from the improvised racks, slinging bandoleers of clips across their shoulders, filing out into the street again through the side entrance.

I sent Alayne up to get Phil ready. A figure was skirting the corner of the hotel—a figure in a pinch-backed coat and a full sarong—my taximan of the first night. I ran after him.

"*Hey—Coney Island!*"

He stopped and I grabbed his arm.

"I'll give you twenty dollars—if you'll come with me."

"Gentleman!" He grabbed me and held on.

The man was paralyzed with fright and ready to cling to any one to save his reason. I dragged him around back of the hotel. One of the waiters was back there, and I grabbed him too. I made them pick up the short ladder we had used to carry Logan to Morison's plane, and I made them take it up to the door of Phil's room.

Already Alayne had Phil wrapped and tied into a blanket. He grinned at me as I came in. "I don't know what it's all about," he said, "but I'll play. Somebody light me a cigarette." I lit him one, and for some reason I picked up his gun from the dresser top and put it in my pocket.

We put pillows on the ladder and eased him on to them. I went ahead and led my two stretcher-bearers down to the courtyard, with Alayne following us.

A whiplash of rifle fire cracked in the air and echoed up from the creek bridge; and the darkness in that direction rippled with little orange flames.

FOR some unknown reason I tiptoed when I went into the back of the hotel, and that fact probably saved my life. For as I came up behind the screen at the back of the lobby, Doc Gerrity's voice on the other side broke the stillness that had fallen suddenly on the place. I looked through the grille and saw him standing in the center of the lobby with his feet spread apart and his knobby head thrown back. Joe stood beside him. They were watching Hambro through the open doorway of the improvised guardroom.

He was handing out the last of the rifles himself, grinning and slapping the breechblocks as he gave them to each man; while Furd's corporal wrenched open the cartridge boxes and piled the clips on canvas bandoleers in the center of the floor.

"Not so bad—not so bad," Hambro kept chanting to himself, and the matter-of-fact air of the man began to inspire the crowd with confidence. He lined them up in squads of six, tossing the bandoleers over their shoulders. The first six he sent down to Sweeney's Hotel with the corporal in charge, with instructions to stand by until machine guns were sent down to them. He sent six more to the roof, and another squad of six he sent out to go around the hotel and take up position in the old motor house behind. The rest he kept in reserve.

He sent old Furd's remaining three regular soldiers up to His Majesty's suite as a personal bodyguard for young Furd.

A sharp rattle of small-arms fire rang out from the direction of Sweeney's, with the sound of grommets giving way in rotted canvas. It crackled around back of the town, torn by screams of fear-lashed agony. And the hackles went up on my neck.

When Hambro stepped back into the lobby, he faced Doc Gerrity and Joe.

"Doc," he said, "I'll want the key to your room. They are waiting on the roof and at Sweeney's and in the motor house for your guns."

Doc spat deliberately. "Ain't goin' to be no guns," he

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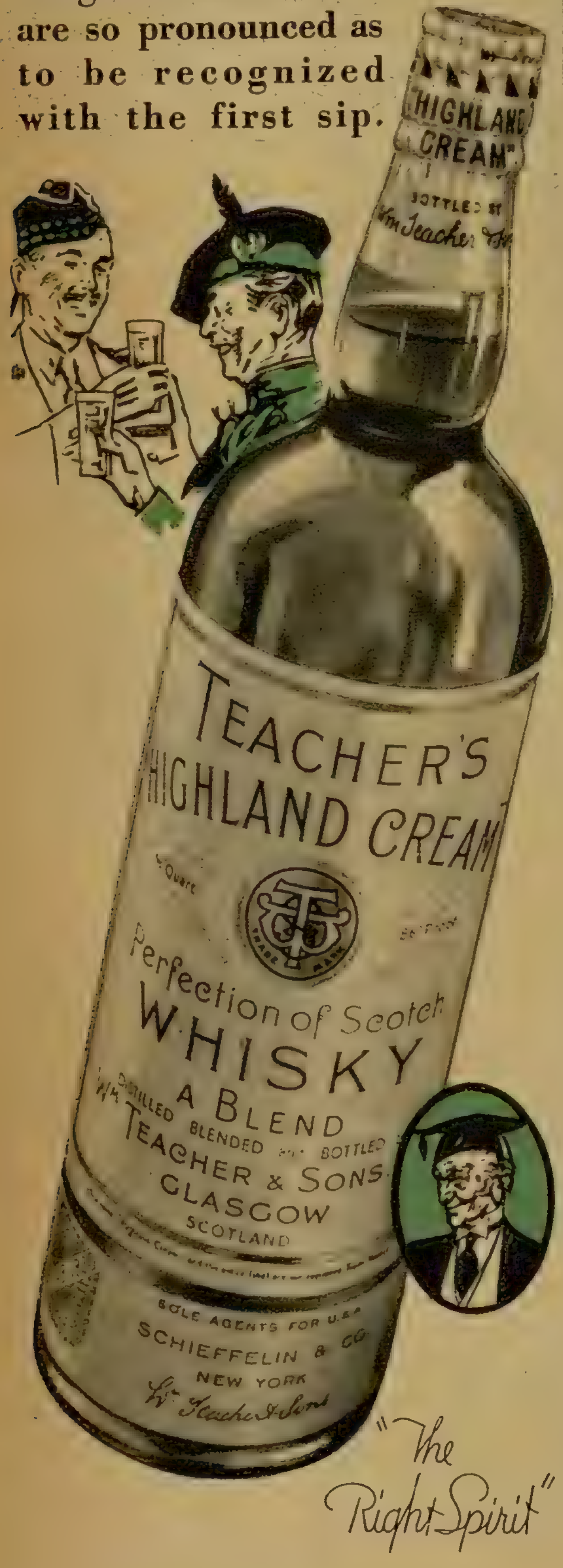

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said. "Gilder and Joe and I are runnin' Telik now, with a real army to help us. Up over your ears with them flippers! This'll all be over in two minutes."

The grin sliced Hambro's face suddenly. Through the teak screen I was standing behind I could see the shadow of Doc's arm, with that great forty-some-odd of his at the end of it, looking incredibly long and persuasive. Joe stepped toward Hambro; but the Englishman's voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Just a minute"—and his voice was silky and cold with suppressed anger. "Don't step toward me—don't move—and don't turn! Sargent's behind the grille, waiting to kill whichever one of you beggars moves next!"

He couldn't possibly have seen me. God knows why he took the chance of saying it. Perhaps just to gain time. Perhaps a hunch.

Doc, with his knees stiff and the gun pointed in a dead line at the soft spot under Hambro's lower ribs, stood steady. But Joe hunched his shoulders forward like an animal about to spring. For myself, I knew I had to do it—shoot a man in the back at six paces. For the girl, for Greystone, and for Hambro, whose brain was the only thing that stood between us and finish.

"You lie!" said Doc without moving. "Joe, see if Sargent is there!"

The bartender raised his head and half turned around.

"Don't move!" I called to him—and Hambro looked startled.

"So?"

"Sargent," Doc snapped, "why don't you fire?" And he laughed. "Go ahead—smoke me! *Go on, chicken liver! Now's your chance—my back's turned!*" And his laugh rang out again. "You're afraid to—because if you do I'll drop Ham—"

A woman's scream from the window cut him off—Bill Frome's Greek woman. A shot rang out, and Doc Gerrity seemed to leap into the air and spin around toward the screen, his gun roaring in red-light flashes as he dove toward it.

PHIL'S gun leaped in my hand and crashed out its five shots in one long vibrant howl, while the teak splinters of the torn grille I was firing through flew into my sweaty face. Hambro and I went for Joe at the same time, mashing our fists into his great ugly face and carrying him down into the divan under our knees. His head struck the wall with a hollow crack and he went suddenly limp under us. Then we were standing there side by side, wiping our streaming faces on our arms, gasping for breath and staring at Doc Gerrity on the floor.

He opened his eyes and tried to turn his head toward us; but he choked up for a moment and his face writhed with pain. Then his eyes picked out my face. "Good boy," he said. "But it was—the woman that done it—Bill Frome's woman at the window."

Young Furd was on the landing of the stairway above us, his father's three old soldiers flanking him. He spoke quickly to one of them. The man snapped up his rifle and fired. The slug struck Joe the bartender right beside the nose on the left side of his face and punched it all in. Joe's light went out without a grunt from him.

The young king raised his hand in approbation to Hambro. Hambro, leaning over Gerrity, running his hands through his pockets for his keys, called to the boy:

"For God's sake, go back! Keep off the street floor!"

He found the keys, and stood up with them in his hand.

MEN from the three detachments came tearing in through the street door, shouting for guns. Hambro called to me on his way up the passage to Gerrity's room, and I followed with the men. We got six of the guns out and started two of them off to Sweeney's and one to the motor house. Two others Furd's men took to the roof. Doc Gerrity was still lying where he fell. He asked me to put a pillow over his stomach, and pressed his hands gently on top of it. Then he lay still, breathing evenly, with his eyes half open.

He'd been a chubby little round-faced boy once, I suppose, digging in the sand and making mud pies. He'd been a young fellow with ideals and hopes and ambitions. He'd started just as all the rest of us start down the road of life, clean and eager for the struggle, and, like the rest of us, life had taken him and molded him to fit it. So it was in the beginning, and so it always will be, I guess. Doc turned his head toward me.

"Sargent," he whispered, "don't git to worryin' about it—killin' ain't so bad philosophically." He drew a long breath and his lips went white.

"Sargent, the—gun's yours. Keep it. You know how to use it. Never tote an automatic—they'll hang up on you sometime—"

He didn't speak again, but lay there with his hands clasped over the pillow and his breath rattling softer and softer in his throat.

Mrs. Mumatz was squatting in the corner by the screen, with a shawl over her head, swaying and moaning softly to herself.

Hambro had gone up the stairs to the king, to get him off the lower floor. I went out to Alayne in the courtyard behind. I took her hands in the darkness, and almost immediately Hambro's voice was on the outside stairs above our heads:

"Ready, you fellows?"

We called up that we were.

Thrills and surprises are packed into next week's installment as Alayne and Sargent make their escape from battle-torn Telik with the badly wounded Greystone. They drive a motorboat across the murky night-laden bay under heavy rifle fire from the shore, and just as they are beginning to hope they are safe they find themselves in a dangerous trap.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

HOW to manage a hangout for glittering people. . . . How to feed the rich and regale the famous. . . . Secrets from Sidney Solomon's Central Park Casino in New York. . . . He told them to me himself. . . . Here they are:

“Find a headwaiter,” he said, “who knows more inside gossip than Walter Winchell—but talks less than J. P. Morgan. Hire a champion cook. See that your staff takes no familiarities with your customers. Keep your music playing *all the time.*”

Mr. Solomon cracks down politely but firmly on any helper who gets chummy with the clients. He had to rebuke one orchestra leader for saying, “Hello, Barbara,” to the five-and-ten-cent-store heiress, and for calling a New York police commissioner “Mister Commish.”

Probably the Casino in Central Park is America's smartest night-club restaurant of the present era. It is one of the very few that try genuinely to carry on the traditions of Rector, Delmonico, and Sherry. Wealth alone won't win you special honor at Sidney Solomon's place. For that you must be a *somebody* in the newspapers—a star of political magnitude, or of the stage or screen, or a social comet whose doings tickle the tabloids. I asked Mr. Solomon what type he found most expert at ordering perfect meals. “The unmarried women of fashion,” he said.

SIDNEY SOLOMON

Junior League girls dance there with their boy friends every afternoon at tea time. Society romances often start there. Broadway and older Park Avenue come for dinner or midnight supping. Then the place shimmers with diamonds and fabulous clothes. Mr. Solomon likes that. He was in the ladies'-garment business before he acquired the Casino.

“In the garment business,” he sighed, “I worked about two hours a day and had a lot of fun. Now I work eighteen hours a day and have no fun.”

Catering to the carriage trade is hard, hard work, says Sidney Solomon.

A *KLEPTOMANIAC married another kleptomaniac.* . . . The friend from whom I get this daffy item swears up and down that the marriage of the two kleptomaniacs actually happened in California just a few months ago. According to my friend's information, neither the wife nor the husband can resist their pathological urge to swipe each other's belongings. He sneaks her things and she sneaks his. Then they both steal their own things back again.

“And believe it or not,” says my friend, “they are as happy a couple as any you could find.”

I believe it. This isn't the first time I have heard reports which seem to indicate that marriage between rogues often turns out very well. The rascals get on together. They have *everything* in common.

As a rule the contrary is true when a scrupulous woman marries a scalawag, or vice versa. Such misalliances are more liable to end in tragedy than otherwise. In a way I suppose the *rogue marriages* are really pretty disgraceful—but they succeed as marriages nevertheless.

I KNOW a lady who has a weakness for reading poetry out loud. She reads poems aloud to her friends and relatives—and they wish she wouldn't!

I sympathize with them. No matter how well any one reads poetry out loud, I don't like to hear it—never have liked to hear it. Somehow it always makes me feel vaguely embarrassed, oddly uncomfortable, secretly ashamed.

Quite a number of people have told me that hearing poetry read aloud affects them the same way. I wonder why?

Perhaps the thoughts and memories brought home to us through poetry are so self-intimate that we shrink from hearing them voiced out loud by any other person. It seems too much like broadcasting our souls.

WE humans used to be great big creatures—then our size dwindled considerably—now we're growing big again.

I heard this idea put forward one evening recently by Donald Oenslager, the well known scenic artist. Comparative anatomy is a hobby of his—and a fascinating one, I think. The idea that our physical proportions wax and wane through the centuries is being worked on now by learned researchers. They have a hunch that we grow larger or smaller every three hundred years.

FOR some time Mexico has been all the rage as a vacation place for American artists, writers, and intellectuals. Larry Barretto's entertaining book, Bright Mexico, is the latest result of such a holiday. It's worth reading. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

B*E yourself* is the current style rule instituted by foremost hairdressers of Paris and this country. They now advise their clients to pick a form of hair arrangement that suits them individually, and then stick to it through all the storms of fad and fashion. This year the milliners have gone *be yourself*, too. They also tell us to wear whatever shape chapeau we think does right by us. So your spring hat can be equally smart whether it is a floppy wave-brimmed straw or a saucy low-crowned sailor. Or you may swagger rakishly in a Cavalier felt. The choice is up to you. This year you're a free woman.

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

SCOTLAND YARD AND THE U. S. A. POLICE

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.—I take strong exception to the remarks of E. A. Torrance of Montreal, Quebec, in December 8 Vox Pop, viz., that "Scotland Yard would have solved the Lindbergh case long ago."

Instead of criticizing the U. S. A. police, who rate as high on an average as anything Scotland Yard or any other police force has produced since they've been "given a chance," why not first consider the complications of federal, state, and municipal laws under which the various U. S. A. police forces operate?

Field conditions under which Scotland Yard and the U. S. A. police work are as wide apart as the poles. The former enforce law and order on a small compact island populated, for the most part, by native-born Britishers. And if Scotland Yard takes over a case for investigation, its men have supreme command, with a maximum of assistance from city and county police forces. It is only natural that Scotland Yard should operate with maximum efficiency both in time and results.

Compare the above with conditions in the United States. There you find a melting pot of Europe's downtrodden hordes starting a fresh lease on life throughout a tremendous territory. The various police forces are trying to cope with a large criminal element which takes every possible advantage of the many loopholes and differences in laws in various states. I think any reasonable-minded person will agree that any apparent onus does not rest on the U. S. A. police forces, which function as effectively as their widely varied systems will allow them.

As a Britisher, I believe the U. S. A. police to be a smart, efficient body of men, courageously giving their best—many of them their lives—under the distinct handicap of a system favorable to the criminal. If the U. S. A. police operated as a body under the unified nation-wide criminal code system used in England and Canada, Brother Torrance's eyes would pop open at the boom in jail building in the U. S. A.

Wishing all the boys in brass buttons south of the line, as well as the plainclothes men, friendly Canadian greetings from a co-worker who cannot sign his name because of strict regulations—*Scotty.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

NO MIRACLES

EDMONTON, ALTA.—It got under my skin to read E. A. Torrance's letter. He said the American police need a few lessons from Scotland Yard, and that the Yard would have solved the Lindbergh case long ago. This bird Torrance sounds like he is an amateur detective. Scotland Yard works no miracles.—*Mickey.*

WAS FARLEY RIGHT?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Referring to the criticism of Postmaster-General Farley's report claiming a $12,000,000 surplus in the Post Office Department in 1934, let me point out that if the same credits had been made in the previous year—$24,937,761, covering free services, penalty and franked matter, the differential in second-class postage favoring religious, educational, etc., publications, and $41,685,368.83, representing subsidy payments on account of air mail and the American merchant marine—the deficit would have been $48,000,000, as against a surplus of $12,000,000 in 1934.

Therefore, Farley improved the situation by $60,000,000 the first year of his administration.—*R. J. H.*

HEALTH PRECEDENCE TO THE DOGS AND HOGS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Health of Our People! Who's Interested? Nobody! in January 19 Liberty, describes that which should be but is not of concern to every one. Health is not regarded as so vitally important until it slips away.

In the matter of health the American people are unusually stupid. Dog fanciers and hog raisers procure accurate knowledge of proper feeding and care to produce the finest specimens of dogdom and hogdom. But similar knowledge, as applied to human beings, is woefully rare. Health precedence goes to the dogs and hogs.

Health knowledge primarily is a function of government. It should be spread from a sane, scientific standpoint by government experts. A federal Department of Health would be far more beneficial to the nation than any other department now functioning in Washington.—*G. M. Jenkins.*

HIS MIND OFF HELL

YORK, PA.—H. L. Mencken's How to Drink Like a Gentleman, in January 12 Liberty, was unusual as well as useful. Macaulay, I think it was, said: "The Puritans objected to bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the people." On the same principle, the preacher objects to alcohol, not because it injures one, but because it takes his mind off hell and so interferes with the collections.—*J. G.*

"MR." HILLS—"HER" REVIEW

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—What did Beverly Hills mean in her review of the Fannie Hurst picture, Imitation of Life (January 5 Liberty), by saying that it would be drastically edited, if not banned, by the Southern States? Does Mr. Hills think that we of the South are any less intelligent than the people of the North? These are not Civil War days and we are not antagonistic to the betterment of the colored race.—*Buddie Fiore.*

PROBE THE REDS

HOOVER, OHIO—If conditions as set forth in Matthew Woll's article, Can the Reds Destroy Us? (January 19 Liberty) are actual, why does the government do nothing about them? Congress appropriates money for all kinds of investigations. Why not an appropriation for a thorough probe of the Reds in this country, and to create the machinery that will take speedy and drastic action on the probe's findings?—*Jack Fuselier.*

FORTY-FIVE WIVES

RAYMOND, ALTA.—Princess Kropotkin's recent comments on polygamy in her Liberty page, To the Ladies! showed that she "ain't heard nothin' yet." I know a man, now approaching his eightieth birthday, whose father had forty-five wives, sixty-eight sons, and eleven daughters. He had a separate home for each family, supported all in average style, and gave many of his sons university educations. Many of them are now filling responsible positions.

This son that I know has lived in our town of only 2,000 people for more than twenty years. Still, there are less than ten per cent of them who will know the man I refer to.—*B. G. Kirkham.*

A NEW IDEA IN DETECTIVE STORIES

ORANGE, N. J.—May I put in a word of appreciation of Kidnaper's Contact, by William Moulton Marston, in January 19 Liberty? As a close follower of mystery fiction (in fact, as a writer of it), the *Aussage* feature of the story seemed to me to be a new idea. And a good one. My only criticism is that the problem was a bit too easy.—*C. Daly King.*

NEVER MURDERERS

AIKEN, S. C.—As a grandson of a Confederate veteran and a nephew of two other men who died under fire in Virginia, I protest the title of Will Irwin's article, Our New Civil War, beginning in January 5 Liberty. Confederate soldiers were never racketeers or murderers, and the analogy implied, perhaps unintentionally, in that title should be clarified. Mr. Irwin might gracefully have called his series Our Civil War Against Criminals.—*William G. Bodie, M.D., Health Officer, Health Department of Aiken County and the City of Aiken.*

LITTLE EVA'S ENCORE

ROSEDALE, MISS.—Just read in February 16 Vox Pop of how Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin show produced in Russia wasn't permitted to go to heaven because the Russians don't believe in

Pop

heaven any more, but was cured of her illness and put to work in a cement factory.

An Uncle Tom's Cabin company played here one time, and the applause was so great when Little Eva went to heaven that the stage manager brought her back and sent her up again as an encore.—*C. A.*

LIAR

TOLEDO, OHIO—F. Gregory Hartswick's problem about the bird flying in a glass case (January 12 Liberty) reminded me of a railroad engineer friend of mine who I always suspected was the biggest liar in the world. I know he is now.

He told me that one time he was hauling two hundred freight cars loaded with canary birds, and that everything went nicely—plenty of steam and a clear track—until nightfall. Then his train began to slow down and finally stalled. Neither he nor the rest of the train crew could find out what was the matter until he looked at the birds.

During the daytime, he said, the birds had been flying about in their cages, and lightened the load. But when night came on they all went to roost, and their added weight was too much for the locomotive.—*E. Julius Whitmore.*

ERIE, PA.—If a deflated automobile tire weighs one hundred pounds, how much will it weigh with forty pounds of air in it? The answer is that the inflated tire will weigh the same as the deflated tire, because air has no weight. —*Fred E. Kramer.*

[You are wrong, Brother Kramer. The Americana, Volume 1, page 275, says: " At ordinary atmospheric pressure and at the temperature of melting ice (32° F.) a cubic foot of air weighs 0.080681 pound." Webster's Dictionary says, " One liter of air at 0° C. and 760 mm. pressure weighs 1.293 grams, or 1/773 of the weight of an equal volume of water."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SO MANY NUDISTS

MANHATTAN, KAN.—Samuel F. Jones writes in January 12 Vox Pop that the reason the Roosevelt administration is being upheld is that there are so many nudists in the country, and they want a Nude Deal.

How can anybody ridicule our government that way? If it wasn't for the present administration, Sam would still be picking with the chickens. I know his type of sour grapes ballyhoo pretty well.—*Joe Rank.*

POLITICIANS AND RACKETEERS

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Many members of this association, including men who have held high positions in the police world, thoroughly agreed with the statements of Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts in his December 1 Liberty article, Police, Politicians, and Racketeers. But it cannot be expected that any police official on active duty will agree, since if he does he will lose his position.

Active police officials must side with the powers that be. To protect their families they must grin and bear it. Meantime the public must look to men like Governor Ely to bring about proper conditions in law enforcement.—*W. T. Davis, President, International Association of Retired Policemen and Firemen.*

BURBANK, CALIF.—We here in California are also confronted by those on the outside of police departments whom Governor Ely referred to as politicians who are seeking to perpetuate the present political setup in our police system. However, with perseverance and hard work we hope to eliminate this possibility in this state within two years.

Governor Ely is the first high executive in the United States who apparently has had the vision to see the fundamental weakness of the present police system and the reason for the nationwide crime wave.—*Walter L. Dixon, Grand Commander, Protective Order of Police.*

CORRECTING WINCHELL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Permit me to correct a number of errors in Walter Winchell's article, Portrait of a New Yorker, in January 12 Liberty.

Neither Charlie Dillingham nor George Ade was ever connected with the old Chicago Herald. The latter wrote solely for the Record. In November, 1888, I succeeded Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) as city editor of the Chicago Times. At Pete Dunne's request, I retained Dillingham as a reporter, assigning him to the hotel beat. In 1892 he became private secretary to Governor Squire of Washington, and his next appearance in Chicago was as a theatrical advance agent in 1894.

Winchell's description of the caricaturing of Charles Frohman during the period mentioned was a bit of fiction. At that time, 1888-92, Frohman, Klaw, and Erlanger were all advance agents and hardly worth any kind of a picture. Also, Bayard Veiller was never a cub reporter in Chicago. He made his bow there as a full-fledged correspondent of the New York World.—*John C. Eckel.*

WHAT ABOUT WATTS?

EDMONTON, ALTA.—One of the Snowshoers writes in December 29 Vox Pop of an American in Syracuse who asked a Canadian if he " happened to know a Mr. Ferguson up there." But Canadians themselves ask questions just as ridiculous. In Prestonvale, Ontario, a man said to me, " If you're from England, you must know Bill Gooch. He lived there for years." Again, I told a man from Ottawa that my wife was from Boston, and he asked me, " What part of Ontario is that in? "

On the other hand, I asked a man from Japan if he knew Andrew Watts over there, and it so happened that he had worked for sixteen years in the same office with Watts in Japan!—*Viscount Du Vailent.*

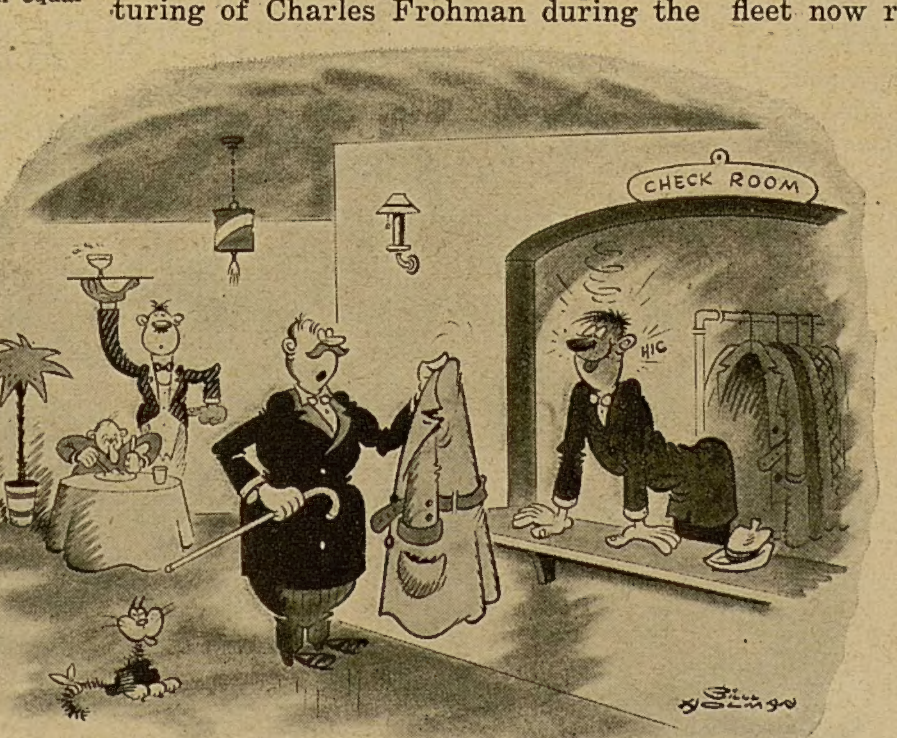
SHOULD WIDOWS REMARRY?

TOLEDO, OHIO—It's impossible to believe there could be any real character like Leila in Wilbur Daniel Steele's Land Fall (January 12 Liberty). If my mother, who is a widow, told me she was going to marry again, I'd say hop to it, and I'd be blessed if I'd try to commit suicide.—*K. D.*

LIQUOR FLEET ROTTING

VANCOUVER, B. C.—F. Scott McBride's Repeal Is Already a Failure! (December 15 Liberty) seems to be a scathing denunciation of the will of a vast majority of people in the United States, who decisively emphasized their antagonism to any interference with their personal liberties.

Convincing evidence that the illicit liquor traffic in the United States, with its tributaries of vice and crime, thrived under the protection of prohibition, is easily to be found in the huge liquor fleet now rotting in Canadian ports.—*Richard Gregory.*



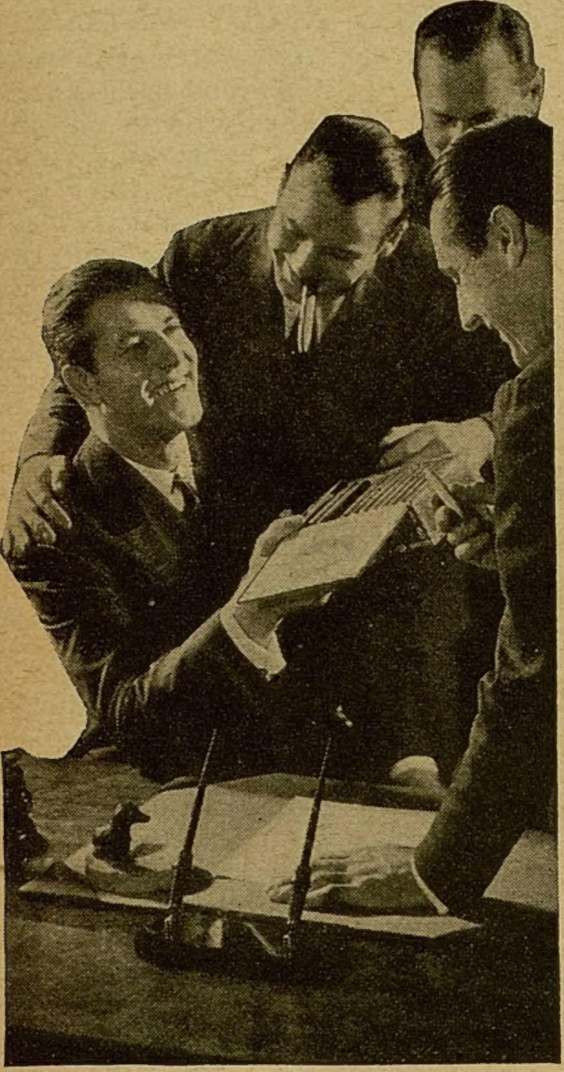
"Have you seen a quart of Scotch?—It was in my coat when I checked it."

GAFF WITH A SMILE

EL PASO, TEX.—Why all this mud-slinging at the youth of today? What is the matter with our American boys and girls? Are we not living in an age of " gaff " ? And aren't they standing the gaff with a smile, a whoop, and a little jazz? Wild? Yes, they are wild, so to speak—meaning only that they are restless. But are they not the children of a restless age?

The *real fire* hanging over us today is the youth fourteen to sixteen years hence. They will be the children of depression, and that is something to pray about.—*Elizabeth West.*

When a head needs a helping hand



Mrs. M. had a baby last night... and Mr. M. lost so much sleep he had a *real* headache this morning. Bromo-Seltzer, quick! There you are, Mr. M. Before you know it you'll be feeling on top of the world — as a proud new father *should* feel. And don't forget your cigars on the way to the office.

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HENRY FORD TELLS HIS NEW FAITH IN AMERICA

A ringing affirmation of belief in better times for all of us—He is backing his judgment with deeds and dollars, says the great industrialist in an interview with

William L. Stidger

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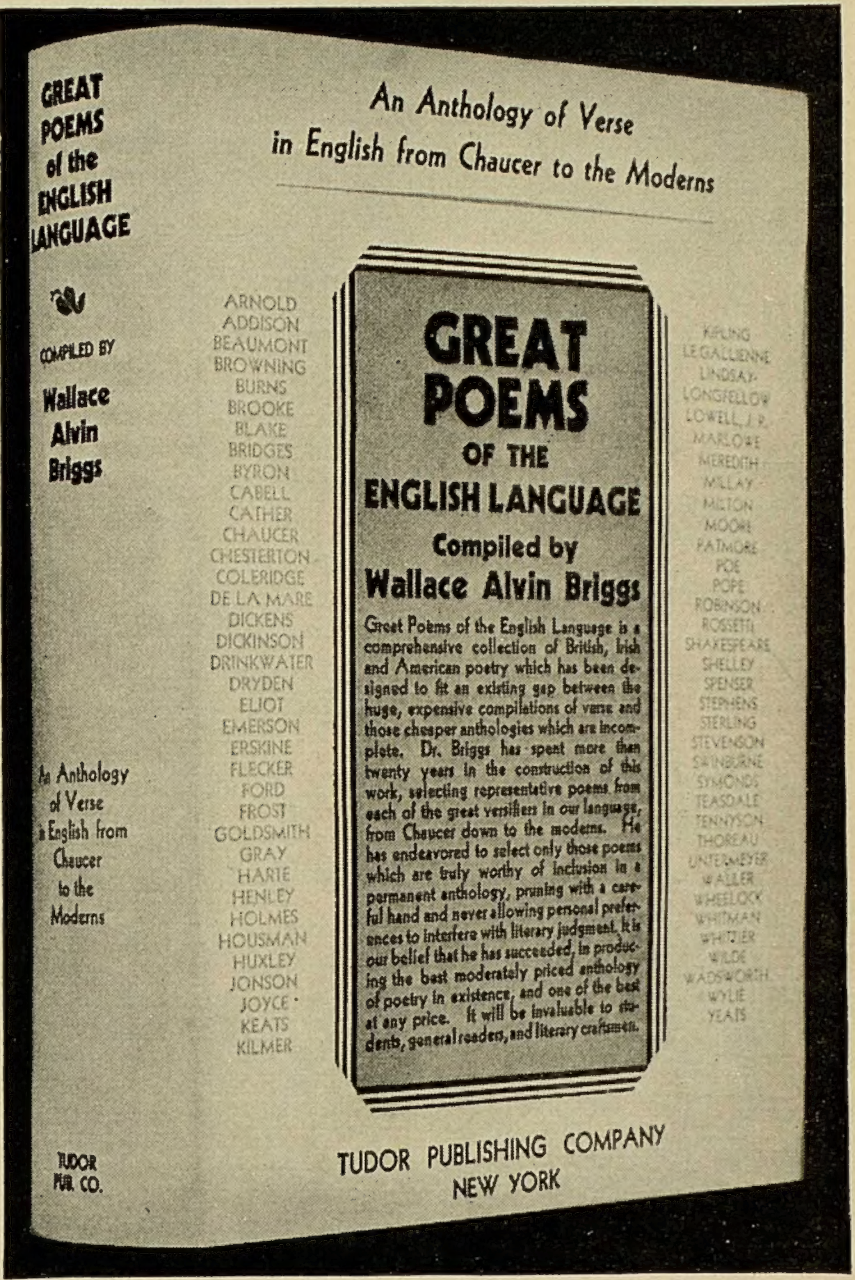
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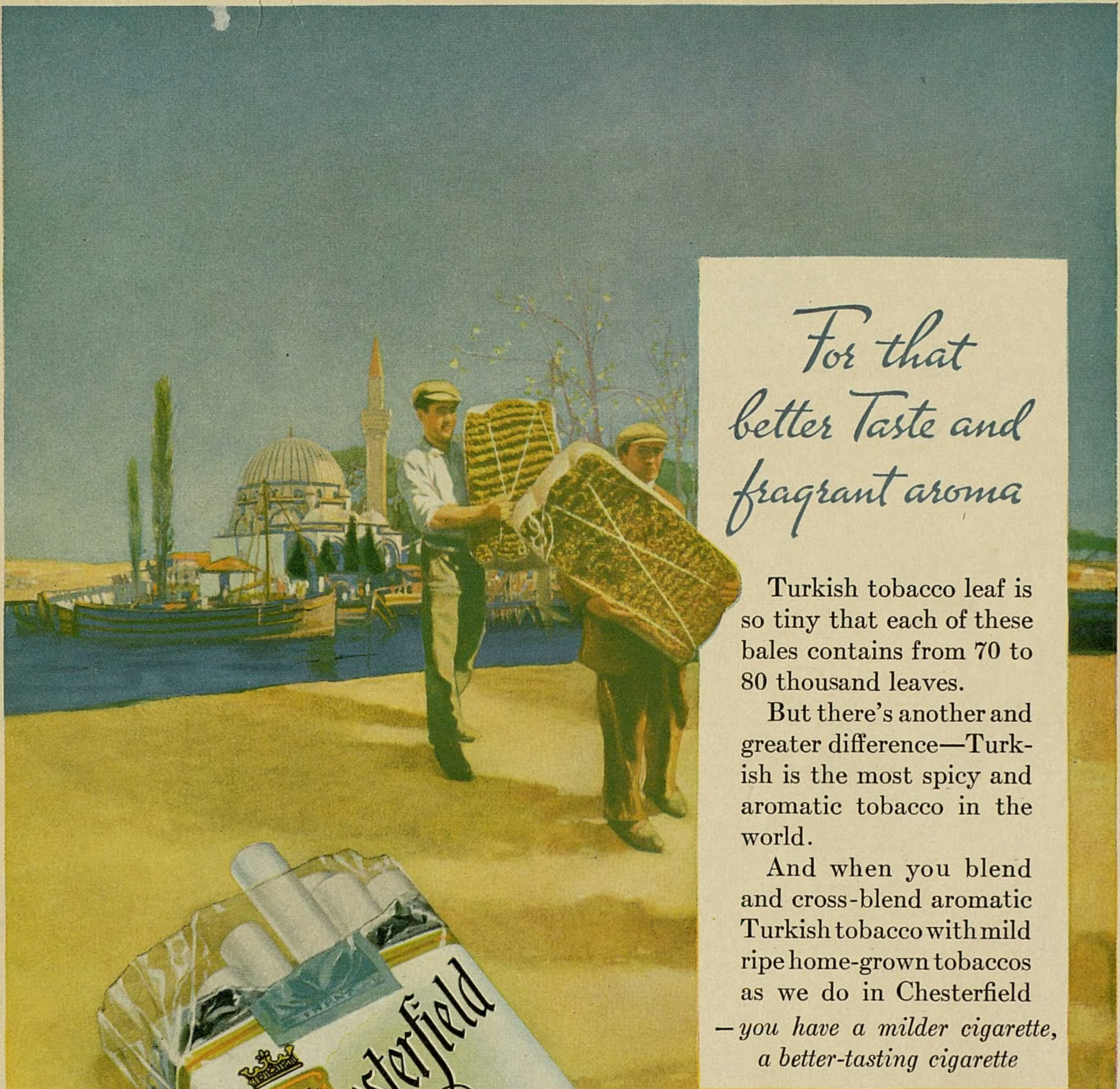
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